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For Greek, Latin, and Arabic
Literature

THE

WORKS

OF

VIRGIL.

TRANSLATED

BY

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LONDON:

HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1861.

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VIRGIL.

Publius Virgilius Maro, whom we commonly call Virgil, was born about the year 70 B.C., at Andes, the modern Pietole, a village near Mantua. His father was a citizen of Mantua, who occupied himself in farming. The early part of his education the young Virgil received at Cremona, from whence at the age of sixteen he was removed to Milan. His studies were principally the Greek language, mathematics, and the science of medicine. He was taught the Epicurean philosophy by Syro; and to this we are indebted for the doctrines set forth in the Sixth Pastoral, which is dedicated to his fellow pupil Varus. Epicurus held the strange belief, that there were gods, but that they paid no regard to mankind or their affairs; that the world was made by a fortuitous concourse of atoms, and that the sole business of man was to make himself happy in this life. It is true, he maintained that there could be no happiness without virtue; but what is the use of virtue which has reference to this life only? It is doubtful whether Virgil ever seriously espoused these doctrines. It would rather seem that he went over to another school of philosophy, and one would suppose from his Sixth Æneid that he believed in the immortality of the soul.

That Virgil turned his attention to poetry at an early age, there can be little doubt; though works have been ascribed to his youthful pen which are utterly unworthy of him, and

which in all probability are not his. He did not acquire any celebrity as a poet till the thirtieth year of his age, at which time occurred an event on which all his future fortunes turned. Octavius Cæsar, having resolved to reward his soldiers by a distribution of lands in Italy, selected those of Cremona for that purpose; but they not being sufficient, he took in a portion of land in the neighbourhoood of Mantua. The former owners were dispossessed; and, among others, Virgil. He in his distress applied to Caius Asinius Pollio, who commanded some legions in the Venetian territory. Pollio was a partisan of Antony, between whom and Cæsar a breach had at this time taken place; but he recommended Virgil to Mæcenas, Cæsar's intimate friend, by whose aid the youthful poet obtained a warrant for the restitution of his land. With this he returned to Mantua, and produced it to Arrius, who had taken possession of his farm. Arrius however resolved to maintain his title; and Virgil had some difficulty to escape from the resentment of this lawless soldier. He again repaired to Rome, having on his way composed the ninth Pastoral, in which the hardship of his case was pathetically stated. This time he obtained an effectual order for the restoration of his estate; and, as a mark of his gratitude, wrote the first Pastoral, in which his benefactor is lauded as a God. Cæsar was at that time only twenty-two years of age, and is therefore spoken of as a youth. From this time Mæcenas became the steady patron of Virgil, who was induced, for the sake of preferment, to quit Mantua, and go to reside at Rome. It should be mentioned to his honour, that he first settled his estate upon his parents.

For three years he was employed in writing and revising his Pastorals, two of which are addressed to his early patron, Pollio. The fourth was written in Pollio's consulship, B.C. 39,

the year in which Antony and Cæsar were reconciled. The occasion and object of that poem are stated in the argument. The eighth was written B.C. 38, when Pollio triumphed over the Illyrians. The tenth, addressed to Gallus, is said to have been written in the year following. Soon after the completion of the Pastorals, he commenced the Georgics by the advice of Mæcenas.

That, in undertaking the Georgics, the poet or his patron had a political end in view, is highly probable. By long civil wars the country of Italy had been laid waste, the ground was thrown out of cultivation. A poem on husbandry, such as Virgil was capable of writing, might render important service, by diverting men's thoughts from politics and war to the arts of peace and useful improvement. The liberality of Cæsar enabled him to prosecute this work with ease to himself as well as advantage to others. He had a pleasant house at Rome and a well-stocked library; but the greater part of his time was spent in the retirement of Naples, where he could devote himself to poetry without interruption. It has been conjectured that he began his Georgics before he left Mantua, because the rules of husbandry which are laid down in them are more suitable to the Mantuan soil than to the sunny climate of Naples. This however seems only to prove, that his agricultural knowledge was acquired by experience on his native ground.

In completing the Georgics, his most finished poem, Virgil employed the seven most vigorous years of his life. During this period important changes had taken place in the political world. In the year 31 B.C., Cæsar had gained the battle of Actium, and in the following year accomplished the final overthrow of Antony and the subjugation of Egypt. On his return to Italy, the Georgics, which had been just completed,

were read to him by Virgil, Mæcenas occasionally relieving the author when his voice failed him.

The reputation of Virgil as a poet was now fully established, and the Æneid was commenced by him at the request of Cæsar, who was now master of the Roman world, and received the name of Augustus. To the composition of this poem he devoted the last eleven years of his life, but did not live long enough to put the finishing stroke to it. From its commencement the highest expectations were excited. Propertius, a contemporary poet, thus predicted its future fame :—

> Romans, the palm concede; give place, ye writers of Hellas;
> Soon shall a greater verse even than Homer's arise.

No one had so many misgivings as to his capacity for this great undertaking as the poet himself. He could rarely be induced to read any of the poem, even to his friends. Cæsar himself, who frequently importuned him on the subject, could not overcome his modest reluctance. It was not till the seventh year after it had been begun that Virgil recited any portion of the Æneid to the Emperor. Marcellus, the son of Octavia and nephew of the Emperor, had then lately died; and Virgil, in the presence of both, recited the sixth Æneid, which contains the panegyric upon that illustrious youth. Octavia, on hearing the lines which relate to her son, is said to have been most deeply affected, and at the close, where her son's name is mentioned, to have fainted away. Virgil received a munificent reward, equivalent to £2,000 of our money.

Four years afterwards, he travelled to Athens, with the intention of recruiting his health and revising his poem at leisure. He there met Augustus, who was returning from the East, and thought proper to accompany him back to Italy.

On his return he was taken ill, and died in a few days after reaching Brundusium. On his death-bed he was anxious that the manuscripts of his unfinished epic should be destroyed, and left an injunction to that effect in his will. This last order however was, by the command of the Emperor, disregarded, and the Æneid was put into the hands of Tucca and Varius, to be prepared for publication, but with the express charge to make no additions to the manuscript, and not even to fill up the incomplete verses. Tucca and Varius faithfully executed their trust; and hence it is that there are so many unfinished lines in the Æneid. The body of Virgil was, according to his direction, conveyed to Naples, and interred with much solemnity. A monument was erected with a modest inscription which he himself had composed:—

> Mantua gave me birth; Calabria saw me expiring;
> Naples my grave is; of swains, tillage, and heroes I sang.

Virgil was tall in stature, of a weak body, and delicate health; temperate in his habits, bashful in his demeanour. That his disposition was most amiable, is shown by the intimate terms of friendship in which he lived with Mæcenas, Horace, Tucca, Varius, Gallus, and other distinguished men, not to mention the emperor himself. Horace, in one of his own poems, bears a pleasing testimony to his regard for Virgil. Between these two eminent poets there appears never to have existed the least feeling of jealousy, though both were honoured with the familiarity of Augustus. He would sometimes sit between them at table, and say jestingly that he sat between sighs and tears; alluding to the asthma of the one and the rheumatic eyes of the other. He frequently corresponded with both of them by letter. An anecdote is related, which, though of doubtful authority, serves in some degree to prove the general

estimation in which Virgil's character was held. Cæsar is said to have deliberated whether he should resign the sovereign power; Agrippa advised him to do so; Mæcenas strongly dissuaded him; Virgil was called in to decide this delicate question, and pronounced his judgment in favour of retaining a power, which would be so beneficial to mankind.

Virgil did not want detractors in his own time. The shafts of envy could not fail to be levelled against a man of such conspicuous excellence; yet the modesty of his character was sufficient to disarm common malignity; and he was not one to return evil for evil. Out of the wealth which he acquired, he annually sent large presents to his parents and brothers. His own wants were few, beyond what was needful for his literary pursuits. The people of Rome were fully sensible of his merits. When he entered the theatre, the whole audience rose, and welcomed him with applause; a more honorable testimony both to him and to them, than if he had been a monarch.

Of the works of Virgil much has been said by many and various persons; and little needs to be added. They speak for themselves; they have been the admiration of the world for ages. He spared no pains to enrich his poems with learning, and to polish them by the most careful revisal. The time which other men gave to multiplying the number of their verses, he gave to the retrenching of his. The Æneid is said to have once been many times more bulky than it now is. He studied brevity of diction and fulness of sense. He knew, better than any man, how to be eloquently silent. His erudition is not ostentatiously displayed, but rather concealed. Though he has borrowed much from others, he has generally made it his own. The crude ore of Ennius, an old poet from whom he occasionally borrowed, is scarcely to be recognised

in the refined gold of Virgil. What may be regarded as still higher praise, is the moral character of his writings. The sublimity of Christian ethics is of course not to be looked for; yet, among heathen poets, Virgil is not more remarkable for chastity of style than for purity of sentiment.

The poet's adulation of Augustus is not a sufficient ground for lessening him in our esteem; though it may be distasteful to us in the perusal of his works. It is partly excusable on the score of gratitude. But the circumstances of the times afford a still stronger excuse. Cæsar might well be regarded by him as the only man fit to hold the reins of government, and give peace to the world. Milton seems to have had the same opinion of Cromwell; but the English did not need a Dictator as much as the Romans did. The praise of Virgil helped to make Cæsar praiseworthy. Perhaps he did important service to his country by holding up the emperor to the admiration of his subjects. It is hardly to be doubted that the Romans were then too corrupt to be governed by the old laws of the commonwealth. The weight of the empire could only be sustained by a single ruler, armed with the military power.

Success had shed a glory around the head of Augustus. It is the tendency of genius to admire success. For aught we know, the poet saw, or fancied he saw, the hand of Destiny accomplishing the fortunes of the Cæsars. From a perusal of the Æneid such an inference may be drawn. The hero of that poem is a man led on by the irresistible power of Fate to the establishment of his kingdom in Italy. There is no extraordinary merit or feature of interest in the character of Æneas. He is gifted with ordinary courage and prudence, yet occasionally exhibits weakness and a want of presence of mind. But he is manifestly an instrument in the hand of Providence,

to lay the foundation of a mighty future. The scope of the poem is to celebrate the glories of that future, which, in Virgil's time, had become a present reality. It has been frequently stated that the character of Augustus is represented under that of Æneas; but it would seem that the resemblance is to be found not so much in similar qualities of mind, as in the circumstance that they were both the men of Necessity or Fate.

The Æneid was designed not only to exalt the Julian family and celebrate the glories of Rome, but also to throw light upon its antiquities. The author spared no labour in his researches; and if the Æneid had no poetical merits, it would be highly valuable as a store of historical materials. The accuracy with which Virgil describes the sacrifices and other religious solemnities of his country is particularly mentioned by the critic Macrobius. It might be inferred from this, that, whatever Virgil thought of the heathen worship of his day, he was a man deeply sensible of the necessities of religion; and it was not for nothing that he attributes piety to his hero, as the chief excellence of his character.

PASTORAL I.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Pastoral is founded upon an important incident in the fortunes of the poet himself. Cæsar, to reward his veterans, distributed among them lands adjacent to Cremona and Mantua. The rightful owners, one of whom was Virgil, were expelled; but Virgil, by the interposition of Mæcenas, obtained the restoration of his farm, as more fully explained in the life of the poet. He composed the present Pastoral, as a testimony of his gratitude to Cæsar. The piece is an imaginary dialogue between two countrymen, Melibœus and Tityrus; the former of whom represents one of the ejected farmers, the latter Virgil. The scene is in the country in the neighbourhood of Mantua, in the evening of a summer's day.

MELIBŒUS.

Thou, Tityrus, reclining in the shade
Of this dispredden beech, with oaten quill
Courtest the sylvan muse; we fugitives
Must leave our country and our pleasant fields;
Thou, stretcht at ease, art teaching wood and hill
Beautiful Amaryllis to resound.

TITYRUS.

O Melibœus, 'twas a God for me
This leisure made; for ever him a God
Shall I esteem. Full often from my folds
A tender lamb his altar shall imbrue. 10
He, as thou seest, permits my kine to roam,
Me what I will on rustic reed to play.

MELIBŒUS.

I do not envy thee, but marvel rather:
Such trouble is in all our fields around.
I almost faint exerting me thus far
My goats to drive; and this one, Tityrus,
I lead with pain: for in a hazel-copse
Two yeanlings late she cast; and ah! she left them,
Hope of my flock, upon the naked stones.
Of this misfortune, had I not been blind, 20
Oaks blasted by the lightning warn'd me oft,
I now remember; often did the crow
Give dismal presage from an ancient holm.
But tell me, Tityrus, who is thy God?

TITYRUS.

The town call'd Rome I foolishly believed
Like this of ours, to which we shepherds use
Our bleating young to drive. So whelps the dog,
So kids their dam resembled, as I thought;
So to great things I paragon'd the small.
But this above all cities, Melibœus, 30
Hath lift her head as proudly, as we see
The cypress overtop the bending willows.

MELIBŒUS.

What great occasion drew thee hence to Rome?

TITYRUS.

Freedom; which in my sluggish days at last
Regarded me, when whiter from my chin
Fell the shorn beard; yet after length of time
She did regard me; 'twas when Amaryllis
Had gain'd my love, and Galatea lost.
I own, while Galatea's thrall was I,
To earn my freedom or to hoard my stock 40
I never thought; though many a victim left

The closure of my cotes, and many a cheese
Delicious for th' ungrateful town I prest,
My hand came never money-laden home.

MELIBŒUS.

I wonder'd, Amaryllis, why the Gods
Thou didst invoke so mournfully, for whom
The fruit leave hanging. Tityrus was gone:
The pines themselves ask'd, Tityrus, for thee;
The very groves and fountains call'd thy name.

TITYRUS.

What help remain'd? From servitude to 'scape 50
Or Gods elsewhere so merciful to find
I could not hope. Here, Melibœus, first
I saw that Youth, to whom with sacrifice
Twelve days of every year my altars fume!
He answer'd my petition: feed ye, boys,
Your cattle; yoke your oxen as before.

MELIBŒUS.

O fortunate old man! thy farm remains,
Ample enough for thee. Tho' flintstones hard,
Tho' fen and slimy rush o'erspread thy leas,
Strange pasture ne'er shall hurt the teeming ewes, 60
Nor neighbour flocks infect them with disease.
Fortunate man! thou in thine own domain
By stream or sacred fountain shalt enjoy
The shady cool: the hedge, thy boundary,
Whose willow bloom regales Hyblæan bees,
Shall oft with murmurs lure thee to repose,
While carols from the hillside opposite
Some pruner blithe; and ever and anon
Thy joy, the culver's woodnote, shall be heard,
And cooing turtle from a lofty elm. 70

TITYRUS.

Therefore shall stags in air be sooner fed,
Sooner the deep her fishes cast ashore,
Or Parthian changing country with the Gaul,
This one the Tigris, that the Arar drink,
Than his dear image from my bosom fade.

MELIBŒUS.

But we must hence away, to Libyan wastes,
To Scythia, to the Cretan flood Oaxes,
Or the wild Britons, sever'd from the world.
Oh, shall I ever, at some distant time,
My native home, my little turf-thatch'd cot 80
Behold again, and scarce some summers hence
Mine own realm know? Shall ruffian soldiers take
These cultur'd lands? barbarians reap my crops?
See, wretched people, whither strife has brought ye!
For whom we sow'd our fields! Now, Melibœus,
Engraft thy pears, and set thy vines in order!
Away, my goats, once happy flock, away!
Ne'er shall I stretch me in a grassy cave
And see you hanging from the bushy cliff,
Never again! Your willow ye may browse 90
And flowering cytisus; but I, my goats,
Shall never sing nor be your shepherd more.

TITYRUS.

Yet for this night thou may'st thy leafy bed
Take here with me. Our fare is mellow fruit,
Ripe chestnuts, and a store of curds and cream.
And see; from cottage roofs the smoke ascends,
And shadows lengthen'd from the mountains fall.

PASTORAL II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Corydon, a Sicilian shepherd, attached to the young Alexis, invites him into the country, promising him rural presents and amusements. He complains of Alexis for being so unsociable, and for not duly appreciating his kindness. After indulging in a doleful strain, he reproaches himself for his folly, and threatens to break with a youth who treats him so ungratefully.

The fair Alexis was his master's joy,
And much beloved by shepherd Corydon,
Who, meeting no return, would often stray
To where the beeches lift their umbrage broad;
There all alone to woods and mountains he
Thus rudely with an empty passion plain'd.
Alexis, cruel one, my song thou spurnest,
Me nought thou pitiest, and wilt force to die.
Now even flocks seek shelter in the cool,
Now thorny bushes hide the lizards green, 10
And Thestylis rank thyme and garlic pounds
For the swinck'd reapers in the noontide blaze;
But in mine ear, as thro' a sultry grove
Thy steps I follow, hoarse cicalas ring.
Were it not better far the haughty pride
And wrath of Amaryllis to endure,
Or yet Menalcas, tho' of skin as dark
As thou art fair? Oh, be not, lovely boy,
Of thy complexion vain: white privets fade,
Dark hyacinths are gather'd from the stem. 20

Alexis me despises; who I am
He never asks, of milk and snowy flocks
How rich my store. For me a thousand sheep
Roam the Trinacrian hills; milk never fails me
In summer or in frost; I sing such lays
As wont the bard of Dirce, when his herds
He call'd upon Actæan Aracynth.
Nor so uncouth my form: I saw me late
On the still margin of the crystal sea:
Daphnis I would not fear and thee for judge, 30
Were I but sure resemblance ne'er deceived.
Oh, could'st thou be content with me to dwell
In humble homesteads of the country rude,
To chase the deer, or with a mallow-switch
The flock of kids to drive! Thou oft with me
Shouldst rival in the woods melodious Pan.
Pan taught the reedy canes with wax to join,
Pan for the sheep and for the shepherd cares.
Nor the reed's pressure let thy lips disdain:
How hard Amyntas tried this art to learn! 40
A pipe of seven unequal joints have I;
Damœtas gave it me, and dying said—
Be thou the second owner: thus said he:
A foolish envy o'er Amyntas came.
A pair of kids, which in the vale I found
Deserted younglings, I for thee reserve:
Their hides are speckled; of a sheep each day
They drain the udders: Thestylis of me
Hath begg'd them long, and she will have them too,
Since gifts of mine thou slightest. Oh, come hither, 50
And see what Nymphs will bring thee; baskets crown'd
With lilies fair, thou lovely one! The Naiad
Is cropping gilly-flowers and poppy-heads,
Sweet dill and bright narcissus, cassia twining
With other dainty herbs, with marigold
Painting the glossy hyacinth, and all

To make a charming nosegay for Alexis.
Myself will gather quinces downy soft,
Chestnuts, which Amaryllis used to love,
And waxen plums; due honour be to these: 60
And bay-leaves I will cull, and myrtle next;
For thus arranged they mingle sweet perfume.
Why, what a clown am I to talk of gifts!
Alexis cares for none, and, could I hope
With gifts to win him, richer is Iolas.
What have I done? Oh, fool! Upon my flowers
Let Auster loose, upon my founts the boar.
Whom shunn'st thou, wretched boy? The Gods themselves
In woods have dwelt, and Dardan Paris too.
In cities that she built let Pallas bide; 70
Cities be her delight; the woods are mine.
The lion hunts a wolf, the wolf a goat,
The wanton goat her flowering cytisus;
After Alexis Corydon must run,
Each after his desire. And now behold:
Steers carry home the yoke-suspended plough,
And shades are doubled by the parting sun;
Yet me love burns, unmitigated love.
Ah, Corydon! what madness hath possest thee?
Thy vine is on the leafy elm half-pruned. 80
Thou'dst better turn thee to some useful task,
Wer't but a plait of rush or osier-rods.
Fret thee not for Alexis: thou shalt find
Another soon, if this one be unkind.

PASTORAL III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Menalcas and Damœtas, after a short dialogue and some smart strokes of country raillery, agree to try their skill in a singing-match, and choose Palæmon, who happens to come by, for umpire. Each sings in turn, accompanying his words with the shepherd's pipe. This sort of contest, of which there are specimens in Theocritus, was called Amœbæan, or *alternate*. The rule observed by the competitors is, that each sings an equal number of verses upon a like subject; the one who begins suggests the topic, the other endeavours to excel him.

MENALCAS.

Tell me, who owns this flock? Doth Melibœus?

DAMŒTAS.

No; Ægon: to my charge he lately gave it.

MENALCAS.

I pity the poor sheep. While Ægon woo's
Neæra, jealous of my happier suit,
Twice in each hour a hireling milks his ewes,
Draining the mother's juice, the young one's food.

DAMŒTAS.

Mind, fellow; none of this abuse to men.
We know with whom, and in what grotto thou—
The goats were squinting, and the Nymphs they laughed.

MENALCAS.

Aye, aye; when Mycon's vineyard and young trees 10
They saw me hacking with a pruning-knife.

DAMŒTAS.

Or under the old beeches, when thou brok'st
The bow and shafts of Daphnis, all for spite
Because thou saw'st them given to the boy;
And had'st thou not some mischief done to him,
The rancorous Menalcas must have died.

MENALCAS.

What must the master be of such a knave!
I saw thee, rascal, snaring Damon's goat;
Deny it if thou can'st! The mongrel barked:
Stop thief! I cried: ho, Tityrus, look out! 20
And thou wert skulking there behind the sedges.

DAMŒTAS.

Was he not bound to render me the goat
Won by my flute, which vanquish'd him in song?
Know that the goat was mine, and Damon own'd it,
But pleaded inability to pay.

MENALCAS.

Thou vanquish him in song? Or had'st thou ever
A wax-join'd reed? Uneducated boor,
Was it not thou that on the cross-ways used
To mar a wretched tune on squeaking straw?

DAMŒTAS.

Come then, shall we make trial of our powers? 30
This heifer I will stake—now don't refuse—
Twice to the pail she comes, and suckles two.
What wilt thou venture on the strife to lay?

MENALCAS.

Nought from the flock I dare: I have at home
A sire and step-dame harsh, who twice a day
Count each of them the sheep, and one the kids:

But I—what thou wilt own is far more precious—
Since thou must play the madman, beechen bowls
Carv'd by divine Alcimedon, will gage;
On which a vine with easy art is wreath'd 40
O'er clustering berries of the ivy pale:
Two figures in the centre are emboss'd,
Conon, and who was he whose rod described
The earth's great globe, what seasons be for tilth
And what for harvest meet? I do assure thee,
Neither hath touch'd my lips; I've laid them by.

DAMŒTAS.

Two bowls for me Alcimedon did make;
The handles with acanthine leaf he clasped,
The centre graved with Orpheus and his woods:
Neither hath touch'd my lips; I've laid them by. 50
But paltry bowls will never match the cow.

MENALCAS.

I'll never let thee off. Declare thy terms,
And the first comer shall decide the wager:
Oh, here's our friend Palæmon, just in time:
I'll teach thee to give challenges to sing.

DAMŒTAS.

As soon as e'er thou lik'st: I'm quite prepared,
And any umpire is the same to me.
Pray, good Palæmon, (it's no small affair,)
Give all thine ear and soul to our performance.

PALÆMON.

Begin then: we are seated on the turf: 60
Budding is every field and every tree;
The woods are green, the year in beauty clothed.
Begin Damœtas, and Menalcas follow,
In strains alternate: this the Muses love.

DAMŒTAS.

Let your beginning, Muses, be from Jove.
All things are full of Jove: the teeming earth
He fructifies; my music he regards.

MENALCAS.

And I with great Apollo am in favour:
Apollo's gifts are ever in my charge,
His laurel and his blushing hyacinth. 70

DAMŒTAS.

Me with an apple Galatea pelts,
Then runneth to the willows, wanton girl,
And, ere she reach them, wishes to be seen.

MENALCAS.

But my beloved Amyntas comes to me
All unsolicited, that better now
Not even Delia to my hounds is known.

DAMŒTAS.

A present for my sweetheart I have found;
For I have mark'd the spot where cushat doves
Have built their airy lodging in a bough.

MENALCAS.

I did my best; ten apples rosy red 80
I gather'd from the tree and sent my boy;
To-morrow I will send as many more.

DAMŒTAS.

How oft to me did Galatea speak,
And words how exquisite! Some part of them
Waft, O ye zephyrs, for the Gods to hear!

MENALCAS.

What boots it that, Amyntas, in thy heart

Thou dost not scorn me, if, the salvage boar
While thou pursuest, I but keep the nets?

DAMŒTAS.

Send Phyllis hither; 'tis my natal day,
Iolas: when I sacrifice my calf, 90
A harvest-offering, visit me thyself.

MENALCAS.

Phyllis I love the dearest; for she wept,
Iolas, at our parting: Oh, farewell,
A long farewell, my lovely one! she cried.

DAMŒTAS.

The nightly wolf is baneful to the fold,
Rain to the ripening harvest, wind to trees,
Thy anger, Amaryllis, unto me.

MENALCAS.

To seedlands moisture, and to weanling kids
The arbutus is sweet; to pregnant flocks
The willow, and to me Amyntas only. 100

DAMŒTAS.

My Muse with Pollio, rustic tho' she be,
Acceptance finds. Pierian Songstresses,
Feed ye a calf, your patron to reward.

MENALCAS.

Pollio himself composes lofty rhyme:
Feed ye for him a bull, that even now
Butts with the horn, already spurns the sand.

DAMŒTAS.

Whoever loves thee, Pollio, let him reach
To thy admired pre-eminence: for him
Let honey flow, and brambles yield amomum.

MENALCAS.

Who doth not Bavius hate, let him esteem 110
Thy verses, Mævius; let the fool endeavour
To milk the ridgil, or the fox to yoke.

DAMŒTAS.

Ye little boys that stoop to gather flowers
And groundling strawberries, fly quickly, fly:
A deadly snake is lurking in the grass.

MENALCAS.

Beware, ye sheep, of venturing too far:
'Tis perilous to trust the slippery bank;
Look where the ram himself his fleece is drying.

DAMŒTAS.

Keep from the river-side thy browsing goats,
Friend Tityrus; and I will wash them all 120
In a fresh fountain at the fitting hour.

MENALCAS.

Shepherds, collect your sheep; if heat exhaust
Their milky juices, as it happ'd of late,
Our palms may squeeze the dugs, but squeeze in vain.

DAMŒTAS.

Alas, how meagre has my bull become
In a rich pasturage! 'Tis love, I see,
Preys on the cattle and their master too.

MENALCAS.

Love surely has no influence on these;
And yet they scarcely hang upon their bones:
Some evil eye my lambkins hath bewitch'd. 130

DAMŒTAS.

Tell me the region, pray, (and thou shalt be

My great Apollo,) where the space of heaven
Only three ells doth open to the view.

MENALCAS.

Tell me the region, pray, where flowrets bloom
Inscribed with letters of a kingly name;
And if thou canst, be Phyllis all thine own.

PALÆMON.

'Tis past my power to solve such high dispute:
The prize ye both deserve, and whosoe'er
Shall dread the sweet of love, the bitter know.
Enough the meads have drunk. Your sluices close. 140

PASTORAL IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this Pastoral is foretold the glorious destiny of an infant, born, or expected to be born, in the Consulship of Asinius Pollio and Domitius Calvinus, B.C. 39. What particular child the poet had in view is not quite certain. Some have supposed it to be Saloninus, the son of Pollio, to whom the poem is inscribed. But the part which Pollio played in the political world was not of sufficient importance to sustain this hypothesis; and the poem seems to be addressed to him only as Consul of the year. Other interpreters have applied the predictions to an expected child of Cæsar, for he in this year married his first wife, Scribonia, and in the following year his daughter Julia was born. The best opinion however is that which refers the prophecies to Marcellus, the son of Cæsar's sister Octavia by her first husband. In the year B.C. 39, peace was made between Cæsar and Antony, and Octavia, as the pledge of that peace, was given in marriage to Antony. The child, with whom she was then pregnant, was looked upon as destined to high fortune, and was indeed the same Marcellus who afterwards became the hope of the Roman people, and whose untimely death is lamented in the sixth Æneid. It is clear from Virgil's own declaration, as well as from the elevation of its style, that this is really a political poem in the disguise of a pastoral. As he refers to the Cumæan Sibyl, it is likely enough that the Sibylline books contained some predictions, to the fulfilment of which the Roman people were looking forward as a deliverance from their troubles. To these he adapts the tales of a golden age, which he found in Hesiod and other heathen poets. But in some of Virgil's lines there is such a striking similarity to the language of the prophet Isaiah (the more remarkable, as the Virgilian happy age approaches so near to the Christian era), that passages of the inspired writer are thought to have come into the hands of the Poet, or of the Sibyl, through whom he obtained them. Pope's Messiah is a professed imitation of this Pastoral.

Sicilian Muses, loftier be our strain:
For vineyards and for lowly tamarisks
Not all men care: if woods must be our theme,

Let woods be worthy of a Consul's ear.
Behold the Sibyl's latest era come!
Ages in mighty round revolve anew;
The Virgin and Saturnian reign return;
A wondrous progeny from heaven descends.
Thou, chaste Lucina, to the nascent Boy
(At whose first advent o'er the world shall cease 10
The iron race of men, a golden rise)
Assistance lend: thine own Apollo reigns.
Thou Consul, Pollio, shall be usher'd in
Our age's glory, and the mighty months
Begin their course: extinguish'd under thee
Whatever traces of our crime remain,
The earth from constant terror shall be freed.
Vitality divine shall he receive,
Gods, Demigods, in blissful union see,
Himself be seen of them, a world at peace 20
With mild hereditary virtues rule.
On thee, O child, uncultivated Earth
The firstlings of her bounty shall bestow,
The foxglove and the ivy scattering wide,
Acanthus mingled with Egyptian bean.
Goats of their own accord their milky dugs
Shall carry home, nor herds the lion fear;
Thy very cradle shed thee dainty flowers:
The serpent and the poisonous herb shall die,
And without stint Assyrian spikenard bloom. 30
When thou of heroes and thy parent's praise
Grave lore shalt read, and virtue's meaning know,
Then shall the plain grow yellow by degrees
With harvest, blushing grapes on brambles hang,
And rugged oaks distil a honey dew.
Some trace of ancient fraud shall linger still,
Tempting with ships to navigate the main,
Build city walls, cleave furrows in the soil:
A Tiphys and an Argo, as before,

Shall launch their hero-band; another Troy 40
Shall call a new Achilles to the field.
But when maturer years have made thee man,
The very sailor shall forego the seas,
No nautic pine shall barter foreign wares,
For every clime shall every product yield:
No vineyard then shall feel the pruning-hook,
No ground the harrow; ploughmen from the yoke
Shall set their oxen free: no wool shall learn
To counterfeit variety of hue;
The living ram his coat with saffron dye 50
Or blushing purple in the mead shall stain,
A native scarlet clothe the feeding lambs.
Run, happy ages! to their spindles thus
The Agents of eternal destiny
In concert cried. The time is near at hand:
Come for thy glorious birthright, heavenly born
Illustrious child of Jupiter! Behold
Where bows the vast rotundity o' th' world,
The earth, the sea's expanse, the depth of heaven!
All things are gladden'd at the age's dawn: 60
Oh, may my latter days be so prolong'd,
My breath endure to celebrate thy deeds!
Linus nor Orpheus then should me surpass,
Tho' each a heavenly parent might inspire,
For Linus tho' Apollo tuned the lay,
Calliopea for her Thracian son:
Were Pan my rival and would bide with me
Arcadia's judgment, Pan should own himself
In his Arcadia's judgment overcome.
Begin, thou little Infant, by her smile 70
To know thy mother! Painful qualms to her
Ten months have brought. Begin, thou little Babe!
Whom never with a smile his parents cheer'd,
No God shall feast him, and no Goddess love.

PASTORAL V.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject of this Pastoral, according to the better opinion, is the death and deification of Julius Cæsar, who is spoken of under the name of Daphnis, a Sicilian shepherd. Many passages have a close application to his history and character, as viewed by his admirers; there is a special allusion to his murder. It is no good objection that every passage is not strictly applicable; for the poem is still in form a pastoral, and the allusions are conveyed by way of allegory. It is said to have been written when some plays or sacrifices were celebrated in honour of Cæsar. The scene is adapted to the solemnity of the subject; the shepherds sit and sing in the gloom of a grotto overhung by wild vines. That the character of Menalcas is intended for Virgil himself, appears from line 96.

MENALCAS.

Mopsus, we both are here, and each hath skill,
Thou with thine oaten pipe, and I in song:
Why sit we not together where these elms
With hazel skirted make a sylvan bower?

MOPSUS.

Thou art the elder: say where it shall be:
Here, where the breezy checker'd shadows play?
Or rather to the cave shall we retire?
Look at the wild labrusca, how it throws
Its scanty clusters o'er the cave, Menalcas.

MENALCAS.

None but Amyntas here with thee contends. 10

MOPSUS.

Next we shall have him striving with Apollo.

MENALCAS.

Mopsus, begin; some lay of love-sick Phyllis,
Or Alcon the renown'd, or fight of Codrus.
Begin; and Tityrus thy flock shall tend.

MOPSUS.

Nay, rather let me try what verses late
I scribbled on a beechen pithy rind,
And scribbling sang the notes alternately:
Then bid Amyntas match them, if he can.

MENALCAS.

As yields the osier to the olive pale,
The humble saliunca to the rose, 20
So (in my choice) Amyntas yields to thee.

MOPSUS.

Dear Youth, be silent: in the cave we stand.
The nymphs mourn'd Daphnis; cruel death he died;
Ye hazels and ye streams their grief beheld.
His mother on the wretched body fell,
And call'd upon the Gods and cruel stars.
None, Daphnis, in those days the pastured kine
To cooling rivers drove; no heifer then
Drank of the stream or touch'd the grassy blade.
Daphnis, thy death e'en Punic lions moan'd; 30
Forests and savage mountains tell the tale.
To yoke Armenian tigers to the car
First Daphnis taught, the Bacchic dance to lead,
And dress the thyrsus with a leafy band.
As vines adorn the elm, as grapes the vine,
As bulls the herd, and corn the fertile field,
So to thine own wert all the glory thou:

When thou wert snatch'd away, to rural haunts
Pales herself and Phœbus bade farewell:
Furrows, where oft the solid grain we sow'd, 40
Now the wild oat and barren tares o'errun;
Where violet soft and bright narcissus blew,
Rough thistles now and prickly thorns abound.
Strew leaves, ye shepherds, cover with green shade
The fountains: honour'd thus would Daphnis be:
And make a tomb, and on the tomb inscribe:
Daphnis the shepherd, famed above the stars;
Fair were his flocks, but fairer still was he.

MENALCAS.

Delightful charm to listen unto thee,
Thou heavenly singer; sweet as after toil 50
On grass to sleep, or drink in thirsty noon
The limpid water of a bubbling rill!
Thy master's equal both in pipe and voice,
Blest Youth, a second Daphnis thou shalt be.
But now will I to thee responsive sing,
As best I can, and Daphnis raise to heaven;
Raise him will I; for me thy Daphnis loved.

MOPSUS.

Thou could'st not promise me a boon more welcome.
Worthy was he of praise, and this thy strain
Long since did Stimichon to me commend. 60

MENALCAS.

Daphnis in bright array admiring views
Th' Olympian threshold, and beneath his feet
The clouds and stars. Therefore doth new delight
Exhilarate the woods and rural scenes,
Pan and the shepherds and the Dryad maids:
Wolves prowl not for the flock, nor harm to deer
The toils intend; peace gentle Daphnis loves.
The unshorn mountains joyful to the stars
Send a spontaneous cry; the rocks, the groves

Unbidden sing: a God, a God is he! 70
Oh, kind be thou, a blessing to thine own!
Behold four altars, Daphnis: two are thine,
A loftier pair Apollo's. I to thee
Two bowls with fresh milk foaming every year,
Two cups of liquid olive will present;
And best of all, the festival to cheer,
Lenæan goblets by the winter-blaze
(Or if't be summer, in the shade) will pour,
Of Ariusian vintage nectar sweet:
Damœtas too shall sing with Lyctian Ægon, 80
Alphesibœus imitate the dance
Of capering Satyrs: rites to be renewed,
Whene'er to Nymphs we pay our timely vows,
Or make our lustral circuit of the fields.
While boars the forest love, and fish the stream,
While bees on thyme, on dew cicalas feed,
Thy name, thy praise and honour shall remain:
Rustics to thee shall each returning year,
Like as to Bacchus and to Ceres, pray,
And thou their vows to forfeiture condemn. 90

MOPSUS.

What gift can I for such a strain return?
For more it pleas'd me than the coming breeze
Of southern wind, than billow-beaten shore,
Or stream down-rushing in a rocky vale.

MENALCAS.

First let me give to thee this fragile pipe,
The same that taught the loves of Corydon,
And how Damœtas with his rival strove.

MOPSUS.

Accept of me this crook. Antigenes
Begg'd for it hard, but, lovely tho' he was,
Could ne'er obtain the gift. Tis pretty, see, 100
With knobs of equal range and brass, Menalcas.

PASTORAL VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The scene is a cave, in which the drunken but musical demi-god Silenus is surprised asleep by two Satyrs, who, with the assistance of a water nymph, compel him to entertain them with a song. He gives them an account of the formation of things according to the doctrine of Epicurus: he then proceeds from the natural to the moral system of that philosopher, which consisted in teaching men to avoid all immoderate passions and violent perturbations of mind. This is the reason that he sings to them the unnatural passion of Hercules for the boy Hylas, the brutal lust of Pasiphae, the vanity of the Prœtides, the avarice of Atalanta, and the immoderate grief of the sisters of Phaeton. All such emotions the Epicureans condemned, as inimical to that repose which they reckoned the perfection of virtue and happiness. Virgil accordingly addresses his poem to Varus, his friend and fellow-student under the celebrated Syro, an Epicurean philosopher.

In Syracusan minstrelsy to sport
My young muse deign'd, nor blush'd in woods to dwell.
Of kings and battles when a lay I tried,
Apollo pluck'd mine ear, and warning said:
Cease, Tityrus; a shepherd it becomes
To feed his lambs and sing a lowly strain.
Now then, (for others, Varus, will aspire
To chant thy praises and the tales of war,)
I to my slender quill a pastoral song
Not without bidding tune: and if perchance 10
Any there be, whom it may charm to read,
My tamarisks and all the grove shall sing
Thee, Varus, nor Apollo any page
Shall please so well, as this which bears inscribed
The name of Varus. Muses, to your task.

A pair of youthful Satyrs once espied
Silenus in a grotto, strecht asleep,
His veins inflated, as they ever were,
With wine of yesterday: from off his head
Had fallen the chaplets, and beside him hung 20
A jolly tankard with the handle bruis'd.
The twain crept up, (he oft had cozen'd them
With promise of a song,) and on him threw
His wreaths for manacles, yet half in fear,
When Ægle, fairest Naiad of the stream,
Comes to their help, and, as the God awoke,
Paints with a crimson stain of mulberries
His brow and temples. At the trick he smiled;
And wherefore twine ye bonds? release me, boys;
Enough that ye have spied me: now attend, 30
And hear the song ye wish'd for; song for you;
For her a different favour I reserve.
Straight he began: the Fauns and beasts were seen
To dance in measure, rigid oaks to wave
Their lofty tops. More Phœbus never charm'd
His cliff Parnassian; ne'er in Orpheus more
Did Ismarus or Rhodope rejoice.
He sang, how gathering thro' the void immense
The seeds of earth and air and liquid fire
And water mingled; how the elements 40
And world's young orb of these compounded grew;
The soil 'gan harden and confine the sea
Within her watery bound, and by degrees
Creation's form receive: then how the earth
Wonder'd the sun's new glory to behold,
And showers descended from the lofty clouds:
Then woods arose, and animals yet few
Ranged o'er the unknown mountains. Now he tells
Of stones by Pyrrha thrown, of Saturn's reign,
Prometheus' theft, and fowls of Caucasus: 50
Next of the fount, where Hylas left behind,

The sailors call'd his name, and all the shore
Resounded Hylas, Hylas! Then the Queen,
Who lov'd a snow-white bull, his lay consoles:
Ah, luckless Dame, had cattle never been,
Happy wert thou! What madness urges thee?
The Prœtides with mimic lowing fill'd
The meads of Argos, feeling for the horn
Upon their foreheads smooth, and for their necks
Dreading the plough; but such a foul embrace 60
They ne'er desired. Unblest Pasiphae!
Thou roam'st the mountains; he with snowy side
Propp'd on a bed of hyacinthine flower
Under a holly ruminating lies,
Or courts a female of the numerous herd.
Dictæan Nymphs, close ye the woody glades,
That haply to our eyes the bull may turn
His truant footsteps: herbage green may chance
To lure him on, or following in their train
Some kine may lead him to Gortynian stalls. 70
Then sings he of the damsel who admired
Hesperian fruit; with moss of bitter rind
Enwraps the Phaethontian sisterhood,
And lifts them graceful alders from the ground.
He sings of Gallus and his wanderings
By the Permessian stream, and thence how led
Up to th' Aonian mountain by a Muse;
How all Apollo's choir to Gallus rose,
And Linus, pastoral bard divine, with wreath
Of flowers and parsley crown'd, bespake him thus: 80
Accept this pipe, the Muses give it thee,
The same which erst they gave th' Ascræan sire,
Wherewith from mountain-heights he used to draw
The rugged ash-trees down: with this do thou
Exalt the honours of the Grynian grove,
That Phœbus may in none have greater pride.
Of Scylla wherefore speak, Niseian nymph,

Waist-girt with barking monsters, how the fleet
Of Ithacus she vext, and with sea-dogs
Mangled his wretched sailors in the gulf? 90
Or why of Tereus and his limbs transformed
Repeat the wondrous narrative? for him
What gifts, what banquet Philomel prepared?
To deserts how she fled, yet hover'd long
O'er her own roof with melancholy wing?
The lays which erst from Phœbus with delight
Eurotas heard and bade his laurels learn,
All these the old God sang; which echoing vales
Repeated to the stars, till Hesperus,
Warning to fold the flock and take the tale, 100
His journey through th' unwilling heaven began.

PASTORAL VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

This is a pure Pastoral in the style of Theocritus. It has been observed, that these Amœbæan contests of the Shepherds resemble the fashion of the Tuscan *Improvisatori*, who extemporise in alternate verses, one following the rhyme of the other, octave for octave, just as in Virgil the second shepherd imitates the turn of thought suggested by the first.

MELIBŒUS.

Under a holly Daphnis was reclined,
When Corydon and Thyrsis both came up;
Their flocks were mixt in one, the sheep of Thyrsis,
The milk-distended goats of Corydon.
Both were of blooming age, Arcadians both,
Well match'd in song, in ready answer apt.
Just then a goat, the husband of my flock,
As I was fencing myrtles from the cold,
Had stray'd away; and Daphnis I espied:
At sight of me, Come hither, Melibœus; 10
Thy goat and kids are safe enough: cried he:
If thou hast leisure, rest thee in the shade:
Thy steers unbidden thro' the meads to drink
Hither will come: here tender reeds the bank
Of verdant Mincius fringe, and swarming bees
From yonder venerable oak resound.
What could I do? Alcippe there was none,
Nor Phyllis nigh, to house my weanling lambs,
And straight a mighty match was coming on,

Thyrsis and Corydon. To view their sport 20
I rather chose than mind mine own affairs.
The contest then began; their rival strains
They sang alternate, so the Muses will'd;
First Corydon his part, next Thyrsis tried.

CORYDON.

Libethrian Nymphs belov'd, or give to me
Such strains as to my Codrus ye have given;
After Apollo, Codrus sings the best;
Or, if we cannot all be thus inspired,
Here on the sacred pine my reed shall hang.

THYRSIS.

Arcadian shepherds, deck with ivy crown 30
Your rising bard, that Codrus for despite
May break his envious heart; or should his praise
Be fulsome, bind with lady's-glove my brow,
To save the poet from his evil tongue.

CORYDON.

Look, Delia, what the little Mycon brings thee;
A wild-boar's tusky head, and of a stag
The beamy antlers. If his luck endure,
In marble thy majestic form shall stand,
With purple buskins on thine ankles bound.

THYRSIS.

Expect this milk-bowl and thy yearly cakes, 40
Priapus; 'tis enough; thou dost but keep
A scanty garden. We have made thee marble;
We could no more: hereafter, should the flock
Yield plenteous increase, golden thou shalt be.

CORYDON.

O Nereid Galatea, sweeter than

Hyblæan thyme to me, more delicate
Than the pale ivy, whiter than the swan;
When to their stall my sated bulls return,
If aught thy Corydon thou lovest, come.

THYRSIS.

More bitter than Sardinian herbs to thee, 50
More rough may I appear than prickly furze,
Than rotten seaweed viler, if this day
Hath not to me been longer than a year.
Go home, ye sated bullocks, go for shame.

CORYDON.

Ye mossy fountains, grass more soft than sleep,
Green arbutus, that sheddest over them
A scanty spray, defend ye from the flock
Solstitial heat; for lo, the summer comes,
And swells with joyful blossomage the vine.

THYRSIS.

Fire and a blazing hearth and sappy firs 60
Are never failing here, and posts distain'd
With sooty black: for Aquilo's chill blast
As much we care, as wolves do for the fold,
Or torrent rivers for their continents.

CORYDON.

Our junipers and chestnuts all their pride
Of foliage wear; fruit under every tree
Bestrews our orchard-plat; all nature smiles:
But if the fair Alexis were away,
Soon would ye see the very rivers dry.

THYRSIS.

Our fields are parch'd, our herbs in tainted air 70
Are withering, Liber grudges to our hills

Their viny shade: but let my Phyllis come;
The grove will all be green, and Jupiter
Descend in glad fertility of shower.

CORYDON.

Alcides wears the poplar, Venus most
The myrtle honours, Bacchus loves the vine,
To Phœbus dearest are his chosen bays:
But while by Phyllis hazels are admired,
Nor bay nor myrtle can with hazels vie.

THYRSIS.

The ash is passing beauteous in the woods, 80
Pine in the garden, fir upon the cliff,
The poplar best becomes the river-side:
But, Lycidas, if thou wilt visit me,
In beauty thou shalt ash and pine excel.

MELIBŒUS.

Thus far can I remember. Overcome
In song was Thyrsis; and from that day forth
Has Corydon to us been all in all.

PASTORAL VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Pastoral contains the songs of two shepherds, the first of whom bewails the infidelity of a mistress; the second describes the incantations by which a woman endeavours to bring back the affections of her lover. The second part is an imitation of the *Enchantress* of Theocritus. It is opened with an address by the poet to Pollio, his patron, to whose dramatic excellence (for Pollio had written several tragedies) allusion is made in verse 9.

The lays of rival shepherds, which to hear
The heifer linger'd and her grass forgot,
Lynxes were charm'd, and turning from their course
The rivers halted; both will I rehearse,
What Damon sang, and what Alphesibœus.
Say thou, that overmarchest or the cliffs
Of great Timavus or th' Illyrian shore,
Will ever come the day, when I thy deeds
Shall celebrate, thy verses to the world
Proclaim, how glorious, worthy (none but they) 10
The Sophoclean buskin to command.
Thine was my earliest song, to thee my last
I consecrate: accept the strain begun
At thy behest, and let this ivy creep
Among victorious laurels on thy brow.
Twas yet the misty twilight of the dawn,
What time on tender herbage lies a dew
Delicious to the flock, when leaning on
A smoothly rounded olive Damon spake.

DAMON.

Rise Lucifer, and bring refreshing day, 20
While I by Nisa's plighted love beguiled
Of faithless vows complain, and on the Gods
(Tho' nought to me their witness hath avail'd)
Despairing in the hour of death I call.
Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains.
Mænalus ever hath a tuneful grove
And vocal pines, the shepherd's lovetale hears,
And Pan, who first the reed with life inspired.
Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains.
To Mopsus Nisa wedded! After this 30
What lover needs despair? Let griffins now
To mares be join'd, and in a future age
Drink at one stream the beagle and the hind.
Cut out thy torches, Mopsus; happy man!
Thy bride is coming: strew the spousal nuts:
For thee the evening star leaves Œta's height.
Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains.
O bride united to a worthy mate;
Thou who dost all contemn, my pipe disdain,
My goats, my hanging beard and shaggy brow, 40
Nor thinkest that the Gods this earth regard!
Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains.
A girl I saw thee in our garden-close;
Thou and thy mother, as I led ye, pluck'd
The dewy apples; thirteen years had just
Flown o'er my head, and scarcely could I reach
The slender boughs: I saw and was undone;
A fatal fascination o'er me came.
Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains.
Now Love I know. Him rocks of Rhodope 50
Or rugged Ismarus or remotest tribe
Of Garamantians bore; for surely not
Boy of our race and parentage was he.
Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains.
Love bade the mother shed her children's blood:

Oh savage Love, and cruel mother too!
Wert thou more cruel, or more wicked he?
Wicked was he, and cruel too wert thou.
Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains.
Now let the wolf be frighted by the fold; 60
On hardy oaks let golden apples hang,
On alder bloom narcissus, amber sweat
From rind of tamarisk, owls vie with swans,
And Tityrus a second Orpheus be,
Orpheus in woods, Arion in the wave.
Begin with me, my flute, Mænalian strains.
Turn all to shoreless ocean! woods farewell!
I from a crag that beetles o'er the main
Headlong will plunge; my dying boon to thee.
Now cease, my flute, cease thy Mænalian strains. 70
Damon thus far: to him responsive sang
Alphesibœus: Muses, tell me how;
For all things are not possible to all.

ALPHESIBŒUS.

Bring water out, and with a fillet bind
My sacred hearth, and burn me vervain strong
And frankincense: by magic I must try
The false one's heart and senses to inflame.
All now is ready but the charmed song.
Bring from the town, my Charms, bring Daphnis home.
Song from the heights of heaven draws Cynthia down; 80
By song did Circe charm Ulysses' crew;
Song in the meadow splits the deadly snake.
Bring from the town, my Charms, bring Daphnis home.
Around thee first three lengths of list I draw
With colours three, and thrice thine image lead
The altar round. Odd numbers please the God.
Bring from the town, my Charms, bring Daphnis home.
Three knots tricolour'd, Amaryllis, twine,
And twining say: I tie the band of Venus.

Bring from the town, my Charms, bring Daphnis home. 90
As this clay hardens and the wax dissolves,
One flame compelling, so shall Daphnis fare
Of me enamour'd. Throw the wafers, kindle
These brittle bays with naphtha; cruel Daphnis
Is burning me; the bays I burn for him.
Bring from the town, my Charms, bring Daphnis home.
As mad with passion as a raging cow,
That over lawn and grove makes weary quest
To find the lost companion of her loves,
Then hopeless lays her on a sedgy bank 100
And cares not after midnight to return:
So may he love, and I no pity feel.
Bring from the town, my Charms, bring Daphnis home.
These garments the deceiver left with me,
Dear pledges, bound my Daphnis to restore:
Here at my threshold now I bury them.
Bring from the town, my Charms, bring Daphnis home.
These drugs in Pontus gather'd were to me
By Mœris given; in Pontus they abound.
Mœris I oft have seen by aid of them 110
Become a wolf and hide him in the woods;
Oft conjure spirits from their sepulchres,
And from the field transport the ripen'd corn.
Bring from the town, my Charms, bring Daphnis home.
These ashes, Amaryllis, carry forth,
And in the river cast them o'er thy head,
And look not back. With these will I assail
Daphnis, who Gods nor incantation heeds.
Bring from the town, my Charms, bring Daphnis home.
Behold, the ashes kindling of themselves 120
E'en now the altar catch with tremulous flame;
Save us! 'Tis not for nought. And Hylax too
Barks at the door. Must I believe the sign,
Or is't a lover's visionary dream?
He comes: my Charms, be silent; Daphnis comes.

PASTORAL IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Pastoral, like the first, alludes to the realities of the Poet's own life. The soldier, to whom Virgil's patrimony had been assigned, did not acquiesce in his resumption of it, but attacked him sword in hand. Virgil saved his life by swimming over the Mincius, and proceeded to Rome to obtain redress. At this time the poem appears to have been written. Mœris, in the dialogue, represents the bailiff who had the care of Virgil's farm. He is overtaken on his road to Mantua by his friend Lycidas, to whom he complains of the wrong which had been done them. At the request of Lycidas, he recites snatches of his master's poetry. The piece is dramatic and pleasing. Menalcas is the name given to Virgil, as in Pastoral v.

LYCIDAS.

Whither is Mœris bent? For town, I guess.

MŒRIS.

O Lycidas, that we should live to see
So sad a day? I little reck'd of this;
A stranger seizing on our farm, and saying,
'Tis mine: ye old inhabitants, begone!
Chance rules the world; and we poor fugitives
These kids must send him: ill betide the gift!

LYCIDAS.

Surely I heard that all beyond the slope
Where first the hills with gentle bend decline,
Far as the water and old beechen stumps, 10
Your good Menalcas by his verse had saved.

MŒRIS.

'Twas rumour'd so. But, Lycidas, our verse
'Gainst martial weapons can as much prevail
As doves against an eagle swooping down.
Had not a crow upon our hollow oak
Caw'd from the left, and warn'd me to decide
On any terms the strife, nor Mœris here
Nor yet Menalcas would be now alive.

LYCIDAS.

Could any mortal on such crime resolve?
How near, Menalcas, had we lost with thee 20
The solace of thy song! Alas, who then
Could sing the Nymphs, with herbage paint the ground,
The fountains cover with a greenwood shade?
The strains compose, which late I caught from thee
Listening unseen, when thou wert on thy way
To visit Amaryllis my beloved?
Feed, Tityrus, my goats, till I return;
'Twill not be long; and drive them after meal
To water, Tityrus, and driving ware
The ridgil, lest he gore thee with his horn. 30

MŒRIS.

Or these, to Varus which he once began:
O Varus, if our Mantua but survive,
(Too near hath she to sad Cremona been!)
Thy name to heaven her warbling swans will raise.

LYCIDAS.

Recite me, if thou canst, some pleasing piece:
So may thy bees avoid Cyrnean yews,
Thy cows on willow fed their dugs distend.
I have in me the spirit of the Muse,
And verse I scribble; shepherds call me bard;
But I believe not them; my strains are yet 40

Unfit for Varus or for Cinna's ear,
The cackling of a goose among the swans.

MŒRIS.

I have bethought me, Lycidas, and strive
To recollect the words; no common strain.
Come hither, Galatea: what disport
Is under ocean found? here blooms the spring;
Here earth-born flowers are scatter'd round the streams;
Above my cave a silver aspen hangs,
Vines weave their mantling umbrage: hither come;
Let the wild billows dash upon the shore. 50

LYCIDAS.

And what I heard thee singing to thyself
One starry night; bethinkest thou? The tune
I well remember, if I knew the words.

MŒRIS.

Daphnis, why lookest thou to see the rise
Of the old heavenly signs? Behold, the star
Of Dionæan Cæsar hath appear'd,
The star beneath whose influence benign
The crop shall yield glad harvest, and the grape
Blush on the sunny hill. Now graft thy pears,
Daphnis; the fruit thy children shall enjoy. 60
Time robs us of our memory and all.
I sang whole summer mornings in my boyhood,
But all my verses are forgotten now,
And e'en my voice is failing. Sure a wolf
Got the first sight of Mœris. Never mind:
Thou'lt hear it from Menalcas oft enough.

LYCIDAS.

Vain is thy plea; it makes me long the more.
And see how still th' unwrinkled water lies;

Hush'd is the breezy murmur of the wind.
But half our way remains; for I discern 70
Bianor's tomb. Here, where the farmers get
Their leafy bundles, let me hear a song.
Put down the kids; there's day before us yet
To reach the town: or if ere evening-fall
We fear the gathering clouds, to cheat the time,
Let's walk and sing. Come, Mœris, I will take
The burden from thee, and thine arm relieve.

MŒRIS.

Nay, press me, Boy, no more. Perform we now
The task in hand. Another time for song
Will better suit us, when the Master comes. 80

PASTORAL X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Cornelius Gallus, a Roman of high rank, a friend of Virgil, and once favorite of Augustus, is introduced by name (contrary to the usual custom of the Pastorals, bewailing the inconstancy of his mistress Lycoris, by whom is meant Cytheris, a celebrated actress, who had left him to follow some officer into Germany. This was written while Gallus was yet in favour with the Emperor; and, the more to honour him, the rural Deities are represented as consoling him in his distress.

Indulge me, Arethusa, once again.
Gallus demands a lay, and who could e'er
Refuse a lay to Gallus? Brief is this,
And such as e'en Lycoris may peruse.
Aid my last labour; so, when underneath
Sicanian seas thou glidest, ne'er with thee
May Tethys intermix her briny waves.
Begin; my goats shall crop the tender shrubs,
While lovelorn Gallus is my tuneful theme.
Not to deaf ears we sing; the woods respond. 10
Ye Naiads, in what grove or lawn were ye,
When Gallus pined with unrequited love?
For neither Pindus nor Parnassian hills
Detain'd ye then, nor Aganippe's fount.
For him the tamarisks, the laurels wept;
Him, as he lay beneath a desert cliff,
Lycæus hoar and Mænalus bemoan'd.
The sheep throng'd round him; simple things, of us
They never are ashamed; nor blush for them,

Thou admirable bard: the fair Adonis 20
Fed by the river-side his fleecy charge.
Shepherd and tardy-gaited ploughman came,
Menalcas too, wet from his winter mast:
All ask'd about thy love; Apollo came,
And why this phrenzy, Gallus? he exclaim'd:
Thy love Lycoris with another now
Is gone to boisterous camps and snowy climes.
Sylvanus next, with rustic crown adorn'd,
His flowery fennel and his lilies tall
Shaking advanced; and Pan, Arcadia's God, 30
Whom we ourselves beheld, his blood-red face
With elder-berries and vermilion dyed:
Is there no end? he cries: for thy despair
Love hath no pity: cruel Love with tears
No more is fill'd, than grass with running streams,
The goat with leaves, the bee with willow-flower.
He answer'd mournful: Swains of Arcady,
Still to your mountains ye my grief shall tell;
Arcadians are alone expert in song.
My bones would softly rest, if once your pipe 40
Of my unhappy love would tune the lay.
Oh, had I been your vallies born among,
A shepherd or a presser of the grape!
My darling, whether Phyllis or Amyntas,
(He's dark; what then? the hyacinth is black,
The violet also;) either should with me
Under a vine amid the osiers lie;
Phyllis should wreath me flowers, Amyntas sing.
Cool fountains, grove and mead, are here, Lycoris;
And here with thee my life could I consume; 50
But thee amid the tents of soldiery
And war-alarms mad passion doth detain;
Hard-hearted one, thou far from home and me
(Can I believe it?) seest the chilly Rhine
And Alpine snows. Oh, harm her not, ye winds!

Cut not, ye icy frosts, her tender feet!
Now will I go, and to the slender oat
Of a Sicilian shepherd tune the verse
Which in Eubœan numbers I composed.
I am resolv'd; 'tis better in the wood 60
Among wild beasts my sorrow to endure,
And carve my love upon the tender trees;
They and my love will thus together grow.
Meanwhile Mænalian vallies with the nymphs
Will I survey, or chase the salvage boar;
Maugre the cold, with dogs will I surround
Parthenian woods: e'en now I seem to roam
O'er cliffs and sounding groves, with Parthian bow
To whirl Cydonian shafts: as though, alas,
Aught could avail my phrensied heart to cure, 70
Or teach the God to pity mortal woe.
Dryads no more can please, my verse no more;
Ye woods, farewell. Him never could I change
With all my labours, tho' in winter's depth
Hebrus I drank, or mid the stormy snows
Of Thracia plunged; tho' under tropic skies,
When the bark withers on the parched elm,
I drove my flock o'er Æthiopian plains.
Love conquers all, and I must yield to love.
Enough, ye Muses, hath your poet sung, 80
Here sitting, and with slender rush the while
A basket weaving. Grant, ye Goddesses,
That Gallus this my strain may dearly prize,
Gallus, for whom my love grows hour by hour,
Fast as the alder shoots in vernal prime.
No more. 'Tis hurtful in the shade to sing;
Unwholesome is the shade of juniper;
Shade blights the growing crops. Return ye home,
For evening comes; my full-fed goats, return.

GEORGIC I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject of the first Georgic is agriculture in general, and more particularly that part of it which relates to the production of the cereal fruits of the earth. The object of the Poet is to give instruction in the art of husbandry; and accordingly he lays down rules to guide the farmer in all the various operations of ploughing, sowing, fallowing, and improving the land; shows him how to prepare his implements of labour, how to observe the prognostics of wind, rain, and tempest, and in short, how to employ himself to most advantage throughout the year in all varieties of weather and season. Not only is Virgil's mode of treating these dry topics highly poetical in itself, but his various digressions, which all arise more or less immediately out of the subject, give relief to the more purely didactic part of the work, and are full of interest and beauty. Such are, for example, his account of the transition from a golden to an iron age; his description of storms and hurricanes, with their effects upon animate and inanimate nature. The exordium of the poem, after a formal address to Mæcenas, proceeds with a solemn appeal to the Patron Gods of Agriculture, and a special invocation of the Emperor Augustus, whose future deification is predicted. It concludes with a statement of the prodigies which are said to have followed the death of Julius Cæsar, and portended the renewal of civil war.

What raises joyful corn; beneath what sign
To turn the glebe, Mæcenas, and to wed
The vine and elm, is best; of nurture meet
For flocks and cattle, to increase their kind,
And skill expert to manage thrifty bees,
My Muse instructive sings. On you I call,
World-luminaries glorious, who conduct
The gliding year in heaven: on thee, O Liber,
And fostering Ceres; by your bounty since

The Earth Chaonian acorns learn'd to change 10
For genial grain, and Acheloan cups
To temper with the grape's discover'd juice:
Ye neighbours of the peasant, friendly Fauns
And Dryad Nymphs, attend; your gifts I praise:
And hear me, Neptune, thou, at whose command
Upstarted from the trident-cloven ground
A neighing steed: thou habitant of groves,
Whose snow-white steers innumerable crop
Rich Cæan pasturage; and Tegeate Pan,
If aught thou carest for thy Mænalus, 20
Come hither kindly, guardian of our sheep,
Leaving Lycæus and thy native woods:
Pallas, the olive's plantress, and the Boy
Who shaped the crooked plough, and Sylvan, bearing
His sapling of the cypress, I invoke;
Gods all and Goddesses, whose pleasure 'tis
To guard the fields, to nourish fruits unsown,
Or on the seedlands pour abundant shower;
And lastly thee, O Cæsar, whom 'tis yet
Uncertain what assemblage of the Gods 30
Shall welcome; whether cities thou wilt choose
To visit, and assume terrestrial care,
The mighty Earth accepting thee as lord
Of seasons and of crops, brow-binding thee
With thy maternal wreath; or thou appear
As Ocean's God, and sailors worship none
But thy divinity, remotest Thule
Thine empire own, and Tethys for her child
Purchase thy hand with dower of all her waves:
Or wilt thou join thee to the tardy months 40
A new-created star, where even now
Between the Virgin and th' impendent Claws
A place for thee is open'd; willingly
The fiery Scorpion doth his arms contract,
And leave a more than equal share of heaven.

Whate'er thou be; (for let not Tartarus
Expect thee for a king, nor spring in thee
So dire a wish to reign, tho' Greece admire
Elysian fields, and Proserpine reclaim'd
Back with her mother never cared to go:) 50
Oh, prosper with thine aid my bold emprise;
Pity with me the poor unguided swains;
Enter upon thy charge, from this time forth
To votive invocation giving ear.
  In early spring, when down the hoary hills
Glide melted snows, and Zephyrus unbinds
The rotten glebe, 'tis time my ox begin
To groan with traction of the sunken plough,
My share to glitter by the furrow worn.
That crop will meet the tiller's greedy hope, 60
Which twice hath felt the sunbeam, twice the cold;
Enormous harvests thence will burst the grange.
But ere an untried plain our coulter cleave,
Mind we the varying qualities of soil,
The temper of the wind and sky to learn,
What usages of culture have prevail'd,
What every place will bear, and what refuse.
Here wheat may better flourish, there the grape;
Elsewhere shall arboraceous verdure thrive
And grass unbidden: mark ye not? from Tmolus 70
Come saffron odours, ivory from Ind;
Their frankincense the soft Sabæans yield;
Chalybean naked people furnish iron,
Pontus the castor-drug; Epirus boasts
Her breed victorious of Olympic mares:
Eternal Nature's ordinance, who gave
Her laws to every region, when the stones
Into a vacant world Deucalion threw,
Whereof mankind, a hardy race, were born.
Then come; the cloddy fatness of your ground 80
From the year's earliest prime let sturdy bulls

Commence upturning, and with suns mature
Let dusty summer bake th' outlying glebes:
But if the soil be meagre, 'tis enough
That ye suspend it in a shallow ridge,
When first Arcturus dawns: precautions meet,
Lest either weeds molest the fruitful corn,
Or sandy earth her scanty moisture lose.
  Thy ploughlands, after cropping, thou shalt leave
Alternate years to rest, the plain with scurf 90
To stiffen idly; or the golden spelts
Sow there, the season changing, whence before
Pod-shaking pulse, a plenteous gathering, came,
The growth of tiny vetch, or fragile stalks
Of bitter lupine rustling in their field.
Oats burn the land, and so do flaxen crops,
And poppies tinctur'd with Lethæan sleep.
'Tis easy toiling in alternate years:
Only be not ashamed with rich manure
To saturate the mould, and unclean ash 100
To scatter o'er the dry exhausted leas.
Thus even changing produce they shall rest;
Nor vantage in the fallow is there none.
'Tis often good to fire a barren field,
And give light stubble to the crackling flames;
Whether a secret and prolific power
Be thence conceiv'd, or all the grosser parts
By fire are purged, and noxious damp exhales;
Or warmth relaxing opens latent pores
And spiracles, that juice the tender herbs 110
May enter freely; or it hardens rather
And binds the gaping veins, lest they be soak'd
With drizzling showers, or scorch'd by sunny blaze,
Or Boreas pinch them with his piercing cold.
Much too the ploughman, who with harrow tears
The sluggish glebe, and drags his osier crate,
Assists the land; with no unfriendly eye

Him yellow Ceres from Olympus views;
And whoso, after throwing up his clods
In ridgy cuttings, turns the share oblique 120
And drives it thro' them, exercises earth
With frequent labour, and commands the field.
  Mild winters, humid summers be your prayer,
Ye tillers of the ground. In wintry dust
The corn rejoices and the fields delight:
No culture causes Mysia thus to boast,
Or Gargarus admire his fruitfulness.
Why name the wight, who, having sown his ground,
Still bravely follows it, and throws down heaps
Of unproductive sand, then o'er the leas 130
A river of sequacious water brings;
And when the soil is all athirst with heat,
And herbs are withering, from a hilly slope
Behold, he lures a runnel; down it falls,
And making music with the smooth-worn stones
Gushes along, and freshens all the plain?
Why mention him, who, lest the loaden ears
Pull down their stem, depastures in the blade
His crop's exuberance, ere the growth transcend
A furrow's height? or who the porous fen 140
Of gather'd moisture drains; then prudent most,
When in th' uncertain months a flood hath risen
And scatter'd wide a slimy ooze, wherefrom
The hollow dykes with tepid vapour reek?
  Nor (after all that husbandmen and steers
Accomplish toiling,) will the glutton goose,
Strymonian cranes, and endive's bitter root
Offend not, or the shade unharmful be.
Great Jupiter ordain'd the ways of tilth
Should not be smooth, and soon with art began 150
To set the fields in motion, mortal men
To stimulate with cares; and suffer'd not
His realm in lethargy of sloth to lie.

Before his reign, no strength subdued the field,
To mark it out or into bounds divide
Was not permitted; all in common lay;
And Earth herself solicited by none
A larger bounty pour'd: but Jupiter
Infused black venom in the serpent-brood,
Commanded wolves to prowl, and seas to rage; 160
Shook honey from the leaves, and fire removed;
Wine too, that used in rivulets to run,
He stopt, designing that inventive use
By meditation long should hammer out
Arts various, wheat-blades in the furrow seek,
And strike from veins of flint their hidden fire.
Then rivers first the hollow'd alder felt,
To stars the seaman name and number gave,
Pleiads, and Hyads, and Lycaon's Bear.
Then to ensnare the game a way was found, 170
To cheat with bird-lime, and with dogs of chase
Surround the forest: one with casting-net
Lash'd the broad river, probing to the deeps;
Another dragg'd at sea his dripping lines:
Then rigid steel, and plate of griding saw,
(For wedges erst the fissile timber clove;)
Then arts came numerous; all to stubborn toil
And pressure of necessity must yield.
Ceres with iron taught to cleave the soil,
When mast and arbute of the sacred grove 180
Were failing, and Dodona food denied.
To tillage afterward was trouble join'd,
When mildew ate the stalks, and horrent rose
The lazy thistle; died the crops; a wood
Of prickly burrs and brambles took their stead,
And over shining culture domineer'd
The tare and sorry darnel. Yea, unless
The earth with frequent harrowings thou pursue,
Fright birds with noise, lop rural umbrage wild,

With vows invoke the shower, another's heap 190
Shalt thou behold repiningly, and shake
The forest-oak thine hunger to relieve.
  The arms of hardy rustics must be told,
Withouten which could never seed be sown
Or rise in harvest: coulter of the plough
And heavy-timber'd bulk; slow-rolling wains
O' th' Eleusinian Mother; threshing-boards,
And sleds, and harrows of unwieldy weight;
Cheap furniture of Celeus osier-wrought,
With arbute hurdles and the mystic fan 200
Of Bacchus: all the which with foresight thou
Industrious must prepare, if thou aspir'st
To honours meet of husbandry divine.
Straight in the woods an elm with mighty force
Bent to a ploughtail takes compulsive shape
And curvature; to which an eight-foot pole
Projecting from the base, a pair of ears
Appended are, and dentals double-back'd:
Light for the yoke a linden eke is fell'd,
A lofty beech, a handle from behind 210
To push the rolling wheels; a smoky hearth
The hung-up timber seasons. Many a rule
Could I recount thee drawn from ancient time,
But that such lowly cares to comprehend
Might chance be wearisome: in prime, a floor
To level with cylindric roller huge,
With hand to turn, with chalk tenacious bind;
Lest weeds intrude, or overcome by dust
It break in fissures. Yet shall various pests
Illude thee: oft the field-mouse underground 220
A homestead hath contrived, a granary built;
Or eyeless moldwarp hath his chamber dug;
The toad and ugly vermin, which the earth
Engenders numberless, in hollows lurk;
A weevil devastates the corny pile,

Or emmet provident for helpless age.
Mark also when the almond rich in bloom
Hath clothed herself, and bends her fragrant boughs;
If fruit be copious, grain will follow too,
A sultry season and a threshing large; 230
But if the leaves in dark luxuriance hang,
A waste of chaffy stalks the floor shall bruise.
The prudent sower often I have known
To medicate his grain, in lees of oil
And nitre steep it, that fallacious pods
Might larger produce yield: o'er gentle fires
Tho' soak'd and quicken'd, I have seen it still
(Long chosen and approved with painful care)
Degenerate, if human force by hand
Pick'd not each year the largest. Even so 240
Must all things lapse to ruin and decay,
As when a rower tugs against the stream
Laborious, if his arm he slacken once,
Him the swift current carries headlong down.
Yet more; Arcturus and the dawning Kids
And shining Snake must we as watchful heed,
As homebound seamen braving Euxine seas
Or oyster-bedded straits of Hellespont.
When Libra makes equality of hours
For sleep and waking, light and shade between 250
The world divides, good farmers, work your steers,
Sow plains with barley, till the latest shower
Of dismal churlish winter. Then 'tis time
Your flax and cereal poppies in the ground
To bury, and your rakes with vigour ply,
Whilst the dry soil permits, while clouds impend.
Your beans in springtime and your Medic plant
The rotten glebes receive; your annual care
Returns for millet, when with golden horn
Taurus the year reopens, and the Dog 260
Makes room retiring for th' averted Sign.

For wheat and hardy spelts if ye desire
To task the field, intent on bearded crops,
Wait till the Pleiads hide them in the east
And sinks the fiery-crowned Gnossian star,
Before ye trench your seedlings, or entrust
The year's young promise to th' unwilling earth.
Ere Maia's waning many have begun,
But empty-swollen ears have mock'd their hopes.
The vetch and mean faselus would ye rear, 270
Nor culture of Egyptian lentil spurn,
The setting of Bootes will afford
Signs not obscure: begin, and carry on
Your planting to the middle of the frosts.
Therefore our world in portions measur'd even
The Sun directs thro' constellations twelve:
Five zones embrace the heavens; one ever red
With solar beams, and ever scorch'd with fire;
Whereof to right and left th' extreme are drawn,
Frore with cerulean ice and dark with showers; 280
Between which and the middlemost are twain
By Gods accorded to our hapless race,
A pathway cut thro' both, whereon aslant
May turn the glistering zodiac. As the globe
To Scythia rises and Riphæan hills,
So down to Libya southward it declines:
One pole sublime stands over us; the other
Black Styx below and Sprites of Orcus view.
Here the great Snake with sinuous flexure glides
In circuit river-like between the Bears, 290
The Bears that fear in ocean to be dipp'd:
There (as they say) 'tis either dead of night,
A reign of silence and eternal gloom;
Or Morn returning hence the day restores,
And when on us the early sun-steeds breathe,
There reddening Vesper lights his evening fires.
Hence we the tempests in a doubtful sky,

The times of seed and harvest may foretell;
And when with oars to stir the treacherous deep
'Tis fitting, when to launch our armed fleets, 300
Or cut for use the seasonable pine.
  Nor setting stars and rising, nor the year
Diversified in equal seasons four
We note in vain. If chilly showers at home
Detain the farmer, much that on fair days
Must else be hurried may be done betimes:
The blunted share he hammers to an edge,
Or scoops the wooden trough; on sheep the badge,
On sacks the number prints; and one will point
The stake and forky prong, while one prepares 310
Amerian binders for the supple vine.
Now the light basket weave with bramble-twig,
Now parch with fire your grain, with millstone grind:
For certain labour e'en on festal days
Divine and human sanction hath allow'd:
No faith has e'er forbid to drain the swamp,
To fence the corn, set ambushes for birds,
Or fire the brambles, or in wholesome floods
The flock of bleaters plunge. A driver oft
The ribs hath loaden of a sluggish ass 320
With oil or homely fruit, and back from town
A ball of pitch or stone indented brings.
  Of lucky working days the Moon herself
Hath fixt the various order. Shun the fifth;
Pale Orcus and the Furies then were born,
Then Typhon, Cœus, and Iapetus,
And all the Titan brothers, monster-brood,
Conspirant for the overthrow of Heaven:
Thrice upon Pelion Ossa they essay'd
To lift forsooth, and over Ossa pile 330
The forest-clad Olympus; thrice the Sire
Those mountain structures down with lightning threw.
The seventeenth is meet to plant the vine,

Tame new-yoked steers, or thread the woven piece:
The ninth to flight propitious, bad for theft.
Some tasks come fitter for the cool of night,
Or when the earth is pearl'd with morning dew.
At night the stubble and the arid meads
Are better shorn; for moisture then abounds.
And one by winter fire his vigil keeps 340
To sharpen torches with a steely blade;
His helpmate, with a ditty solacing
The tedious labour, shrilly thro' the loom
Her shuttle throws; or liquor of sweet must
She boils to mellow softness, and with leaves
From off the cauldron skims the bubbling foam.
In sultry noon is cut the golden crop,
At noon the floor beats out the roasted grain.
Strip for the plough, and strip for sowing too;
Winter is rest to farmers; then the tribe 350
Enjoy their gotten store, and in carouse
Of mutual feast indulge; the time invites
To pleasure and forgetfulness of care,
As into port when comes th' o'erweather'd bark,
And mariners their garlands hang astern.
But then for olives and for oaken mast
'Tis gathering-time, for berries of the bay
And bleeding myrtle; then we snare the stag,
For cranes lay springes, chase the long-ear'd hare:
To pierce the does, and whirl the towy twine 360
Of Balearic sling the season bids,
When snow lies deep, and ice the rivers roll.
  Of autumn shall I speak and stormy skies,
And in those days of short and milder sun
What vigilance be needful? or at fall
Of showery spring, when bristle spiky beards,
And the green stem with milky sap hath swoln?
Oft have I seen the reaper and his lord
Enter the yellow field, and 'gin to tie

The sheaves of brittle barley, when the winds 370
That moment rush'd to battle, on the breadth
Of harvest falling, tore it from the roots
And tost it into air, as wintry gusts
Send chaff and stubble flying all abroad.
And oft a water-hurricane descends;
Clouds gather'd in a mass of tempest foul
Hover aloft, till all the welkin pours,
And tilth of fields and labours of the ox
In deluge sweeps away; the dykes are fill'd,
A roar ensues of hollow rising floods, 380
And in salt creeks a seething of the sea.
Great Jupiter in murky darkness wrapt
Wields with red hand his thunder, at whose roll
Quakes the vast earth, wild animals are fled,
And human hearts in abject terror sunk
Throughout the nations: he with flaming bolt
Acroceraunian heights or Rhodope
Or Athos dashes down; the rage of wind
Redoubles and the violentest rain,
Now woods, now shores rebellow to the storm. 390
This fearing, watch the months and sideral change,
The transit of cold Saturn, and what orbs
The bright Cyllenian planet wanders through.
In chief, adore the Gods; and annual rites
Pay to great Ceres on the pleasant turf
Toward winter's close, in vernal prime serene.
The lambs are sleek, and wines are mellowest then,
And slumber sweet, and thick the mountain-shade.
Praise the Earth-mother, all ye rural tribe:
For her with milk and juice of Bacchus mild 400
Your honey mix, and round your rising crops
Lead thrice th' auspicious victim; let the choir
Of merry clowns attend, and Ceres call
With shouting to their roofs; nor ever man
Put sickle to the harvest, ere, his brow

With oaken chaplet wreath'd, to Ceres he
Hath danced with motion rude and sung a strain.
  That we these weather-changes, heat and shower
And chilly blast, unerring may presage,
The Father has ordain'd, of what shall moons 410
Warn monthly, what the southern breeze's fall
Betoken, what the swains observing oft
Should nearer to the stall their herds retain.
Straight, as the winds are rising, ocean-friths
In agitation heave, an arid crash
Is heard upon the hills, a far-off sound
Of blustering shores and forests' deepening moan:
Waves hardly from the ships their rage withhold,
As cormorants from the middle of the deep
To landward screaming fly, seafaring gulls 420
Disport upon the beach, and from her fen
The heron into flight supernal soars.
And oft, the wind impending, may be seen
A shooting-down of stars, a track of flame
Thro' shades nocturnal whitening in the rear,
A fluttering of chaff and fallen leaves,
And floating plumes that dance upon the wave.
But when from quarters of the boisterous North
It thunders, and a roaring shakes the hall
Of Eurus and of Zephyr, all the country 430
Swims with an overflowing of the dykes,
And every seaman furls his dripping sail.
The shower did never hurt us unforewarn'd:
For either from the valley as it rose
Aerial cranes have fled, or cow to heaven
Uplooking snuff'd the gale with nostril wide,
Or twittering swallow flies about the pool,
Or fretting marsh-frogs croak their peevish tale;
And oft the pismire from her cover'd cell
Her eggs conveying bores a narrow path; 440
A rainbow sucks the humid air; and rooks

In legion-like array their pasture leave
With throng of pinions dense and whirring loud.
Then sea-birds and the piscatory fowl
In sweet Cayster's lake by Asian meads
In rival sport are splashing them with dews,
Now dipping heads, now running in the tide,
Laving in unrestraint and wanton joy:
The crow for rain importunately cries,
And solitary stalks upon the sand: 450
Nor spinning maids at eve the storm's approach
Discern not, as in burning lamps they see
The snuffy clotted wick and sputtering oil.
Nor sunshine after shower and cloudless calm
May we by signs less visible foretell.
Then seems not either dim the stellar orb,
Nor moonlight borrow'd of fraternal beams:
No fleeces thin in cloudy motion glide,
Nor halcyons dear to Thetis in the sun
Expand their plumes ashore, nor swine unclean 460
Care with their snouts to scatter wisps of straw:
Mists gather to the vale subsiding low,
And watching sunset from a house's top
The night-owl chants her bootless monody:
Nisus in prospect makes his aery tour
To punish Scylla for the purple lock;
Where she the buxom ether cutting flies,
Lo, Nisus the remorseless one pursues
With dreadful clang; where Nisus wheels in air,
She darting off the buxom ether cleaves. 470
Then rooks with repetition full and clear
Express their notes of glee; in bowers aloft
With strange unwonted thrilling of delight
They sociably rustle in the leaves,
Rejoicing to revisit after rain
Their nests and precious young: not, I believe,
That any genius heaven-born is theirs,

Or deeper insight in the fate of things;
But as the season's temper and the course
Of airy fluids change, as Jupiter, 480
Charged with the humid south, what late was thin
Condenses, and the dense attenuates,
Their breasts to new emotions are alive,
To other images, than when the rack
A breeze was driving. Hence the little birds
In concert warble, cattle frisking play,
And pæans from the rookery resound.
Of radiant Sol and Luna's order'd course
Observant, never will the morrow's hour
Surprise thee, nor the calm of night deceive. 490
Should Luna, when her gather'd fires revive,
Embrace a dusky air with crescent dim,
For tillers and for ocean is prepared
A pelting storm: but if with virgin blush
Her face be glowing, windy will it be;
For Phœbe ever reddens in the wind:
A fourth time risen, then surest monitress,
If she with unobtuse and unblench'd horn
Illuminates her path, that day entire
And all that follow to the month's full close 500
From wind and rain are free, and seamen 'scaped
The perils of the main to Panope
And Ino's son perform their vows on shore.
Signs too shall Sol both dropping to the wave
And dawning show; on him unfailing signs
At star-rise and at morning-break attend.
If spots have chequer'd his emerging light
And half his orb in mistiness he shroud,
Suspect the shower; for Notus rushing down
To trees and corn and cattle threatens bane. 510
Or if the early rays among thick clouds
Shall break divergent, if Aurora quit
The saffron bed of Tithon rising pale,

Ill shall the leaf thy yellow grapes defend,
So rattles on thy roof the bounding hail.
This even more, when Sol, his journey run,
Retires from heaven, 'twill profit to observe:
Oft o'er his face there wander various hues;
The blue denounces rain, flame-colour wind;
If spots be mingled with a fiery red, 520
Torrents of rain and whirlwind all the air
Shall soon confound: let none on such a night
Advise me tempt the main, or loose from shore
My cable: but if he with lucent orb
The day lead hither and remove to rest,
No tempest thou shalt fear, but only see
Woods briskly waving to a northern breeze.
And last what parting Hesperus portends,
From whence the breezes waft serener clouds,
What humid Auster meditates, the Sun 530
Shall give monition. Who the Sun shall dare
To call deceiver? He of tumults dark,
Of many a fell conspiracy and war
The brooding hath foretold. He pitied Rome,
When Cæsar's light was quench'd; his fulgent head
He cover'd with an iron duskiness,
And impious nations fear'd eternal night:
Though at that season earth and ocean too
And busy-tongued birds and dogs obscene
Gave omen: Ætna from her boiling stews 540
Inundating Cyclopian plains we saw,
Rolling her fire-balls and her molten rocks;
With clash of arms Germania's welkin rang,
And Alps were shaken with prodigious throes;
A voice thro' silence of the solemn groves
Awful was heard, and spectres wondrous pale
Were seen at dusk of eve, and cattle spake,
Incredible; streams halted, yawn'd the ground;
Bronze sweated in the temples, ivory wept;

With raging eddy sweeping woods along 550
Outbroke the river-king Eridanus,
And flock and fold o'er all the country bore:
Nor ceas'd in baneful entrails to appear
Minacious fibres then, nor gore from wells
To trickle, nor in walled cities wide
The yell to echo of nocturnal wolves:
Ne'er from the still serene so oft before
Flash'd lightnings, blazed so often comets dire:
Therefore to mutual slaughter once again
Our legions rushing similarly arm'd 560
Philippi saw; nor heavenly Powers were loth,
That fields of Hæmus and Emathia twice
Should fatten with the blood of Italy.
A time indeed shall come, when in those parts
Will some rude ploughman, as he turns the soil,
Find Roman darts with filthy rust consumed,
On empty helms with ponderous harrow strike,
And marvel disinterring mighty bones.
Ye tutelary Powers, ye home-born Gods,
Quirinus, Mother Vesta, thou that guardest 570
Our shore of Tyber and Palatial heights,
Forbid ye not this Youth a falling age
To succour. Fully with our blood have we
Atoned the treasons of Laomedon.
The palace of Olympus long, O Cæsar,
Hath envied us thy presence, and complains
That mortal triumphs thou dost yet regard.
Sith right and wrong perverted, war and crime
So rife we see and multiform; the plough
Hath no remains of honour, waste the fields 580
From long abduction of their tillers lie;
And crooked sickles into rigid swords
Are beaten: here Euphrates levies war,
Germania there: vicinities their league
Of peace dissolving are in arms for strife,

And impious Mars bemaddens all the globe.
Thus harness'd racers rushing to the ring
Onward and onward fly; the charioteer
His checking bridle impotently holds,
Whirl'd by the coursers and unruly car. 590

GEORGIC II.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Book is devoted to the subject of trees and shrubs. The Poet explains the various modes by which plants are propagated, either by nature or art—as from seed, or by suckers, sets, layers, cuttings, pieces of the cleft wood, and grafting. He gives directions to improve the wild plant by cultivation, points out the difference between grafting and inoculating, advises to choose plants of the best species, and secure proper advantages of soil and situation. Having observed that different trees require different sorts of soil and climate, and having lauded the ebony of India, the Arabian frankincense, the cotton trees of Ethiopia, and the citron of Media, he takes occasion to digress into a noble panegyric of his native country, which—for mildness of temperature and fertility of soil, for beautiful rivers and lakes, splendid cities and works of architecture, breed of horses and cattle, warlike and hardy population—is unrivalled (he says) by any country in the world. The vine and the olive receive the most particular attention. Virgil gives minute directions for the planting and cultivating of the vine; shows how to prune and train it to the elm; to inclose the vineyard and protect it against the intrusion of noxious animals; to manure the ground and keep it clear and free from weeds. He enumerates some of the principal sorts of grape; points out the different modes of planting on a hill or in the plain; and compares a well ordered vineyard to an army drawn up in rank and file. After briefly stating the uses of the forest trees and others not requiring cultivation, he launches into a rapturous praise of the country and rural life. This passage, which runs out to some length, and forms the conclusion of the Poem, has been the admiration of all ages, and (like some other parts of the Georgics) has been imitated by Thompson in his poem on the Seasons.

Thus far of Cereal tilth and heavenly Signs:
Now sing I thee, O Bacchus, and withal
The woodland shrubs and olive's tardy growth.
Approach, Lenæan Father; all things here

Thy plenteous bounty show: for thee the field
Teeming with viny autumn flourishes;
Full-brimming foams the vintage. Hither come,
Lenæus; doff thy buskins, and with me
In the new must thy naked ankles dye.
First be it known, in trees creative power 10
Is various; many uncompell'd of man
Rise up spontaneous, occupying wide
The plains and winding streams; as tender withy,
Poplar, and pliant broom, and willow hoar
With glaucous foliage; many rise from seed
Deposited; as chestnut, and the pride
Of forests, esculus, beloved by Jove,
And oak by Greeks oracular esteemed:
To some, as elm and cherry, from the root
A sylvan produce germinates; 'tis thus 20
Under the parent's umbrage shoots to life
A young Parnassian bay. Such divers modes
Primitive Nature for the birth assigned
Of forest, underwood, and sacred grove:
But others hath experience aptly found:
One planter in his trench the sucker rears
Cut from the mother stem; one buries deep
The stump, the crosscleft end, the pointed stake:
Shrubs are there which expect the layer's arch
And live plantations in their native ground: 30
Others no root require, nor pruner doubts
To earth their topmost slivers to restore:
Yea, when the stock is cloven, strange to tell,
From the dry wood is thrust an olive root:
And often do we see the boughs of one
Turn to another's with impunity;
The pear transmuted yields an apple graft,
And stony cherries blush upon the plum.
Then come, ye farmers, learn for every kind
Th' appropriate culture; train your salvage fruit 40

To mildness, nor inactive leave the ground:
'Twere good to cover Ismarus with vines,
And vast Taburnus with the olive clothe.
  Assist me, as I run my purpos'd course,
Thou, my just pride, my glory's nobler part,
Mæcenas; open to the sea's expanse
Thy flying sail with me. The spacious theme
My verse could ne'er comprise, possest I tho'
An iron voice, a hundred mouths and tongues.
Embark; thou shalt but coast along the shore; 50
Land is in view; nor I with fiction thee,
With circuit or preamble will detain.
  Trees, which to realms of air spontaneous rise,
Grow barren, but of health and vigour full;
Such virtue hath the soil: yet even these,
Engrafted or to planting trenches moved,
Put off their wildness, and to training arts
Obsequious take what nature ye desire.
This doth th' unfruitful sucker, from the stem
Low springing, if to open field transferr'd; 60
Else, overshadow'd by the parent's boughs,
The fruit is check'd or wither'd premature.
Slow comes the tree that rises up from seed,
Forming for late posterity a shade;
The fruits degenerous losing native juice
In sorry clusters hang, for birds a prey.
Pains without stint must be on all bestow'd,
All to plantations brought, with cost reclaim'd.
From truncheons will the olive answer best,
The vine from layers; from a solid stem 70
The Paphian myrtle; but from suckers rise
Hard hazle, ash diffusive, leaves that form
Herculean chaplets, acorns of the Sire
Chaonian, eke the palm of stature proud,
And fir that braves the peril of the main:
Engrafted is the rugged arbutus

With walnut-slips; a sterile plane hath borne
Strong apples, beech the chestnut; mountain-ash
Hath whiten'd o'er with blossom of the pear,
And swine have crack'd the acorn under elms. 80
  Means not the same engrafting ye will use,
And eyes inserting. From the middle bark
Where buds protrusive burst their slender coats,
Just in the knot a narrow slit is made;
Herein a foreign cutting is enclosed,
And taught cohesion with the sappy rind:
Or diversely, a knotless trunk they cleave,
And thro' a wedge-made passage in the wood
Admit the fertile shoot; and soon behold,
A goodly bearing tree shall mount on high, 90
Admire new leaves and fruitage not her own.
  Not uniform of kind are elm and willow,
Or lotus and Idæan cypresses:
More than one guise the olive doth assume,
Be it the Orchite or the Radius cleped,
Or Pausia bitter-berried: apples vary,
And all the orchards of Alcinous:
Crustumian saplings no resemblance hold
Unto the Syrian or the Pounder pear:
Not the same vintage on our trees doth hang, 100
Which Lesbians gather from Methymna's grape:
Vines Thasian are there, Mareotic pale,
These fit for richer mould, for lighter those;
And Psithian, for the raisin usefuller;
And thin Lageos, like the tongue to bind
Or try the staggering feet; and Precian, Purple,
And Rhætic, famous grape! yet think not thou
With the Falernian cellars to compete!
Amminean too, preeminent in strength,
To which shall Tmolus and the mountain-king 110
Phanæus honour yield; and less than these,
Argitis, unto which is equal none

For length of keeping or for liquid flow.
Nor thee can I omit, acceptable
To Gods and second tables, grape of Rhodes,
Nor thee, Bumastus, clustering rich and full:
But how to reckon every name or kind
I wis not; vain it were to number all;
Which who attempted, might essay to count
What sands the Zephyr sweeps from Libyan seas, 120
Or the Ionian waves that roll ashore
When fleets are driven by an eastern gale.
All regions cannot all-productive be:
By streams the willow hangs, by miry pools
The alder, and the ash on stony cliffs:
Sea-shores the myrtle cherish, Bacchus loves
The open hill, yews thrive by northern winds.
Look to the farthest habitable climes,
The painted Scythians, Arabs of the east;
Trees have their various birthplace; India yields 130
Black ebon, none but she; Sabæans only
Their spray of frankincense: what need to tell
Of balms distill'd from aromatic boughs,
And berries of acanthus ever green?
Soft wool that silvers Æthiopian meads?
How Seres comb from leaves their fleeces fine?
What groves hath India nearer to the sea,
Extremest bend of earth, where bowshot scarce
Can overmount the tree's aerial spire,
Tho' deft the people in their archery? 140
The citron Media bears, whose cordial juice
Of taste is bitter, lingering on the tongue,
Yet prime in virtue, when the stepdame's cup
With herbs and fell enchantment hath been drugg'd,
To chase black venom from the poison'd veins.
The plant is bulky, like a bay to view,
And, but that it diffuses other scent,
A bay 'twould be: wind scatters not the leaf;

The blossom most tenaciously adheres:
With this the Parthians use offensive breath 150
To sweeten, and relieve asthmatic age.
But neither soil of Media, rich in woods,
Ganges, nor Hermus, golden-sanded stream,
Can vie with praise of Italy; nor Ind,
Nor Bactriana, nor the balmy sweets
Of all Panchaia's field. These regions never
Did fiery-nostrill'd bulls, to sow with teeth
Of dragons, plough; ne'er bristled a fell crop
Of helmed spearmen here; but plenteous harvest
And Massic juice of Bacchus fill the plain; 160
By olives 'tis possest and joyful herds:
Hence comes the warrior horse with haughty pride
Marching to battle; hence the milk-white herds
And stately bull of sacrifice, which oft,
Clitumnus, in thy sacred fountains bathed,
A Roman triumph to the temples lead.
Spring constant, summer after summer's end,
Twice teeming flocks are here, twice ripening fruit;
But tigers none, nor ravening lion's brood,
Nor aconite, poor gatherers to betray, 170
Nor serpent with enormity of train
And scaly flexure coiling into spires.
Survey our noble cities numerous,
Structures of art stupendous, towns erect
On steepy mountain cliffs: what need to tell
Of rivers gliding under ancient walls,
Of seas that wash our coast above, below;
Our breadth of lakes; thee, greatest Larius, thee,
Benacus, roaring with a sea-like surge?
Our harbours wherefore, and the Lucrine mole, 180
And indignation of a swelling deep,
Where round the Julian haven far resound
Th' excluded breakers, and Avernal straits
Receive an inlet of th' Etrurian tide?

This land hath streams of silver in her veins,
And ore of brass and copious fluent gold;
This land hath mighty men of valour borne,
Ligurians used to toil, the short-spear'd Volsce,
The hardy Sabine, and the Marsian youth;
A Marius, a Camillus, here were bred, 190
The Decii and unconquer'd Scipios,
And thou, exalted Cæsar, who returning
Victorious over Asia's farthest tribes
From Roman towers avertest Indian war.
Parent of fruits and men, Saturnian land,
All hail! for thee I enter on a theme
Of art and old renown, the sacred founts
Adventuring to open, and rehearse
Thro' Roman cities an Ascræan lay.
Now speak we of the character of soils, 200
Their strength, their colour, and fertility:
This first, that stubborn ground and hungry clay,
Hills poor and pebbly, overgrown with bush,
Vivacious plants of Pallas love to rear;
For proof, observe the olive growing wild,
And strewing sylvan berries all around:
But loam, which kindly moisture permeates,
Nutritious earth with grassy verdure clothed,
(Such as in hollow glens may oft be seen,
To which the mountain streamlets trickling draw 210
A fatty slime,) and uplands toward the south,
That nourish fern unpleasant for the plough,
Shall sometime bear thee vines of passing strength,
Flowing with Evian juice, such grapy dew
As golden goblets at the altar pour,
When the fat Tuscan blows his ivory trump,
And caul-oblations weigh the charger down.
If kine and fleecy flocks be more thy care,
Or goats that bite the tender arborets,
Seek the wide pastures of Tarentum's coast, 220

Or such a plain as Mantua grieved to lose,
White cycnets feeding on a rushy flood;
Herb for the flock nor crystal stream shall fail,
And what the cattle crop on summer days
Shall one brief night with freshening dews restore.
Earth rich below the furrow, black of hue,
With crumbling mould, (which ploughing imitates,)
Nature for corn design'd; none other sends
So many wains with tardy oxen home;
Or that from whence an angry husbandman 230
Hath carted off the forest, fell'd the wood
That many a year stood idle, rooted up
An ancient haunt of birds; they to mid air
Their nests forsaking flee; of that rude waste
The share's impulsion makes a shining field.
Lean gravel of the hill doth scarce purvey
Low cassia-shrubs or rosemary for bees;
No more doth sand-stone friable, nor chalk
Corroded by the watersnake, albeit
No soil is thought for serpents to supply 240
A safer lurking-place or sweeter food.
Land which exhales a subtle vapour light,
Drinks moisture and at will remits it back,
Which ever is with native verdure clad,
Nor iron mars with scurf or briny rust.
This round thine elms will wreath the gladsome vine,
This will the olive in abundance yield,
Kind to the flock and patient of the share
In culture will be found. Such fruitful tilth
Doth Capua boast, the like Vesuvian vales, 250
And Clanius, waster of Acerræ's town.
  But for the means these different soils to know:
Thin or exceeding dense would ye determine;
(Sith one of corn is fruitful, one of vines,
The dense to Ceres, thin to Bacchus friend;)
Choose with your eyes a place, command a pit

In solid ground be dug, then all the soil
Restore, and to a level tread it in:
If there shall lack sufficiency, conclude
The texture loose, for grapes and pasture meet; 260
But after filling up should earth remain
That packs not as before, 'tis surely close;
Hard ridges look for and reluctant clods,
And crush them with the stoutest of your bulls.
But brackish earth, or bitter, as 'tis called,
(Unmeet for corn, which ploughing makes not mild,
Whose vineyards lose their nature, fruits their name,)
Thus by a sure experiment is tried:
Take from thy smoky roof a wicker sieve
Or strainer of the winepress; into this 270
Let the salt earth, with fountain waters mixt,
Be trodden close; the lymph shall struggle forth,
And ropy juices thro' the riddle pass;
An acrid taste th' infusion will declare,
And whoso tries it, twist his mouth awry.
What soil is fat, thus easily we learn;
It never crumbles tost about by hand,
But sticky to the fingers cleaves like pitch.
The humid bears rank herbage, more than good
Luxuriant: never be mine own too rich, 280
Nor large of promise in the early blade.
The heavy and the light by very poise
Betray their presence: black or other hue
Thine eye at once discerns: the baneful cold
'Tis hard to tell; but firs or ivy dark
Shall sometimes give the trace, or noxious yews.
Observing which, take time to bake the ground,
The hill in trenches lay, the glebe supine
Expose to wintry Aquilo, or e'er
Thou set the gladsome vineyard. Best is mould 290
That crumbles; wind and frost for this provide,

And stalwart delver loosening acres deep.
But they whose vigilance omits no care
Search for a like locality, wherein
To nurse the plants and whither to remove,
Lest a new mother to the seed be strange:
E'en the wind's quarter on the rind they mark,
That every plant, exactly as it stood,
Caught the warm south or faced the northern pole,
May to the same position be restored: 300
Of such avail is use in tender years.
  Whether on hill or plain 'tis best to lay
Thy nurseries of Bacchus, first inquire:
A fertile champaign if thy metes enclose,
Plant thick the vines; thick planted they shall thrive;
But if a rising terrace or a slope,
Leave space between the rows, that every path
Square with the crossing lineally true:
As when a marshall'd legion hath drawn out
Her complement of war, in open line 310
Each cohort ranged, the field with brazen flash
All undulating, ere the fray begins,
Mars wandering doubtful in the ranks of men;
Thus be thy vines with intervals array'd
Of like dimension; not the empty eye
To charm with prospect; but the earth not else
Will furnish equal nutriment to all,
Nor room the tendrils for expansion find.
Perchance the depth of trenches ye would learn:
I to a slender furrow will be bold 320
To trust the vine; but forest-trees to earth
Are bound more firm, the esculus not least,
Which, as to airy heights aloft it springs,
Downward so far descends to Tartarus,
That, maugre rain and blasts and winter-storm,
Immoveable it stands, thro' many an age

Outlasting generations of mankind,
Then stretching arms and branches all around
Upholds a vast circumference of shade.
  Nor let thy vineyards face the setting sun, 330
Nor hazel plant among them. Cuttings choose
Not from the switchy ends or topmost sprigs;
Such is the love of earth. Nor ever wound
With blunted steel the sprouts; nor introduce
The woodland olive's trunk: for oft there drops
From careless herdsmen fire, which, first conceal'd
Under an unctuous bark, upon the wood
Gets furtive hold, and gliding up the leaves
Crackles aloud in air, thence making way
Victorious thro' the stems from bough to bough 340
Wraps all the grove in flame, and skyward rolls
A cloudy volume black with pitchy fumes;
Most fatal, if a tempest overhead
Aid the combustion with a driving wind:
From such mishap vines perish to the root,
Nor ever can revive, or as before
Shed verdure from the soil: alone remains
The oleaster with his bitter leaves.
  Let no man e'er so prudent counsel me
To stir the soil by northern blasts congeal'd, 350
When winter-bound it lies, nor lets the plant
Pierce inward with her frozen radicle.
Best shall I set my vineyard, when in spring
Comes the white-feather'd bird, of snakes the dread,
Or in th' autumnal prime, where summer ends,
Ere the sun-chariot reach the winter road.
Spring helps the woodland foliage, decks the grove,
Makes earth to swell and crave prolific seed:
Then Ether, Sire omnipotent, descends
Into the bosom of his joyful Spouse 360
With fertile showers, and feeds her embryo life,
Mingling his own immensity with hers:

Then feather'd songsters cheer the pathless brakes,
And herds on certain days their loves renew;
Lands teem with increase, fields their bosoms open
To soft Favonius, all creation through
A kindly moisture flows; the germs come forth
With trustfulness, to meet a warmer sun;
The vine-shoot, fearing neither Auster's rise
Nor rain-clouds drifted from the chilly north, 370
Bursts into green and every leaf unfolds.
And such, methinks, were Earth's primeval days,
Such was the tenor of their morning-tide,
A vernal season, universal spring;
The ruffian blasts forbore their violence,
And cattle drank the light, and men arose
From the hard glebe, an iron progeny;
Wild beasts were sent to wander, stars to shine;
Nor could the tender infancy of things
Endure such hardship, if indulgent Heaven 380
Reserv'd not for them, heat and cold between,
Their interval of respite and repose.
For what remains, where'er your settings be,
Spread rich manure and cover them with soil;
Or spongy stones delve in, or scaly shells;
Thro' them shall water soak, a subtle air
Find passage, and the plants their spirit raise.
Men have been known, who on the surface laid
Big shards of earthenware or rocky weight,
For help against the sluicy shower, for help 390
When burning Sirius cleaves with drought the field.
Yet must ye, when the roots are firm in place,
Rake to the bottom oft, stiff bidents wielding,
Or make impression with the coulter's edge,
And thro' your vineyard lead the labouring steer;
Smooth canes thereafter, spear-like shaven rods,
And ashen stakes dispose and forks two-prong'd
Among your nurslings, which by their support

Shall use themselves to climb, to brave the winds,
And stage by stage to travel up the elm. 400
In the first growing of the leafy sprout
Have mercy on their age, and whilst in air
The gladsome tendril shoots unrein'd and free,
Hold off the pruning-blade, but pinch the leaves
With bended finger, pulling here and there:
In later time, when stems with strong embrace
Have clamber'd round the elms, then boldly shear
Their verdure, clip their arms; no longer then
They dread the steel; exert a stern control,
And check their superfluity of boughs. 410
Hedges must eke be woven, cattle penn'd,
With care especial, while the sprigs are young,
Unweather-tried: to them a worser plague
Than potent suns or winter are the pranks
Of some wild urus or malicious goat,
Heifers and sheep with greedy foraging:
Not gelid frosty rime such mischief wreaks,
Nor heat oppressive parching up the cliffs,
As cattle and their rough envenom'd fang,
And scars upon the lacerated stem. 420
The goat to Bacchus for no other crime
On every altar bleeds, and antique dramas
Enter the scenic stage: Athenians thence
In villages and streets proposed for wit
Their prizes, and amid carousal-cups
Danced on the greensward over oily skins:
Ausonians likewise, colonists from Troy,
Seek sport in uncouth jest and ribaldry,
And ugly vizards wear of hollow'd bark,
Thee, Bacchus, in fantastic strains invoke, 430
Hang from the pine their waving masks to thee:
Therefore the vines with fruitfulness rejoice,
Valley and glade a rich abundance fills,
Where'er the Wine-god oscillating turn'd
His buxom countenance. To Bacchus then

Pay we our tribute of ancestral song,
Meat-offerings, holy cates; let still the goat
Up to his altar by the horn be led,
And spits of hazel smoke with sacrifice.
  Another task awaits the vine-grower, 440
Whereof an end is none; to cleave the ground
Thrice, four times yearly; with incessant forks
The glebe to break, of leafage clear the grove.
Round in a circle comes the farmer's toil,
In the same track the rolling year returns.
When the sere leaf hath in the vineyard fallen,
And Aquilo shook down the forest's pride,
Straight to the coming year the swain extends
His active thought, with Saturn's hook persists
To lop the naked vine, and prune to shape. 450
Be first to trench the soil, be first to burn
Th' off-carted shoots, the stakes to carry home;
Be last to gather. Twice with overgrowth
Are graperies darken'd, twice do bushy weeds
The fruit encumber; toilsome troubles both.
Praise a large farm, but cultivate a small.
Twigs of the prickly ruscus have their need,
Cut in the wood; and rushes of the bank
And beds of self-grown osier task thy care.
Behold thy tendrils bound; thy trees lay by 460
The trimming-blade; th' exhausted vintager
Sings o'er the utmost rows; yet still must earth
Be vext anew, the dust in motion put,
And Jupiter for ripening clusters feared.
  Not thus with olives: little they demand
Of culture; nipping tool or harrow's gripe
They need not, once adherent to the soil,
Accustom'd to the breeze: of sap enough
Earth yields them, as the drag unlocks her pores,
And fruits abundant with the ploughshare come: 470
So nurture then the olive dear to peace.
Pomaceous bearers to a healthy stock

No sooner wedded feel their proper strength,
Than upward independently of man
With natural force they spring. Nor less meanwhile
Are brakes with produce loaden, wildernesses
(The home of birds) with crimson berries glow;
The cytisus hath croppage to be shorn;
Tall larches have their gums, that nourish fire
And make night luminous: and grudge mankind 480
Their pains to toil and sow? But wherefore dwell
On greater things? The lowly broom, the willow,
Or shade for rustics they, or browse for herds,
Or honey-sweets provide, or fence for corn.
And 'tis a goodly sight to see Cytorus
Waving with box, Narycian pitchy groves,
Fields owing not their riches to the plough
Or industry of mortals. Forests even,
That crest the shaggy heights of Caucasus
And shake and shiver at the tempest's will, 490
Their various uses furnish, pine for ships
A serviceable timber, cypress-beams
And cedar for the dome: hence rustic hands
Fashion for wheels the spoke, for wains the drum,
And keels whereon the tilting vessels ride.
Twigs thicken on the osier, leaves on elm;
Myrtle and cornel strengthen for the spear;
From yew are bended Iturean bows;
Nor box nor linden smooth refuse to take
A form and pressure from the trenchant steel, 500
Or polish of the lathe; nor alder skiffs
On Padus launch'd to swim the torrent flood:
Bees in a rugged bark or in the the core
Of some decaying holm collect their swarms:
What like advantage hath the vine bestow'd?
Bacchus for scandal hath occasion given;
He laid in death the Centaurs, Rhœtus, Pholus,
And drunken-mad Hylæus, full in aim

To strike the Lapiths with a wassail-bowl.
Oh, more than blest were tillers of the ground, 510
Could they but know their happiness! for whom,
Remote from arms and strife, th' all-righteous Earth
A plenteous living from her bosom pours.
If theirs no lofty-portall'd ample dome,
Whose every chamber vomits forth a tide
Of morning greeters; nor agape they stare
At pillars chequer'd bright with tortoise-shell,
Corinthian brass, and vestures trick'd with gold;
If wool is not with Syrian drugs disguised,
Nor cassia-spice corrupts the liquid oil; 520
Yet calm content, life innocent of guile
And stored with large variety of wealth,
Farms ample, deep retirement, living lakes
And grottoes, vales of beauty, lowing kine,
And slumber at the foot of whispering trees
They lack not: lawns of chase and forest game
Are found among them, youth to scanty fare
And toil accustom'd, worship of the Gods,
Age held in reverence. Last in their abodes
Astræa linger'd, ere she quitted earth. 530
My first and fondest prayer is unto you,
Whose priest I am, enthusiast in your love,
Kind Muses, to receive me for your own;
Instruct me in the paths and lights of heaven,
Solar eclipse and labours of the moon;
What shakes the earth, what makes the swelling seas
To burst their barriers and again subside;
Why winter suns in ocean haste to dip,
Or what delay retards the summer nights.
But if these parts of Nature to approach 540
My heart-blood all too cold denies the power,
May rural haunts and streamlets of the dale
Delight me! Woods and rivers let me love
Inglorious! Bring me to the champaigns broad,

To cool Sperchius, and the revel-ground
Of Spartan maids, Taygetus; or deep
In glens of Hæmus lay me, canopied
With umbrage of innumerable boughs!
  Happy, the laws of Nature who hath scann'd,
Hath cast beneath him every slavish fear, 550
Inexorable fate and fabled roar
Of greedy Acheron. And blest is he,
To whom the rural Deities are known,
Pan, old Sylvanus, and the sister Nymphs.
Him neither lictors of a commonwealth
Nor kingly pomp can sway, nor enmity
Of faithless warring brothers, nor descent
Of Dacians from the Danau leagu'd in arms,
Nor Roman politics nor tottering realms:
He ne'er hath grieved commiserating want, 560
For envy never pined: what fruit the trees,
The bounteous fields bestow, he gathers freely;
Of iron statutes or forensic rage
Or archives of the people nought he knows.
Whilst others tempt with oars the dark sea-wave,
Rush into war, or penetrate the gates
Of royal mansions; this man gives a town
To waste and desolation, all that he
From gems may drink and sleep on Tyrian purple;
That hoards his pelf, and broods o'er buried gold; 570
One by the noisy orator is charm'd,
One at the amphitheatre's applause
In double peals from mob and senate rung
Sits open-mouth'd in rapture; some rejoice
In fratricide, their land and pleasant home
Exchange for exile and a distant clime:
The farmer with his plough unlocks the earth;
Hence the year's labour; hence doth he sustain
His native land, his offspring, herds of kine,
And well-deserving steers; no season idle, 580

But either it abounds with orchard-fruit,
Or new-born flocks, or sheaves of golden corn,
Covers the field with plenty, chokes the barn.
'Tis winter; in the pressing mill is crushed
The Sicyonian berry, swine return
With acorns gladden'd, woods their arbutes yield;
And autumn lays rich foyson at his feet,
And vintage ripens on the sunny hill.
Meanwhile sweet children round his kisses hang,
His house a spotless chastity preserves, 590
Kine drop their milky udders, kids at play
Frisk in the mead and push their budding horns:
Himself keeps frequent holidays, and round
A cheerful blaze while comrades crown the bowl,
Strecht on the turf and offering spilth of wine,
He calls on thee, Lenæus, on the elm
Hangs for the sport of rival peasantry
A javelin-target, or their sturdy limbs
Strips for the wrestle in his rustic ring.
Such life the ancient Sabines, Romulus 600
And Remus led; thus wax'd Etruria strong,
And Rome became the glory of the world,
Fenced in the circuit of her seven hills.
Ere the Dictæan King a sceptre sway'd,
Or impious nations fed on slaughter'd steers,
So Saturn pass'd on earth his golden days;
Nor yet was heard the trumpet-peal, nor yet
Did anvils groan with hammering of the sword.
But I a plain immense have travell'd over,
And time it were to loose my smoking steeds. 610

GEORGIC III.

THE ARGUMENT.

In this book Virgil rises from the consideration of the vegetable to that of the animal world, and takes for his theme the nurture of horses, cattle, and flocks. He ascribes the choice of his argument to his desire of leaving the beaten track of former poets; but intimates a resolution at some future time to undertake a work of a higher character. He predicts his own success in this projected enterprise, under the allegory of a triumph, which he promises to commemorate by the erection of a temple dedicated to Cæsar and to the celebration of his glories. In effect, the Poet prefigures in this exordium his intention to compose the Æneid. He then breaks into his immediate subject. He explains the marks and characteristics of the best horses and cattle; the means to secure and preserve a good breed; what pains should be taken in the selection of the dams, and what care bestowed on them during the period of gestation. He advises in what manner the young animals should be trained, whether for rustic purposes, for war, or for the race. From the larger cattle he passes to sheep and goats; and gives instructions as to the stalling, feeding, and protecting of these animals against cold and other injuries; and as to the best way to obtain wool and milk of good quality. He digresses into an account of the African Nomads, who wander with their flocks over the desert; and contrasts their life with that of the Northern shepherds of a cold climate. He makes short mention of dogs; advises precautionary measures against the noxious tribe of serpents, and the diseases to which flocks are subject; and concludes with the history of a cattle-plague which devastated the Alpine region about Noricum. Among other beautiful passages which distinguish this book may be mentioned, the description of a chariot-race, the passion of love in animals, the bull-fight and the Scythian winter.

Thee, Pales, also it behoves to sing,
Th' Amphrysian Shepherd, and the woods and streams
Of Arcady. What lays the vacant ear
Might once have charm'd, were all too common now.

Who knows not of Eurystheus, cruel king,
Busiris and his altars barbarous?
Who hath not of Latonian Delos told,
Of stripling Hylas, or Hippodame,
Or Pelops for his gallant horsemanship
And ivory shoulder famed? Assay must I 10
Some novel means to lift me from the ground
And fly victorious thro' the mouths of men.
I to my country first, if life be spared,
Will lead the Muses from th' Aonian mount,
To thee, O Mantua, palms of Edom bring,
And build a marble temple on the green,
Where Mincius, tardy river, winds along
His reedy-border'd shore. The God enshrined
Possessor of the dome shall Cæsar be:
I to his worship, clad in Tyrian robe 20
And jubilant with triumph, to the stream
Will drive my hundred chariots. At my bidding
All Greece from Elis and Molorchian groves
Shall come with feet and gauntlets to contend;
Myself with wreath of olive garlanded
The prizes will present. E'en now, meseems,
I lead my solemn pageant to the fane;
I view the slaughter'd bulls, and how the scene
Retires with shifted frontispiece, and how
The crimson curtain pictur'd Britons raise. 30
Insculptur'd on the portal I will shew,
In gold and solid ivory, the war
Of Indians, and Quirinus, conquering lord;
Nile billowy with battle, flowing proud,
And columns elevate with naval brass;
And Asia's vanquish'd cities I will add,
Repuls'd Niphates, and a Parthian flight
Still trustful to the backward-shooting bow,
Two trophies and a double triumph won
From divers people and remotest climes. 40

And statues there in Parian stone shall breathe,
The offspring of Assaracus, and names
Of kin from Jove descended, Father Tros,
And Phœbus, Ilium's founder. Baleful Envy
Shall fear the Furies, and the ruthless flood
Cocytus, and Ixion's twisted snakes,
The monster wheel, and rock for ever roll'd.
Meanwhile to Dryad haunts and woods intact
Let us advance our way, at thy behest,
Hard tho' it be, Mæcenas. Without thee 50
No lofty aims are mine. Away with sloth
And dalliance! Hark! Cythæron calls aloud:
I hear the neigh of Epidaurian steeds,
The yelling music of Taygetus,
And the shrill concert of reechoing groves.
Hereafter I will sing of Cæsar's battles,
And glorify his name thro' future time
Long as from Tithon's origin till now.
  Whoe'er ambitious of th' Olympic palm
Would horses breed, or teams of hardy steers, 60
With cautious care the mothers let him choose.
Best shall he deem the cow of sour aspect,
Rough head and sinewy neck, whose dewlaps hang
From chin to legs; enormous in her flank,
With bulk in all her members, ev'n the foot,
Ears thick and hairy under crankled horns.
Nor I mislike the female spotted white,
Shy of the yoke and vicious with her horn,
Bull-like in face, full stately, as she goes,
Sweeping her footsteps with a length of tail. 70
  Lucina's labour and the rites of Hymen
At ten years ended are, at four begin:
No other age or teeming virtue hath
Or vigour for the plough. Whilst yet survives
Their lustihood of youth, let loose the males,
Admit thy cattle unto Venus early,

And breeding stock from stock preserve their kind.
The fairest days of life are first to flee;
Disease and pain ensue, and tristful age,
And last stern death, to finish mortal toil. 80
Still worse for better thou shalt wish to change:
Then, for the lost 'tis idle to regret,
Keep in advance of time, and every year
Give to thy herds their increment of young.
  Thy stud of horses equal choice demands;
But where thou lookest for the race's hope,
On them chief pains from infancy bestow.
Straight from his birth the colt of generous blood
Walks proudly with elastic nimble pace,
Foremost to take the path, to brave the flood, 90
And trust himself upon a bridge unknown,
Nor starts at empty noises: lofty-neck'd,
Of belly short is he, and plump of back;
His head is finely shaped, with muscle swells
The chest luxuriant: (honour'd above all
Bayards and iron-greys, the pale and dun
Are most ignoble:) if the sound be heard
Of distant battle, still he cannot stand;
He pricks his ears, he trembles in his limbs,
Thick from his nostril rolls the gather'd fire. 100
Bushy the mane, and after tossing falls
On the right shoulder; thro' his loins the spine
Runs double; from his hoof of solid horn
The stroke sounds heavy, as it scoops the ground.
Just such a one by Spartan Pollux tamed
Was Cyllarus; the like, whom Greece hath sung,
The harness'd pair of Mars, and they that drew
Renown'd Achilles, were. Such guise transform'd
Had Saturn, when at coming of his Spouse
He with fleet galop fled, his mane upthrew, 110
And made all Pelion with his neighings ring.
Yet even such, by malady opprest,

Or failing dull with years, confine at home,
And spare his honour'd age. To Venus cold
The elder is, and haggles at the task
Unwelcome, unenjoy'd: and if soe'er
To conflict he should come, as when a fire
Runs over stubble impotent to burn,
He rages idly. Therefore thou shalt note
In prime the age and spirit of thy steeds, 120
And next their various thews and parentage,
Their grief to lose the palm, their joy to win.
Mark ye not how the racers whirl away
Into the chariot-strife with fury plunging?
The drivers with alternate hope and fear
Heart-throbbing, almost breathless; lash in hand,
They bend, they loose the reins; impetuously
The fervid axle flies; and now aground,
And now sublime they seem in airy space
Ascending; ne'er a pause; but yellow clouds 130
Of dust uprolling, followers panting after,
Splashing their flaky foam: so sharp the spur
Of honour; so they struggle for the prize.
First to the chariot Erichthonius dared
Four steeds to join, and o'er the rapid wheels
Victorious hang: the Lapiths rein'd with bits
Their mounted chargers, taught the cavalier
To wheel in circles, haughtily to prance
Pawing the ground and curveting in arms:
Feats clever both: for both the master seeks 140
A runner keen, high mettled, strong in youth,
Else like to fail, tho' many a time of old
He may have chased a routed enemy,
Epirus for his home or Argos boast,
Or trace from even Neptune his descent.
The which observing, at th' occasion prompt
They study with a solid plump of flesh
To strengthen, whom for leader they design

And husband of the herd; delicious grass
For him they cut, fresh water, wheaten grain 150
Administer; lest never he suffice
For all that amorous play, and puny sons
Betray the meagre fastings of the sire.
His mates to leanness purposely they starve;
And when their first sensations of desire
Invite the rude embrace, the trainers them
From fountains drive, withhold the leafy browse,
With running shake them, in the sun fatigue,
While groans the barn with threshing-flails, and while
A dusty chaff is scatter'd by the breeze; 160
Intending that the generative soil
Shall not by glut of luxury grow dull
And close her sluggish pores, but thirstfully
Drink the full pleasure in, absorbing deep.
  The fathers cared for thus, the mothers claim
Our next regard: whom roving big with young,
Their months full ended, no man may allow
To bear the carriage of a loaded wain,
Or overleap the road, or scour the mead
In hasty flight, or swim rapacious floods. 170
Thro' meadow-pastures they should freely range,
Beside full rivers, mossy banks, with grass
Of greenest verdure clothed, where grots afford
A safe recess, and cliffs a pendent shade.
  There swarms about the groves of Silarus
And Alburn green with holm a monster-fly,
Ycleped Asilus in the Roman tongue,
By Greek conversion Œstrum: sharp it stings,
And buzzes piercing shrill, whereat in fear
Whole herds dispersing flee, their bellowing shakes 180
The madden'd air, the woods, and sultry bank
Of Tanager. With such a pest of yore
Did Juno on th' Inachian heifer wreak
Her plot of dire revenge. From this protect,

As fiercer gads it in the fervid noon,
Your pregnant cattle, driving them afield
At early sunrise or by starlit eve.
  Care after yeaning passes to the calves:
On whom we brand their titles, marks of breed,
And which for propagation to reserve, 190
Or which for altar-victims, which to plough
And into furrows cast the broken glebe.
In pasture all the rest may herd at large:
But whom for rustic services ye rear,
Instruct full early, set them in the path
Of subjugation, pliant while their age,
Their temper tractable. Let collars first
Hang loose about them, hoop'd of supple twig;
And when their necks to trammel are inured,
Link them in pairs chain-fasten'd, and compel 200
To step in line together: oft by them
Let empty breaks imponderous be drawn,
And faintly print their orbits in the dust:
Thereafter may the beechen axle groan
With pressure of a rolling vehicle
Dragg'd by a brazen pole. And all this time
Not grasses only for your sturdy race,
Nor dainty willow-sprig and marshy sedge,
But corn-blades ye shall gather with the hand;
Nor make your dams, the ancient usage, fill 210
Your snowy milking-pail, but all their teats
Consume upon a hopeful progeny.
  But if for prancing chivalry of war
Your bent be rather, or th' Alphean bank
To chariot smooth along, and urge your wheels
Exultant in the hippodrome of Jove;
The horse's earliest lesson is to view
The courage and the arms of soldiery,
To bear the trump, the creaking axle draw,
And hear his bridle's clatter in the stall; 220

Soon more and more to know his master's voice,
And love the sound of patting and applause:
Which from the nipple of his dam removed
Immediate let him hear, and oft his mouth
Yield to the tender snaffle, even yet
An unbraced weakling, inexpert of age.
Three summers ended, when the fourth arrives,
Let the ring rattle with his measur'd pace,
As trotting briskly round leg after leg
In sinewy flexure bends; and let him seem 230
To labour hard; then starting into speed
Challenge the winds, and flying as unrein'd
Over a continuity of plain
Leave not a vestige of the trodden sand:
Like Boreas, when in might from northern coasts
Descending arid clouds and Scythian storms
He drives about him; crops and floating fields
Crisp to the breeze, woods rustle in their tops,
And billows press to shoreward; on he comes,
All in a moment sweeping land and sea. 240
That steed shall either from th' Elean course
Come sweating to the goal and puffing out
His bloody froth, or bear with supple neck
A Belgian curricle. The training done,
Let your stout younkers thrive on mealy mash:
High fed before, too mettlesome they grow,
And catch them as ye may, endure the lash
They will not, nor obey the biting curb.
  But whether steeds or bullocks more ye prize,
No art preserves their strength so unimpair'd, 250
As to avert the ragery of love.
And therefore to a lonely pasturage
Beyond broad floods and intervening hills
They send the bull, or stable within doors
Rack-feeding. For the female kept in view
Burns by degrees, and makes him pine away

Forgetting field and herb: so luring sweet
Her charms are: and full oft a rival pair
With horned fronts she forces to contend.
Lo, a fair heifer battens in the mead; 260
They in fell combat all their might engage;
Wound follows wound; as laved with gory tides
They strike their horns, they struggle and they groan,
Woods and Olympus with the discord roar.
Nor is't their custom after battle waged
Together to abide; the vanquish'd one
Retires to distant exile, moaning for
The shame, the cruel mangling, and the loves
Which unavenged he lost, yet turning still
A wistful look upon his ancient realms: 270
Then labours he to discipline his might;
All night upon a stony bed he lies,
Feeds upon rugged leaf and prickly sedge;
He makes a trial of his angry horn,
Pushing against a tree, he strikes at air,
And (fight preluding) scatters up the sand;
Then with new force and powers collected, forth
He sallies, rushing on th' unguarded foe:
As when a wave in middle sea begins
To whiten, with a swelling train from far 280
It rolls to land, roars dreadful on the cliffs,
And tumbles mountain-like; the lowest depths
In eddies boil, and throw a sandy surge.
And thus all earthly creatures, brutes and men,
Cattle and scaly tribes and painted fowl,
To fiery madness rush; love burns in all.
Never so fierce the lioness abroad
Her whelps forgetting roams, nor hideous bears
Make havoc so destructive in the woods:
Then fierce the boar and fell the tiger's wrath; 290
'Tis evil roaming then in Libyan wilds.
What tremor of excitement fills the steed,

When the familiar scent is on the gale!
Nor curb of master then, nor painful stripe,
Cliff, rock, nor rivers whirling broken crags
Retard him. Then shall rush the Sabine boar,
And whet his tusk, his forefoot stamp in earth,
And rub his flanks and shoulders on a tree
To make them callous and unharmable.
What doth the youthful lover, in whose bones 300
The cruel fever raged? At dead of night
He darkly swims the tempest-shaken sea;
Tho' heaven's vast portal thunders overhead,
And billows dash'd upon a rocky shore
Give warning dreadful, nothing him can stay,
Nor wretched parents, nor his maiden doom'd
For loss of him to perish in despair.
The speckled pards of Bacchus wherefore name,
Or dogs and ravening wolves, or timorous deer,
What fights they wage? Conspicuous most in mares 310
Outbreaks the fury, whom Cythera's Queen
Attemper'd thus, what time the Potnian four
Rent Glaucus piecemeal with devouring jaws.
Them over Gargarus desire leads on,
And over torrents of Ascanius;
They climb the mountains and the floods they swim;
And when their itching marrow is inflamed,
(In springtime chiefly, when this heat returns,)
They turning all their faces to the west
Stand on a rocky eminence, to catch 320
The light inspiring breeze, and oft without
Embraces conjugal, impregn'd by wind,
(Miraculous to tell,) o'er mount and cliff
And lowlands of the valley scud away,
Not toward thy rising, Eurus, nor the Sun's,
Caurus or Boreas, or where Auster springs
Discomfortable, chilling air with rain.
Hence lastly, what the shepherds truly name

Hippomanes, distilling from the groin
A slimy poison drops; hippomanes, 330
Which oft designing stepdames gather up
With herbs to mingle and with spells malign.
But time, irreparable time, flies fast,
Whilst we upon the pleasing passion muse.
  Of cattle then enough: a further care
The woolly flocks remain, and hairy goats.
A toil, an honourable toil for you
Is here, brave husbandmen; and well I wis,
How hard to fashion my preceptive lay,
A lowly theme with language to adorn; 340
But me Parnassian solitudes among
Sweet fancy hurries, choosing over steeps
To wander, where no predecessor's track
Winds with a gentle slope to Castaly.
Now, mighty Pales, loud must be my strain.
Beginning I areed in litter'd cotes,
Whilst leafy summer her advance delays,
To fold the nibbling sheep, the ground bestrew
With carpeting of straw and bundled fern;
Lest icy chill afflict their tenderness, 350
Or generate foul scab and gouty ails.
From them digressing, I command for goats
To furnish arbute-leaf and limpid streams;
And when Aquarius setting cold with shower
Bedews the closing year, from winds be screen'd
Their homestead, and with southern aspect face
The winter sun. Nor must ye cherish these
Less anxiously, nor meaner use they serve;
Howe'er Milesian fleeces are esteem'd
With dye of Tyrian vermeil: hence are bred 360
A larger offspring; hence of milky store
Abundance never lacks; the more your pail
Shall bubble with the drainage of their dugs,
The richer streams from squeezing them shall flow.

Nor less the husbands of Cinyphian herds
Their beard and hoary chin and bristly fell
Shear for camp-service and a vesture warm
Of suffering mariners. Your shaggy tribe
The woody summit of Lycæus range,
On briar'd heath and copsy precipice 370
Content to browse: the females of themselves
Are minded home to wend and lead their young,
With teats so laden, scarce they pass the door.
Therefore the less of forethought be in them
'Gainst common ills, more studiously shall ye
Fence off the season's bleak severities,
Find wholesome cheer and provender of twigs,
Nor shut your hayloft all the winter long.
  But when Favonius with his summer breath
Calls both our little cares to glade and lawn, 380
At the first peering out of Lucifer
Haste to the country, whilst the morn is fresh
And pleasant cool, while glistens every blade,
And on soft herbage lies a savoury dew.
When the fourth hour of heaven shall kindle thirst,
And fields with piping of cicalas ring,
Then, shepherd, bring thy flocks by reservoir
Or fountain-side from oaken troughs to drink
The running stream: at noontide bid them seek
A dingle's bosky shelter, where perchance 390
Some ancient tree of Jupiter extends
Her breadth of foliage, or a copse of holms
Thick interlacing casts a solemn shade.
Again clear waters and again their meal
At sunset give, when Hesperus allays
The sultry air, when Luna's dewy beam
The pasture freshens, linnets to their song
Attune the brake, and halcyons the shore.
  Why should my verse of Libyan Nomads tell,
A shepherd people, who their cabin'd hulks 400

Inhabit lax and wide? whose cattle oft
A livelong month incessant night and day
Forage the desert, travelling across
Inhospitable wastes before them stretcht
Unbounded. With him whatsoe'er he has
The Afric herdsman takes, his house and hearth,
Arms, Cretan quiver, Amyclæan hound;
As the stout Roman in his country's arms
With toilsome burden marches, till in face
Of unexpecting enemies encamp'd 410
And ready for the fight his legion stands.
Not so in Scythian nations by the far
Mæotic pool, where turbid Ister rolls
His yellow sand, and Rhodope's long chain
Toward the mid pole returns. There stabled close
The herds they keep: no spot is visible
Of grassy green or leafy tree; but all
The region is one frozen continent,
With mounts of snow that rise to seven ells.
'Tis alway winter and chill breathing blast; 420
Sol never can disperse the shadows dim,
Nor riding up to noon, nor sinking when
He laves his chariot in the ruddy sea.
Over the river sudden crusts congeal,
And running waters on their back sustain
The iron orbed wheel, for wagons now
As firm a causey as for barks erewhile:
And brazen bars not rarely crack asunder;
Cloth stiffens on the wearer; humid wine
They sever with the axe; and lakes at once 430
To solid masses turn; and grisly beards
Are rigid hung with icicles: the vast
Horizon darkens with a rain of snow:
Flocks perish; oxen huge of body stand
Envelop'd in the frosty elements;
And stags together shivering in a crowd,

Their antlers hardly top the dreary pile;
No need of dogs to rouse them into flight,
Of net or crimson plume; there shouldering
The drifted heaps of snow, barr'd of escape, 440
While hunters close at hand inflict the steel,
They belling out their woes, a helpless prey,
Are slaughter'd and borne off with clamorous joy.
The people deep in subterranean caves
Dwell peaceful and secure, roll to their hearths
Piles vast of oak and elm, and kindling blaze
Of bonfire give the night to jollity,
Quaff cheerful cups, and imitate the grape
With acid cider and fermenting ale.
Such under the Septentrion Bear are placed, 450
A savage tribe, who wrapt in tawny furs
The buffets of Riphæan Eurus brave.
Seek'st thou the fleecy lock? let prickly shrubs,
Burrs, caltrops, be away; rich pasture shun,
And choose a breed with vesture glossy white:
The ram, tho' fair externally, if yet
Under his palate lie a sable tongue,
Reject him, lest with duskiness he mar
The fleeces of his young, and cast to find
One without sully on the bleating plain. 460
'Tis fabled, with a gift of snowy wool
Arcadian Pan did Luna's heart beguile,
And woo'd her not unwilling to the grove.
Enamour'd of the dairy, thou must look
Of cytisus and lotus to purvey
An ample store, and gather for the crib
Salt-savoury herbs: hence thirst for rivers; hence
The teats are more exuberant, and milk
A secret relish of the salt preserves.
Many there be who separate the kid 470
Grown hardy from the dam, a muzzle bind
With iron spikes offensive round the lips:

Whatever hath been milk'd at break of day
Or in diurnal hours, at night they press;
What after sunset, this in baskets laid
They send to market by the swain at morn,
Or season it with salt for winter use.
  Nor last forget thy dogs; the nimble whelps
Of Sparta, the Molossian mastiffs too,
Nourish with fattening whey. Such faithful guards 480
Maintaining, nightly robber of the stall
Or wolf's incursion never shalt thou fear,
Nor fell Iberian dogging thee behind:
And oft with hunters thou shalt urge the chase
Of timorous wild asses, hare or doe;
Oft from his wallowing place the sylvan boar
Thy whelping pack shall rouse, or o'er the hill
Drive a proud stag with clamour to the toils.
  'Tis well about the fold a cedar fume
To kindle, and with scent of galbanum 490
To chase the rank chelydrus. Oft there skulks
By mangers badly swept, of deadly touch,
The viper, shunning light; or adder, used
To creep in shady coverts, plague of kine,
Spitter of noyous venom on the flock,
Lies couchant. Haste, man, haste; a club, a stone!
His neck it swells, it surges up, and hissing
He threatens mischief; strike him down! but lo,
The craven dives his head and slinks away;
His middle knots relax, the tail's last length 500
Drags with a painful effort winding slow.
A snake there is infests Calabrian dells,
Towering upon a base of scaly spires,
Long-bellied, speckled broad; which all in spring,
While brooks are running fast and earth is damp
With rainy winds and moisture, haunts the brink
Of stagnant pools, with fishes and with frogs
Cramming his filthy maw; but when with drought

The fields are gaping and the fens adust,
He leaps upon the torrid soil, his eyes 510
Glare fiercely round him, by the garish beam
Affrighted, and exasperate with thirst.
Let me not sleeping under open skies
Or on a sylvan grassy bank be laid,
Whene'er in sheen of youth with skin renew'd
That serpent issues, leaving eggs or young,
Voluble, rising at the sun to gaze,
And brandishing his triple-cloven tongue.
  Next for the signs and causes of disease.
On sheep foul tetters rise, when wintry cold 520
Of frost or rain hath pierced them to the quick;
Or after shearing when a sweat unwash'd
Sticks to the skin, or prickly briars wound.
And therefore shepherds drench their fleecy charge
In limpid flowing streams; (the ram is plunged
Repeatedly, and sent with dripping locks
To swim the current down;) or rub them shorn
With acrid lees of oil, and therewithal
Quick brimstone they compound and silver scum,
Wax rich with unguent, and Idæan pitch, 530
Squills, black bitume, and potent hellebore.
But practice or appliance there is none
More happy, than to lance the ulcer's head:
Nurse up the sore, inveterate it grows,
While rustics the remedial hand refuse,
And sit to pray for luckier auguries.
Should e'er upon thy bleaters fever prey,
With aching pains that rack them to the bone,
'Tis good, that inflammation to assuage,
Low in the foot to strike a spurting vein, 540
As the Gelonians use, and rude Bisalt,
To Thracia's mountain deserts when retired
Junkets of milk they quaff with horse's blood.
Keep view; and whichsoever thou observ'st

To court the moping shade, or ends of grass
Pick lazily, or loiter in the rear,
Or feeding if it squat upon the sward,
Or late return alone at eventide,
Be sure dispatch the faulty one, or e'er
Contagion thro' unwary numbers creep. 550
Not hurricanes on ocean fall so oft,
As on the flock distempers unforeseen
And various, cutting off not one by one,
But the whole nation in their summer-camp,
The stock and future promise, at a blow.
  For proof, so late as even now survey
The Alps and castled hills of Noricum,
And where Timavus washes pastoral glades
Which long a dreary wilderness have lain.
There once from vicious air a plague arose, 560
Which during all the prime of autumn burn'd,
Destroying cattle and the forest-kind,
Defiling lakes, polluting croft and mead.
Strange was the manner of mortality:
For when th' infection parching every vein
Had shrivell'd up the limbs, again prevail'd
A humour waterish, till all to pulp
In morbid comminution laps'd the bones.
Oft would a victim at the altar-side
In wreathing of the wool and ribbon-twine 570
Drop dead beside the faltering ministers;
Or if that by the priestly stroke it fell,
Nor coal with layers of intestine blazed,
Nor soothsayers consulted gave response;
And scarce the sacrificial knives turn'd red,
And meagre staindrops trickled to the sand.
Calves perish all about in richest leas,
Or at full mangers render up their lives.
Domestic dogs run mad; swine cough and wease
With ulcer'd throats to suffocation swoln. 580

The war-horse droops, his pastime and his food
Forgetting, loathes the fountain, kicks the ground,
His ears deject, sweat breaking now and then,
Towards dissolution chill; the pelt contracts
To dryness, rough to handle, hard to squeeze.
Such were the symptoms at an early stage:
But as the ailment rankled in advance,
Then follow'd reddening eyes, and breath deep-drawn
With fitful moans, and straining of the flank,
With sob convulsive, nostril bleeding foul, 590
Tongue furry, pressing the obstructed jaws.
'Twas comfort with inserted horn to pour
Lenæan juices down, the sole relief
In desperation seeming; yet was this
Destruction after, as with furious strength
They rose recruited, and with grinning teeth
(Gods, to our impious foes such rage confine!)
Their own limbs mangled in the pains of death.
Lo, sinks the bull yet smoking at his toil,
And vomiting a stream of frothy blood 600
Groans out his life; the husbandman in grief
Unyokes the sad survivor, leaves his plough
Sunk in the earth, and half his work undone:
But him, the mourning beast, can nought console,
Meadow nor shady grove nor mountain stream
Outpouring amber-clear: and soon his ribs
Are flagging feeble, eyes with stupor dull,
And heavily to earth his neck declines.
Poor drudging steers; what boot their services,
Breaking the cloddy glebe? Yet never them 610
Did Massic draught or lickerish dainties harm:
On leaf was their repast and simple herb,
Their drink the freshet and the purling rill;
Their healthful slumbers never grief disturb'd.
Ne'er in those regions were they known before
To lack for a Junonian holiday

The teams of kine, and buffaloes ill-match'd
Their chariots to the sanctuary drew.
Therefore 'twas hard for men to rake the soil,
Seed scratching in with nails, and far up hill 620
Straining their necks to pull the creaking wain.
The wolf no more to pilfer at the fold
His nightly walk perambulated; him
A sharper care subdued; nor hart and hind
Fear'd among dogs and human haunts to stray.
Shoals without number, creatures of the main,
Are wash'd like wrecks ashore; seals flying up
The rivers come, unwonted visitants;
The snake unshelter'd in his winding-hole,
The hydra staring dies with scales upright: 630
Birds live not in their native air, but plumb
Down dropping leave their spirit in the clouds.
Nor aught to change the pasture it bested:
All antidotes were bane; Melampus, Chiron,
Their wisdom quite at fault, gave cure for lost.
Tisiphone from Stygian caves, forerun
By Terror and Disease, was letten loose,
And stalking on her mission day by day
In fiercer mood more greedy to destroy.
The bellowing of herds and bleating moan 640
From stream and hill and wither'd banks were rung:
And soon the Fiend 'gan slaughter them in crowds,
Piled in their very sheds a charnel-heap
Of rotting carcases, till people learn'd
In earth to bury them, in pits to throw.
The hides were worthless draff; the carrion-flesh
Nor streams could purge nor flames exterminate;
The wool, with taint so filthy, none could shear,
Or touch the putrid web: if rashly one
Had dared th' accursed draperies to try, 650
Red pimples fretted over him, and sweat
Ooz'd with a stench impure; in little time
The burning evil ate his limbs away.

GEORGIC IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject of this Georgic rises still higher than the last. For although bees are not such beautiful creatures to look upon, nor so useful to man as horses and cattle, yet, in relation to their industrious habits and the social economy of their life, they may be regarded as far more interesting and wonderful. In Virgil's time honey was (no doubt) a more important article, both for food and medicine, than it is now. It will be observed, that he calls honey *aërial* and *gift of heaven*, according to the opinion of old philosophers, who believed that it was derived from the dew. Throughout the poem he exalts the character of bees, by ascribing to them the feelings, passions, and impulses of men; and represents them as living in a sort of republic, with laws and political regulations. The didactic part is occupied with directions how to construct and choose a proper situation for the hives; how to swarm the bees, provide them with suitable herbs and flowers, and protect them against noxious birds and insects. Here Virgil touches on the subject of horticulture, and makes short but pleasing mention of a skilful old gardener, whom he once knew in the neighbourhood of Tarentum. The mode of taking the honey, the diseases of bees and their remedies, are noticed; after which he proceeds to show how the loss of a swarm may be repaired. Here adopting the general opinion of the ancients, that bees were produced from the putrid bodies of cattle, he relates the fable of Aristæus, to whom this method was revealed; and in the course of the same digression introduces the pathetic story of Orpheus and Eurydice. The reader should bear in mind, that Virgil, in his whole account of the generation of bees, as well as in some other matters, has fallen into errors, which have been cleared up by modern discovery.

Next of aërial honey, gift of heaven,
I prosecute the lay, for this too claiming,
Mæcenas, thy regard. Of things minute
A picture wonderful, an insect race,
Their customs, manners, nations I describe,

Their high-soul'd chiefs and warfare. Slight the theme,
Not slight the glory, should propitious Gods
Indulge the bard and Phœbus hear his call.
First for thy bees a home and station find,
Where winds have no access, (for winds prevent 10
The carriage of their food,) nor kids nor sheep
Can rudely tread the flowers, nor wandering cow
Brush off the dew or crush the springing herbs.
Far from their store of sweets the scaly back
Of speckled lizard keep, the Merops too,
And Procne bosom-streaked with bloody hand,
And all voracious birds, which far and wide
Make havoc, seizing insects on the wing,
Delicious morsels for their ruthless nest.
Let crystal fountains, verdant mossy pools, 20
A rivulet that runs o'er grass be nigh;
And let a palm the threshold overhang,
Or oleaster huge; that, when new swarms
Led by their youthful princes issue forth
To frolic and enjoy the vernal prime,
A bank be there inviting to withdraw
From noon's oppressive heat, a tree at hand
To screen them in its hospitable bower.
Into the middle of the watery bed,
Be't stream or stagnant, willows throw aslant 30
Or bulky stones, that bridges they may find
Whereon to rest, and in the summer sun
Expand their wings, if loitering perchance
A gale disperse or plunge them in the deep.
All round let odorous mint and cassia bloom,
Let the strong breath of savoury be diffused,
And violet-beds the gushing moisture drink.
Thy beehives, whether hollowing out of cork
Thou join'st them or with rods of osier weavest,
Construct with narrow orifice: for cold 40
Contracts the honey, warmth to fluid melts;

Each in excess injurious to the bees;
Nor is't for nought they labour in their cells
Each vent with waxen unguent to besmear,
Each cranny with a flowery varnish fill,
And gather'd for this use a gum preserve
Clammier than birdlime or Idæan pitch.
Often, as fame reports, they lodge them snug
In subterranean caves, in pumice holes
Or the recesses of a rotten tree 50
Nestling are found. Still plaster thou with clay
The chinky domes, cementing with thy nail,
And sprinkle thin with leaves: allow not near
The noxious yew, nor smell of burning crabs;
Nor trust the swampy marsh, nor where of slime
The stench is noisome, nor where vaulted rocks
With echo of reflected voices ring.
For what remains; when Sol hath under earth
The winter banish'd and the heavens reveal'd
In summer light, they range the woods, the lawns, 60
They sip the purple flowers, they skim the streams;
Soon urged by strange emotions of delight
To cherish nest and young, with natural art
Their wax to knead, their luscious honies mould.
Soon as their first excursion thou behold'st
Admiring how the skyward-soaring band
Swim thro' the beamy air, or on the breeze
Cloudlike are borne along; observe them well:
Sweet waters, leafy bowers, they ever seek:
Strew savours thereabout as I command, 70
Bruis'd baum, and honeywort's ignoble grass;
Make tinkling noise and beat the Phrygian drum:
They of themselves attracted by the scent
Will settle, and in fashion of their own
Take full possession of their infant realm.
Should battle call them forth—for oft in strife
Two princes are engaged with mighty stir—

The warlike agitation of the crowd
Thou may'st discern betimes: a brazen note
Discordant chides delay, a sound is heard 80
That imitates the braying of the trump;
They muster all in haste, their pinions flash,
Their stings they sharpen and adjust their claws;
Each faction round their prince and at the tents
Prætorian fiercely throng, and call the foe
With clamour loud. Then if a springday clear
Opens their airy battlefield, they rush
Impetuous from the gates; dire is the noise
Of onset; all in mass in middle air
They close, they tumble headlong, thick as hail 90
Or acorns raining from a shaken oak:
The rival princes in the midst are seen
With fulgent wings conspicuous, mighty souls
In tiny bosoms wielding, obstinate
To yield no inch of ground, till conquering force
Or one or other shall to flight compel.
All this commotion, all this deadly fray
The scattering of a little dust shall quell.
When both the leaders are recall'd from fight,
Whichever seems the meaner, him, for fear 100
He do thee wasteful mischief, put to death,
And to his rival give the vacant throne.
Two kinds there are; the better one adorn'd
With golden scales and beautiful in mien;
The other like a sluggard his broad paunch
Inglorious drags. The subjects, like the kings,
Their make and breed distinguish: rough are these
And ragged, like a dusty traveller
Who from his arid palate spits the soil;
The nobler race with brilliant lustre shine, 110
Bespangled uniform with spots of gold;
From them in heaven's due season thou wilt press
A honey rich and mellow, that shall serve

The Winegod's harshest flavour to subdue.
If e'er in flight capricious thou perceiv'st
The swarms indulging, and for idle play
Their combs neglecting and forsaking home,
Thou must restrain their light frivolity;
Nor hard is the restraint; thou need'st but clip
The leaders' wings; they tarrying, none will dare 120
To tempt the airy path or stir abroad.
Let gardens with the breath of saffron flowers
Invite them, and with tutelary blade
Of willow hook, to frighten bird and thief,
Priapus, Hellespontine God, be nigh.
Nay, if thou lov'st thy bees, go strip the hills
Of thyme and sapling pines, thyself to sow
About their dwellings thick, nor fear thine hand
With toil to roughen, fixing in the ground
The fruitful plants and pouring friendly showers. 130
And were I not about my journey's end,
Nigh striking sail and turning prow to land,
Of fertile gardens and their culturing care,
Of Pæstan rosebeds haply I had sung
The double flowering, and how rills imbibed
Refresh the endive and the parsley-bank;
How curling cucumber along the grass
All to a belly grows; nor tender spray
Of pleach'd acanthus had my lay forgot,
Nor cup of daffodilly sprouting late, 140
Shore-loving myrtles and the ivy pale.
For once do I remember to have seen
Under Œbalia's lofty battlements,
Where dark Galesus laves the yellow fields,
An old Corycian gardener, who possest
A few scant acres of forsaken ground,
For pasture or for ploughing all too poor,
Ungenial for the vine; yet here he rais'd
His vegetable fare, verbenas, lilies,

Esculent poppies in the brake he sowed, 150
Rich as a king in happiness; and home
Returning late at eve, his frugal board
With unbought dainties cover'd: first was he
To cull the vernal rose, the autumn fruit;
And when a wintry frost was even yet
Splitting the rock and fettering the stream,
That old man shore the soft acanthine leaf,
Chiding the Zephyr and the spring's delay.
Therefore his hives the first with offspring teem'd
And swarms abundant; soonest would the combs 160
Their foaming juices to his pressure yield;
The pine, the linden flourish'd best with him;
And every blossom that with beauty clothed
His orchards to autumnal ripeness grew.
He to the vineyard carried elms far grown,
Moved the strong pear, the sloegraft bearing plums,
And plane that for the winecup lent a shade.
But all these little cares, by space confined,
An argument for future bards I leave.
Now list; what instincts Jupiter the bees 170
Endow'd withal, I teach; their high reward,
Who led by tinkling Corybantian brass
Fed in his Cretan cave the infant God.
To them alone community of sons
And fellowship of city-life are given,
With laws and wisdom politic; alone
A country and a sacred home they know,
For winter's need by summer toil provide,
And store their earnings for the public weal.
Part forage in the meads, their tasks arranged 180
By distribution just; part within doors
The tear of daffodil and gum of bark
Lay for the first foundation of their combs,
Then build the waxen arches; these are busy
Training the *nation's* hope, their youth adult,

Those packing honey, and their little cells
With nectar pure distending; some are bid
To keep strict sentry at the outer gate,
And take their turns of watching cloud and rain;
Or booty from the gatherers they receive, 190
Or forming in a body chase the drones,
An idle race, away: warm glows the work,
And all of thyme the rich confection smells.
As in the forge Cyclopian, when they speed
Jove's armoury of thunder, some the blast
With bellows catch and render, some the metal
Plunge hissing in a lake; with anvil-strokes
All Ætna groans; they with a mighty force
Alternately their arms in concert raise,
And still with griping tongs the iron turn: 200
Thus in their several offices of toil
(Great to compare with small) Cecropian bees
Engrossing store, their native passion, strive.
Grave elders have in charge the town's affairs,
To raise their rampires, shape their dædal roofs:
The younger bands at evening late return
With thighs thyme-laden; roaming all at large
The arbute and the willow, saffron-buds,
The dainty larkspur, lavender and lime
They rifle of their sweets: one lot for all 210
Of labour and repose: at morning-break
Outpour the population of the hive,
Impatient for their task; when eve at length
Admonishes to quit the balmy field,
Home to refresh their weariness they come,
Awhile about the doors and avenues
Thronging with drowsy hum, till in their beds
Couch'd for the night, a silence o'er them creeps,
And all their busy life is lull'd to rest.
Far from their sheltering homes, when rain impends, 220
They fear to wander, or to trust the skies

When Eurus threatens; cautious round the walls
They water then, or brief excursions try;
And oft, as boats take ballast in a storm,
The insects thus a weight of little stones
To poise them on their gusty voyage bear:
Oft amid flinty rocks their wings they bruise,
And under heavy loads their lives yield up:
Such is their passion for the flowery feast,
So keen in honey-making their delight. 230
This in their habits thou wilt most admire;
They lust not after the connubial bed,
Nor melt in joys of Venus, nor their young
With travail-pains bring forth, but gather them
Sucking the leaves and herbs; thus without sex
A king and little citizens supply,
People their palace and their waxen realms.
Therefore, tho' narrow be their term of life,
Beyond a seventh summer ne'er prolong'd,
Their race endures for ever, many a year 240
The fortune of each house unbroken stands,
And counts an endless pedigree of sires:
So loyal to the king nor Lydia's realm,
Nor Parthia, nor Hydaspes of the Mede,
Nor Egypt e'er was known. The monarch safe,
The bees one spirit animates; extinct,
They break allegiance, pillage of themselves
The honey-store, the edifice of combs
Demolish. Guardian of their works is he:
Him they admire and humming circle round, 250
A numerous body-guard; on shoulders oft
They lift him high, and rush in his defence
To battle, courting wounds and glorious death.
There are in these examples who discern
Proof that in bees a power etherial dwells,
An inspiration of the soul divine;
Since Deity (*they say*) pervades the frame

Of universal earth and sea and heaven;
Hence cattle, beasts, and mankind, each at birth
Derive the subtle element of life; 260
Hither in dissolution they return
And render up their beings; Death no place
Amid creation finds; but living all
Ascend on high and mingle with the stars.
  The narrow dome and treasury of sweets
Whene'er thou would'st unlock, thy face foment
With jets of water, and sequacious fumes
Before thee carry. Twice th' industrious race
Amass their produce and their harvest reap;
Once when the Pleiad spurning ocean's flood 270
Displays her cheering countenance to earth;
Again when she descends in mournful flight
From watery Piscis to the wintry sea.
To wrath provoked, unmeasured is their rage;
With bite envenom'd they assail the foe,
Fastening on his veins they shoot their darts
Invisible, and in the wound expire.
  Would'st frugal for a needy future be,
Hard winter fearing, pitying their distress
And broken spirits; never doubt with thyme 280
To fumigate the hive, and empty wax
To clear away: for often unperceived
A lizard gnaws the comb; their chambers oft
Are choked with skulking beetles; oft the drone
Sits at their board to eat his share unearn'd;
Or moths, an execrable race, intrude,
Or savage hornet with unequal arms;
Or spider hateful to Minerva hangs
Her straggling network at the vestibule.
The more their strength calamity hath drain'd, 290
The more will they exert them to repair
The nation's falling state, their garners fill,
And reconstruct their masonry of flowers.

But (for to our infirmities are bees
By nature subject) if with ailment sore
Their bodies languish, by the surest signs
Thou soon shalt learn it; an unnatural hue
Discolouring the sick, their visages
Emaciate and deform; then corpses forth
In funeral sad solemnity are borne; 300
They at the doorway hang with linked feet,
Or mope within the closure of their halls,
With hunger idle, stupefied with cold:
A graver sound is heard, a sullen drawl,
Like chilly Auster sighing in the woods,
Like murmur of the troubled refluent sea,
Like puffing from a stove of pent-up flame.
Here I would have thee burn galbanean scents,
And pour in honey-juice thro' tubes of reed,
Encouraging and to familiar feast 310
Inviting the distrest. Nor boots it not
The savour to admix of pounded gall,
Dried roses, or of wine a mellow rich
Decoction, raisins of the Psithian grape,
And thyme and centaury of perfume strong.
A meadow-flower there is, which husbandmen
Amellus call, whoever seeks may find;
For from a single bunch a grove it shoots,
Golden itself in bloom, but in the leaves,
Which cluster in exuberance around, 320
Tints of the purple violet one sees:
Oft with its wreaths the altars are adorn'd:
Sharp in the mouth to taste; swains gather it
In new-mown vales, by Mella's winding stream.
Stew thou the roots of this in spicy wine,
And serve the mess in baskets at the door.
But lest the whole stock suddenly should fail,
Nor means be left to propagate the breed,
Th' Arcadian master's memorable plan

'Tis time that I unfold, from slaughter'd steers 330
How bees are rais'd to life with blood impure.
I from the earliest origin will trace
The story down. For where the people dwell
Of fortunate Canopus, by the lake
Of overflowing Nile, and round their farms
In painted skiffs are borne; where neighbourhood
Of quiver'd Persia presses, and the river,
That from the swarthy Indians finds his way
Into seven mouths dividing at the close,
Fattens green Egypt with his slimy sand, 340
All on this art a firm reliance boast.
A strip of ground just wide enough they choose,
Surround it with a narrow fence of walls,
With tiling roof it over, casements four
From the four winds insert with slanting light.
A calf is found just bending to a curve
His bimal horn; whose breath and nostrils twain
Despite of all his struggling they with firm
Compression close, and beating him to death,
His entrails pounding thro' th' unbroken hide 350
All to a jelly mash; thus there immured
They leave him, piling underneath his flank
Bough-loppings with fresh thyme and casia strewn.
This, soon as Zephyr stirs the wave, is done,
Ere meadows into beauty flush anew,
Ere twittering swallows on the rafter build.
Meanwhile the moisture in the tender bones
To fermentation warms; and into view
In wondrous guise, first wanting feet, anon
With pinions buzzing, rise an insect swarm, 360
Now fanning more and more the air, at length
Soaring in flight away, like showery burst
From summer cloud, or arrows from the string
When skirmish is begun of Parthian war.
What God this art discover'd? How did man's

Experience find the way? Ye Muses, tell.
The shepherd Aristæus having lost
His swarms, they say, by famine and disease,
From Tempe flying to the sacred fount
Of Peneus, there impatiently he stood, 370
And thus his Parent's heart to pity moved:
Cyrene, Mother mine, who haunt'st the bed
Of these deep waters, wherefore gav'st thou me
My life from Gods descended (if indeed
Apollo, as thou boastest, is my Sire,)
For fate to persecute? Hast thou forgot
To love me? Wherefore badest thou thy Son
Aspire to heaven? Lo, e'en this mortal fame,
In husbandry and nurture of my stock
Hard won by long experiment and pains, 380
Maugre thine honour'd parentage I lose.
Nay come, root up thyself my fruitful groves,
Send fire upon my stalls, burn, kill the crops
And harvests, to my vineyards lay the axe,
If thou art grown so sick of my renown.
  Deep in the chamber of her watery bed
His mother heard the voice. Round her were Nymphs
Milesian fleeces carding, tinged with grain
Of clearest hyaline; Ligea, Drymo,
With Xantho and Phyllodoce, their locks 390
In bright profusion o'er their shoulders thrown;
Cydippe and Lycorias, virgin one
With flaxen hair, the other lately knowing
Lucina's pain; and Beroe and Clio,
Twin sisters, Ocean-born, in gold attire
And skirt of painted skins; and Ephyre
And Asian maid Deiope were there,
Opis, and Arethusa fleet of foot,
Her quiver laid aside: to whom th' intrigue
Of wily Mars and Vulcan's woeful plight 400
Was Clymene rehearsing, (all the freaks

Of amorous Gods since Chaos form'd the tale;
Under the charm whereof the tasks went brisk
From spindles rolling;) when the same sad plaint
Smote the maternal ear, and started all
Upon their glassy seats; beyond the rest
Lifting her head in prospect o'er the deep,
Fair Arethuse exclaim'd—Cyrene, Sister,
It was no vain alarm, that moan thou heardest;
Thy darling Aristæus by the bank 410
Of Father Peneus in distress and tears
Is standing, and upbraids thy cruelty.
To whom Cyrene, stricken with dismay:
Bring, bring him hither; privileged is he
To enter courts divine. With that she bids
The floods to part and open for the youth
An entrance wide; around him like a mount
The waters curving rose, and wafted him
On their smooth bosom to the depths below:
There wondering thro' his mother's humid realm 420
By cavern'd lakes he pass'd and sounding groves;
Astounded at the whirl of mighty waves,
All rivers he beheld that under earth
In various currents glide; Enipeus, Phasis,
The fountain-head whence Lycus rushes forth,
Whence Father Tiberis, whence Anio flows,
And rock-voiced Hypanis, and Mysian-bred
Caicus, and bull-faced with golden horn
Eridanus, than whom thro' cultur'd glades
No river runs more swiftly to the sea. 430
Brought to her chamber roof'd with pumice bright,
He to his mother told his little griefs:
To him the nymphs with ceremonies due
The cleansing stream and smooth-shorn napkin bring,
Set viands on the board and beakers full,
While fires Panchæan on the altar burn.
Take thou the goblet of Mæonian wine;

To Ocean let us pour: Cyrene said,
And, as she pour'd the nectar, offer'd prayer
To Ocean, Sire of things, and Sister Nymphs 440
Who guard a hundred woods and hundred streams.
Thrice the bright coal she sprinkled, thrice the flame
Her ceiling smote and in reflexion blazed:
Cheer'd by the hopeful omen, she began:
In the Carpathian gulf a Prophet dwells,
Cærulean Proteus, who with team of fish
And two-legg'd horses chariots o'er the main.
He now th' Emathian ports and old Pallene,
His native land, revisits: him we Nymphs
And aged Nereus venerate; for he 450
The past, the present, and the future knows;
Imperial Neptune's will, whose finny droves
And seals enormous in the deep he tends.
The Prophet thou must seize and bind him fast,
That he of this disease the cause may tell,
The cure accomplish: uncompell'd, my Son,
He gives no counsel, by no prayer is moved:
Fetters thou must apply and firm constraint,
Which in the end shall baffle all his wiles.
I, when the Sun hath kindled blaze of noon, 460
When herbs are parch'd and cattle seek the shade,
Will lead thee whither Proteus from the sea
Betakes him weary to a cool recess;
Whom sleeping easily thou may'st surprise;
But when thou hast him fetter'd in thy grasp,
Phantoms and forms of beasts in various guise
Will mock thee; suddenly will he become
A scaly dragon or a lion huge,
A tusky boar, a tiger, or break out
In crackling flame, or into water thin 470
Be gliding off, thy shackles to elude:
But the more featly he from shape to shape
Shall change him, thou the tighter strain his bonds,

Till to such figure he again return
As thou beheldest when he dropt asleep.
She spake, and shed ambrosial fragrance round,
Which sprinkling all the body of her son,
An air of sweetness from his tresses breathed,
A sprightly vigour freshen'd every limb.
  Far in the mountain-side a cavern runs, 480
Whither, when winds are high, the crowding waves
Are wash'd into a bay, a refuge oft
For seamen seeking shelter from the storm:
Within which hidden by a rocky ledge
Reposes Proteus. Here in ambush dark
Her son Cyrene placed; herself hard by
Wrapt in a mist remains. It was the hour
When rabid Sirius with his rays 'gan burn
The thirsty Indians; half his course the Sun
Had measur'd; herbs were scorching, dry with heat 490
The rivers, to their muddy bottoms drain'd:
From sea retiring to his wonted haunt
Came Proteus; all about him gamboling
The tribes of ocean splash'd their briny dew,
The seals dispers'd them on the shore to sleep:
He like a mountain-shepherd, when at eve
His kine return from pasture, and his lambs
With bleating whet the hunger of the wolf,
Sits midmost on a rock and counts the drove:
Then Aristæus at th' occasion prompt, 500
Scarce letting him compose his weary limbs,
Runs with a shout and binds him where he lies
With shackles fast: he mindful of his art
Turns him to all imaginable things,
Horrible beast and fire and liquid stream,
Till finding no escape with all his tricks,
His natural form reluctant he resumes,
Speaking with tongue of man—Audacious youth,
Who bade thee to approach my dwelling-place?

What seek'st thou here? To whom was answer'd thus: 510
Thou knowest, Proteus, knowest of thyself;
None can deceive thee, and deceive not thou.
By Gods commanded for my sad mishap
To ask thine aid oracular I come.
Thus far th' adventurous youth: the Seer awhile
His azure eyeballs in contortion roll'd
Flashing unearthly light, and then his teeth
Gnashing in anger, to the Fates gave voice.
Thou hast offended the celestial Powers,
For grievous crime atonest: the much-wrong'd 520
Unhappy Orpheus hath demanded vengeance,
And (but that fate forbids) would have the full,
Raging against thee for his murder'd spouse.
She by the river flying thy pursuit
A hydra fell for her destruction couch'd
I' th' grass before her feet (so fast she ran)
Perceiv'd not: her sad fate o'er mount and hill
The Dryads her companions loudly moan'd;
Pangæus and the heights of Rhodope,
Mavortian Thrace and Hebrus, Getan tribes 530
And Actian Orithya wept for her:
The wretched husband, seeking with his lyre
To soothe a broken heart, thee, dearest wife,
Thee to himself upon the lonely shore,
Thee at the dawn and thee at even sang.
The jaws of Tænarus, the gates of Dis,
The grove he enter'd black with horrid gloom,
Approach'd the Manes and their grisly king,
Beings that ne'er relent at human prayer:
The airy Sprites and Phantoms of the dead 540
Charm'd by his song from depths of Erebus
Came thronging, thick as birds whom night or storm
Drives from the mountains to the leafy wood;
Matrons and men, great heroes who had ended
Their lives of glory, children, maids unwed,

And youths before their parents' eyes entomb'd;
Whom now Cocytus, dismal sluggish pool,
The slimy bank, the filthy reeds confine,
And Styx encircles with his ninefold stream.
Th' abodes of Tartarus and Death profound, 550
The snake-hair'd Fiends were smitten with amaze;
Still his three mouths the gaping Cerberus held,
Paus'd the sad rolling of Ixion's wheel.
And now on his return, all dangers past,
He and restored Eurydice approach'd
The upper air, she following, (for this law
Had Proserpine imposed;) when sudden madness
Surprised the husband—Oh, if nether Gods
Could ever pardon, they had pardon'd this!—
He stopt, and on his dear Eurydice 560
Just on the very confines of the light,
Unhappy man, forgetting all but love,
To look he turn'd, and lost was all his labour,
His compact with the ruthless king was broken,
Thrice from Avernus came a voice of thunder:
What phrenzy, Orpheus, hath destroyed us both?—
Eurydice exclaim'd—the cruel Fates
Summon me back; sleep seals my swimming eyes;
Farewell! in darkness I am borne away,
And stretch my feeble hands, ah! thine no longer! 570
Yet speaking from his sight, like misty smoke,
She vanish'd and was gone; him fain to answer,
And grasping at the unsubstantial air,
She never more beheld, nor Charon more
To pass the barrier-lake permission yields.
Lost wretch, twice widow'd! whither could he fly?
What plaint, what plea could touch th' infernal Powers?
She in the Stygian boat a ghost was sailing;
He seven whole months by desert Strymon's bank
To rocks and caverns told the piteous tale, 580
And all so sweetly sang, that rigid oaks

In dance he led and sooth'd the tiger's rage:
As oft when darkling under aspen spray
Sad Philomel her missing young bewails,
Whom spying in the nest some cruel swain
Hath torn unfledg'd away; she all night long
Sits mourning on a bough, and fills the glade
With endless repetition of her woe.
Him love nor hymeneal joys could move:
Riphæan tracts and snowy Tanais, 590
Plains never free from Hyperborean ice,
He travers'd all alone, his lost spouse moaning
And Pluto's fruitless boon: which deeming scorn
Of them and theirs, Ciconian dames amid
Their nightly orgies Bacchanal the Youth
Tore limb from limb and scatter'd o'er the plains.
E'en then, as Hebrus down the middle stream
His head from off the marble shoulders torn
Was rolling, his cold tongue and lifeless voice
Eurydice invoked, with fleeting breath 600
O my poor lost Eurydice! he cried;
Eurydice was echoed by the flood.
He ended, and with leap in ocean plunged;
Over his head the foaming eddies closed:
Cyrene was at hand to cheer her son:
My Son, she said, thy cares thou may'st resign:
Thou know'st the plague's whole origin: the Nymphs,
Whose choral dances in the wood she shared,
Destruction on thy bees in anger sent.
Propitiate them with gifts, and sue for peace 610
The good Napæans; easily will they
Remit their wrath, indulgent to thy vows.
The mode of worship I will straight unfold.
Four bulls of passing beauty from thy herd,
Which the green summit of Lycæus range,
As many heifers choose with necks intact:
For them four altars by the lofty fane

Erecting, spill their blood in sacrifice,
And leave their bodies in the grove to lie:
At the ninth rising of Aurora's dawn 620
Pay thy ghost-offering to the murder'd Seer,
Lethæan poppies and a sable ewe;
Which duly done, revisit thou the grove,
And with a calf Eurydice appease.
At once his Mother's precept he obeys,
Th' appointed altars at the temple builds;
Four bulls of passing beauty there to bleed
He chooses, heifers four with necks intact;
At the ninth rising of Aurora's dawn
Pays funeral tribute to the Thracian Seer, 630
And then the grove revisits. Here a sight
Surprised him, strange and marvellous to tell;
All through the rotten bowels of the kine
Were nests of buzzing bees, that from the sides
Came bursting forth, and soaring in a cloud
Swarm'd to the topmost branches of a tree,
And dropt their pendent cluster on the spray.
  Of rural culture and of rural life
My lays are ended. Cæsar hath in war
Been thundering on Euphrates' distant shore, 640
To willing vassal nations giving laws,
And opening for himself a path to heaven.
Me all this while Parthenope hath nurst
Inglorious in the dreams of poesy,
Me Virgil, who with sportiveness of youth
Courted the pastoral Muse, and Tityrus
Under the beechen shade reclining sang.

ÆNEID I.

THE ARGUMENT.

Virgil briefly states the subject of the poem, viz., the settlement of the Trojan colony under Æneas in Italy. From him sprang the future founders of Alba and Rome, whose greatness it is the Poet's principal intention to celebrate. But, before Æneas could establish himself in Italy, he was doomed to suffer many toils and hardships inflicted by Juno. The causes of Juno's persecution are explained; among others, her attachment to the city of Carthage, which had just been founded by Dido, and which (she had heard) was destined to be overthrown by a Trojan race. The story begins seven years after the fall of Troy, when Æneas is sailing from Sicily for the Italian coast. Æolus, at Juno's request, raises a storm, which scatters the Trojan fleet, sinks one of the ships, and drives the rest on the coast of Africa. Æneas, with seven out of twenty vessels, lands in a bay near Carthage. Venus complains of her Son's misfortunes to Jupiter, who consoles her, and predicts the future glories of his posterity. Mercury is sent to secure a kind reception of the Trojans among the people of Carthage; and Venus, in the disguise of a huntress, presents herself before Æneas, informs him that the rest of his ships are preserved, and acquaints him with the circumstances of the country. Dido's adventures, her flight from Tyre, and foundation of Carthage, are related. Æneas, enveloped in a cloud by Venus, and accompanied by Achates, enters the city, and sees the Queen advancing to the temple of Juno. There also he recognises his lost companions, who come to implore the protection of Dido, and are by her kindly received. Æneas discovers himself, and is invited by her to the palace, where a sumptuous entertainment is prepared. Venus instigates her son Cupid to assume the disguise of Ascanius, and inspire the Queen with a passion for Æneas. After the banquet, amid various discourse about the wars of Troy, Dido requests Æneas to relate the whole of his adventures. He does so; and they form the subject of the two following books.

Of arms I sing and Ilium's ancient son,
Whom fate an exile to Hesperia led
And the Lavinian shores: Much tost was he
On land and ocean by supernal power,

Relentless Juno's anger to appease;
Much too in war he suffer'd, ere a seat
In Latium he could found, and stablish there
His household Gods: whence rose the Latin race,
The Alban sires and walls of lofty Rome.
  Thou Muse, the causes tell, by what offence 10
Aggrieved or anger'd she, th' Olympian Queen,
Could on a man for piety renown'd
Inflict such multiplicity of woe:
Can wrath like this celestial bosoms move?
  There stood in olden time a city built
By Tyrian settlers; Carthage was the name;
Facing far off the shores of Italy
And Tyber's mouth; in wealth abounding, bold
In enterprise of war: o'er all the earth
No spot like this was by Saturnia loved, 20
Less cherish'd even Samos: here she kept
Her arms and chariot; here already hoped
And fondly purpos'd (would the fates allow)
To fix the seat of universal sway.
But she had heard, a progeny from Troy
Hereafter should subvert the Tyrian towers,
A fierce imperial people hence derived
Should conquer Libya; so the fates ordain'd:
This fearing, nor unmindful of the war
Which for her Greeks prime champion she had waged 30
At Ilium: (nor the causes of her ire
Forgotten were; deep rankled in her breast
Th' award of Paris and her beauty scorn'd,
Th' abominable race, and honours paid
To ravish'd Ganymede:) by all these griefs
To fury rous'd against the sons of Troy,
The wretched remnant, saved from Argive steel
And fell Achilles, she from Latium's realm
Drove them o'er ocean wide; and many a year
They roam'd their fatal course from sea to sea. 40

So mighty was the work a Rome to found.
  Scarce had Sicilia faded from the view,
As with spread canvas cheerily they plough'd
The foamy brine, when o'er her treasur'd hate
Saturnia brooding thus her thoughts explored:
Must I forego my purpose? I despair
To avert from Italy the Teucrian King?
Because the fates forbid? Could Pallas burn
Achaian ships, and whelm in waves the crew,
All for one madman's guilt, Oilean Ajax? 50
She, her Sire's thunder hurling, wreck'd the fleet
And tempested the sea; him lightning-struck
And flame expiring in a whirl she threw,
And fixt upon a peaky precipice.
But I, heaven's Queen majestic, Sister-wife
Of Jupiter, am warring all these years
Against one race: and who will worship more
Saturnia's altar or adore her name?
  Such thoughts revolving in her fiery soul,
She to Æolia came, the tempest-land, 60
Pregnant with stormy blasts; where Æolus
The powers of wind and blustering hurricane
Holds in the prison of his ample cave
With shackles and with sovereignty controll'd.
They round the barriers with indignant roar
Shake the huge mountain; but aloft enthroned
Sits Æolus, and with a sceptred sway
Restrains their turbulence and quells their rage;
Else in a gust of fury they would sweep
Earth, sky, and ocean into empty air. 70
Therefore the wise omnipotence of Jove
Shut them in dreary caves, and overlaid
A weighty mountain-pile, assigning them
A king, with certain rule to curb their might,
Or at command to give them loose the rein.
To him with supplication Juno spake:

Hear, Æolus; for thee th' Olympian Sire
Empowers to lull or agitate the waves;
A people foes to me are sailing o'er
The Tuscan main, to Latium carrying 80
Troy and her vanquish'd Gods: Arouse thy storms,
Whelm under sea their barks, or scatter them,
And strew with shipwreck'd mariners the deep.
For thy reward, the fairest of my Nymphs
(Twice seven have I, and all are passing fair)
Will I to thee unite in wedlock's bond,
Deiope, for ever to be thine,
And make thee parent of a lovely race.
Thy pleasure, mighty Queen—said Æolus—
'Tis thine to speak, my duty to obey. 90
This sceptre, all my realm, thy Consort's favor,
The place I hold at banquets of the Gods,
Mine empire o'er the storm, I owe to thee.
He with his wand the hollow mountain struck
And push'd it sidelong: at the outlet rush
The banded winds, and sweeping over earth
Fall rudely on the sea, which all at once
Eurus and Notus from the bottom turn
And stormful Afer, rolling to the shore
Her multitude of waves: a noise ensues 100
Of straining cordage, and the cries of men;
Clouds on a sudden ravish air and day
From Teucrian eyes; night hovers o'er the deep;
Skies thunder, with a flash of frequent fires,
And all things threaten momentary death.
Æneas groan'd and clasp'd his hands aloft;
His joints were loosen'd by the chill of fear:
Blest was their fortune, who in battle perish'd
In view of parents under walls of Troy!
Bravest of Greeks, Tydides, oh, had I 110
Beneath thy hand been suffer'd to expire
On Ilium's field, where by the Pelian lance

Brave Hector fell, where great Sarpedon lies,
Where Simoentian floods with carnage strewn
Helmets and shields and valiant bodies roll'd!
  His moan was interrupted by a blast
Smiting the sail, and lifting sea to heaven;
The oars are broke, the staggering vessel gives
Her broadside to the wave, that in a heap
Came rolling mountain-like: these hang upon 120
The topmost surge; for those the watery chasm
Land opens under sea; a sandy swell
Darkens the main. Three ships by Notus rapt
Were violently cast on hidden rocks,
Sea-rocks, high altars in Italian tongue,
Stretching their ridgy banks across the tide;
Three more did Eurus, pitiful to view,
Driving on shoaly Syrtes dash aground,
And fast intrench them with a pile of sand;
One, which Orontes and the Lycians held, 130
Before the Chieftain's eye a sea wash'd o'er
From stem to stern; the helmsman shaken off
Tumbles headlong; in circling eddies thrice
The bark is whirl'd, and swallow'd in th' abyss;
A few men swimming on the gulf appear,
Armour and floating planks and wealth of Troy:
Now the stout galley of Ilioneus,
Now those which Abas and Achates bore
And old Alethes, loosen'd by the storm,
Leak at the sides and suck the baleful brine. 140
  Meanwhile the vast upheaving of his floods,
The tempest's outbreak and the wild uproar,
Were felt by Neptune, who in wrathful mood,
Yet caring for his empire, rais'd his head
Serene above the waters; there he saw
Th' Ænean fleet dispers'd, the men of Troy
Afflicted by contending elements:
Saturnia's wily malice well he knew,

Eurus and Zephyr to his presence calls:
So bold are ye, presuming on your birth? 150
Dare ye without my leave 'twixt earth and heaven
To set this roaring war? Audacious winds!
Whom I—but first this tumult must be quell'd—
Another time ye shall not 'scape so easy.
Now hence, and bear this message to your King:
Th' allotted sway and trident of the sea
Are mine, not his: the rocky fastnesses,
Your mansions, Eurus, to his rule belong:
Within that hall let Æolus abide,
And lord it there, the jailer of the winds. 160
So speaking, ere he ended, all the roar
Of billows had been hush'd, the clouds dispell'd,
The sun restored: from off the rocky reef
Cymothoe and Triton push'd the ships,
While Neptune with his trident heav'd them up,
Open'd the beds of sand, and smooth'd the waves,
And glided o'er their level in his car.
As when sedition stirs a mighty crowd,
And vulgar souls with angry passion swell,
Stones, torches, 'gin to fly, in every hand 170
Rage puts a weapon; if they chance to see
Some man for piety and worth revered,
Silent are all, and stand with listening ears;
His words their anger soothe, their spirits calm:
Thus the turmoil of ocean was appeas'd,
As overlooking all the liquid field
Under an open sky with easy rein
Guiding his chariot-steeds old Neptune rode.
The weary seamen struggle to approach
The nearest land, and make for Libyan shores. 180
A port there was receding from the main,
Protected by an island's jutting sides,
'Gainst which the sea-waves broken cut themselves
Into the deep indentures of the bay.

Rocks rise at either end, whose double peak
Threatens the sky, while under them secure
The stilly waters rest; a sylvan scene
Quivers upon the steep, and casts a shade
Of dark impendent woods; in front the cliffs
Arch over, and a grotto meets the view, 190
With crystal springs and seats of living stone;
A home for Nymphs: no moorings fasten here
The weary bark, no teeth of anchors bind.
Æneas hither mustering steer'd his barks,
Seven out of all; the longing seamen haste
To spring ashore, to tread the welcome soil,
And lay their brine-drench'd limbs upon the sand.
Achates promptly strikes the sparkling flint,
Catches the fire on leaves, dry fuel then
Piles in a heap, and quickens into blaze; 200
Th' exhausted crew collect their Cereal tools
And water-damaged stores, the rescued grain
To parch preparing, and with stone to grind.
Æneas climbs a rock, and in his ken
Takes all the ocean's range, if Antheus there,
His wind-tost ships, or Capys he might spy,
Or armour of Caicus on the stern:
No ship in prospect, on the beach were seen.
Three wandering stags; a herd that follow'd them
Came trooping thro' the pastures of the vale: 210
He paus'd an instant, snatcht the bow and shafts
That good Achates held; the leaders first,
Who bore their heads aloft with tree-like horns,
He smote, the vulgar troop pursuing next
Drove in confusion thro' the leafy glade,
Nor ceas'd till seven of the plumpest deer,
One for each ship, he strecht upon the ground.
With these returning he among his men
Partition made, distributing the wine,
Which kind Acestes in Trinacria's isle 220

Had given them, stow'd in casks, a parting boon:
O comrades—thus to comfort them he spake—
Acquainted long with sorrow have ye been;
Misfortunes have endured far worse than these;
Yet Heaven will end them all. Scyllæan crags
Roaring with rage ye penetrated nigh,
Ye braved Cyclopian rocks: take courage, men,
And banish dismal fear; these very woes
Hereafter in remembrance may be joy.
Still on our way thro' danger and distress 230
We steer for Latium, where the fates ordain
A peaceful home, another realm of Troy.
Live and reserve yourselves for happier times.
Such were his words dissembling inward care,
Hope in his look, and anguish at his heart.
The band address them to the dainty spoil:
Some tearing off the skin, the flesh lay bare,
Cut morsels, fix them smoking on the spit;
Others along the ground the cauldrons range,
And flaming fire administer; then all 240
Upon the turf reclining, of the feast
They eat and take their fill, their drooping cheer
With venison and with generous wine restore.
But when the meal was done, the fragments clear'd,
About their missing friends was much discourse
And anxious questioning, 'twixt hope and fear;
Yet were they living, or beyond the reach
Of further ill, past hearing of their names?
The pious Chieftain most in secret grieves,
Now for the cruel fate of Amycus, 250
Now Lycus and Orontes, gallant men,
Now Gyas and Cloanthus he bemoans.
All were at rest, when Jupiter from heaven
Look'd on the sail-cross'd sea, the earthly plains
And peopled regions wide; on ether's height
He stood, and fixt his eyes on Libya's realm:

Him yet in his own thoughtfulness enwrapt
Venus approach'd in grief, her lovely eyes
With weeping dimm'd. Dread Thunderer—she began—
Eternal King of Gods and human kind, 260
What hath Æneas to offend thy power,
What have the Phrygians done? to whom, their toils
Not ended yet, the universe is closed
Because of Italy. Most surely, Father,
Thy promise was, that in the march of time
From Teucer's renovated blood should spring
The lordly Roman people, dominant
O'er earth and sea. What changes thy resolve?
Vain was my solace for the fall of Troy,
'Gainst evil fates their opposite to weigh: 270
Misfortune still pursues th' afflicted race:
Almighty, when wilt thou their troubles end?
Antenor, 'scaped from Argives, was allow'd
To penetrate Illyria's inmost gulf,
To reach Liburnian realms, and safely pass
The fountains of Timavus, whence there breaks
Thro' nine broad channels with the mountain's roar
A sea of waters deluging the fields:
Patavium's town he built, and settled there
His Teucrians, named a nation, arms of Troy 280
Hung up secure, and now in peace abides.
But we thine offspring, destin'd by thyself
For mansions of the sky, our gallies lost,
(Foul shame!) to gratify the wrath of one,
Are all abandon'd, barr'd of all access
To shores of Latium. Thus dost thou reward
The pious? thus our sceptred state restore?
On her the Father smiling with such look
As when he calms the tempest, gently kiss'd
His Daughter's rosy lip, and answer'd thus: 290
Fear nothing, Cytherea: fixt remain
The fates of thy descendants: thou shalt see

Lavinium's promis'd city, thou shalt raise
Great-soul'd Æneas to the stars of heaven.
Unchanged is my resolve; and since thy heart
Misgives thee, gnaw'd with doubt, to thee will I
The secrets of futurity unfold.
He in Ausonia mighty war shall wage,
Crush savage tribes, found colonies of men,
Establish laws; till him on Latium's throne 300
Three summers have beheld, three winters pass'd
O'er the Rutulians vanquish'd. After him
Ascanius, whom they now Iulus call,
(Ilus he was, while Ilium's kingdom stood,)
Thrice ten great circles of revolving months
Shall with his reign accomplish, then removing
Lavinium's royal seat, with mighty strength
Long Alba fortify. Three hundred years
There an Hectorean dynasty shall reign,
Till Ilia, Priestess Queen, to Mars hath borne 310
Twin progeny; thenceforth shall Romulus,
Rear'd by the wolf his foster-mother's care,
Take up the nation, build Mavortian towers,
The people Romans from their founder call.
To them no term or limit I assign,
But give eternal empire. Even she
Who now the elements with dire alarm
Is vexing, haughty Juno, shall incline
To better counsels, cherishing with me
The lords of earth, the togaed race of Rome. 320
'Tis thus ordain'd: when ages have elaps'd,
The future children of Assaracus
Shall humble Phthia's glory, to their yoke
Bid conquer'd Argos and Mycenæ bend.
Then Julius Cæsar, from Iulus named,
Will boast his Trojan blood, with empire reach
The ocean's utmost bounds, with fame the stars.
Him rich with eastern spoils securely thou

Shalt welcome to Olympus, there with vows
To be invoked like thee. Wars all shall cease; 330
A savage generation mild shall grow;
Vesta with hoary Faith, Quirinus join'd
With brother Remus, right and justice deal;
The horrid gates of war with iron bolts
Shall firm be closed; dread Furor bide within
Seated on arms, and manacled behind
With hundred brazen knots, his bloody mouth
Roaring aloud in impotence of rage.
He spake, and sent Cyllenius with command
A welcome for the wanderers to prepare 340
In Carthage and her realm, lest Dido them
Drive from the shore in ignorance of fate.
The son of Maia steer'd his course in air,
And lighting on the ground of Afric, well
His mission speeds: Phœnician stony hearts
Are soften'd by the God, and most the Queen's,
To Teucrians waxing gentle and benign.
Æneas wakeful all night long with care
Arose at early dawn to view the land;
On what strange shore so rudely they were cast, 350
And who possest it, whether beasts or men,
(For signs were none of culture,) he by quest
Would learn, and with report instruct his crew.
Within a hollow cave amid the rocks,
And under covert of the shaggy trees,
He hides the fleet, and with Achates only,
Shaking a pair of darts broad-edged with steel,
Enters the woody glade; when in his path
Lo, in a virgin's garb and figure stood
His Goddess Parent, like a Spartan maid 360
Accouter'd, or Harpalyce, when flying
She tires the courser and outstrips the gale:
For on her shoulders huntress-like she wore
A graceful bow; her tresses on the wind

Floated; her knees were bare, and in a knot
Her flowing folds collected—Ho! she cried:
Inform me, strangers, hap ye to have seen
One of my sisters, with a quiver clothed
And spotted lynxhide, straying hereabouts,
Or chasing with full cry the bristly boar? 370
Æneas to his mother thus return'd:
None of thy sisters have I heard or seen,
Oh, by what name shall I address thee, Virgin?
Thy countenance is not mortal, nor thy voice
Like human sounds: a Goddess thou must be;
The sister of Apollo, or perchance
From Nymphs descended: whosoe'er thou art,
Be kind to us and lighten our distress:
Say to what clime, what region of the earth
The waves have brought us: wanderers tempest-tost 380
Nought of the place or habitants we know.
We at thy hearths will many a victim slay.
Such dignity—said Venus—is not mine:
We Tyrian maids wear quivers at our backs,
High purple buskins on the ankle bind.
A Punic realm thou seest, where Tyrians dwell
Of old Agenor's race: the border tribes
Are Africans, indomitable in war:
Dido the sceptre holds, who fled from Tyre
Fearing her brother's power: 'twere long to tell 390
The story of her wrong; the sum is this:
She to Sichæus, richest in domain
Of all Phœnician lords, was by her Sire
In first espousal given, a virgin bride;
Him fondly, most unhappily, she loved:
Pygmalion then in Tyre, her brother, reign'd,
The savagest of tyrants, and, a feud
Between them kindled, he with avarice blind,
And heedless of a sister's agony,
Sichæus at the altar-side surprised 400

With coward steel, and impiously slew;
The murder long conceal'd, the wretched wife
With false pretences mock'd and empty hopes;
But th' image of her consort uninhumed
Rose in her sleep, a spectre pale and wan,
The cruel altar shew'd, his bleeding breast,
All the dark treason of the house disclosed;
Then urges her with utmost haste to fly;
To help her on the way, a place reveals
Where lay an ancient treasure, buried piles 410
Of gold and silver. Instigated thus,
Dido prepared for flight and muster'd friends:
All join her, who the tyrant or with fear
Or vengeful hate regarded; ships in port
Equipt for instant sail by lucky chance
They seize, and lading with the golden freight,
Pygmalion's worshipp'd wealth bear off to sea:
A woman was their guide. Where soon the heights
Of new-built Carthage towering thou shalt view,
The Tyrians bent their course, and purchas'd ground, 420
Named Byrsa from the bargain, all the space
That might be compass'd with a bullock's hide.
But tell me now, what countrymen are ye?
Whence do ye come and whither are ye bound?
Æneas with a heart-fetcht sigh replied:
O Goddess, if the annals of our woe
I from the earliest origin rehears'd,
And thou hadst time to hear, ere all were told,
Day in Hesperian skies would sink to rest.
From ancient Troy (the name of Troy belike 430
Hath reach'd thine ears) we crossing distant seas
Were cast by tempest on a Libyan shore.
Æneas, pious chieftain, known by fame
Above the stars, am I, who with my fleet
Gods rescued from the enemy convey,
A *home in Italy*, a birthright seek

From highest Jove derived: my fates I follow'd,
And guided by a parent Goddess launch'd
Full twenty barks upon the Phrygian main:
Scarce seven are left me, shatter'd by the storm: 440
An outcast here from Asia's continent,
From Europe driven, in miserable plight
I roam the Libyan wilds. No more to hear
Did Venus wait, but interrupts his grief:
Whoe'er thou be, no castaway, methinks,
The vital air thou breath'st, these Tyrian walls
Approaching. Only keep thine onward path,
Straight for the royal threshold. Learn from me,
Thy ships are come to road, thy friends return'd,
To safety brought by changing of the wind; 450
Or ill my parents taught me augury.
Observe the joyful gathering of those birds,
Twelve cycnets, whom but late a swooping eagle
Scatter'd in air, now hovering in a line,
To light preparing or to choose their ground:
As in a flock they muster or return,
And flap their wings and utter notes of glee,
Thy fleet and thy companions thus the port
Have enter'd, or approach with flying sail.
Keep thou the road, and follow where it leads. 460
She turn'd to leave him, and her rosy neck
Refulgent caught the view, th' ambrosial locks
Divinest odours breath'd, down to her feet
The vesture flow'd, and in her gait appear'd
The Goddess manifest. Æneas then
His Mother knew, and follow'd with his words
Her fleeting form: Oh, why thy Son so often
With phantoms mock? Should'st thou be cruel too?
Why am I not allow'd to clasp thy hand,
Hear thy true voice, and answer thee with mine? 470
Thus plaining to the city forth he fared:
But Venus wrapt the travellers in a cloud,

Mantled them round with folds of misty air,
That none might see or touch them as they pass'd,
Obstruct their way or question their design:
She soar'd aloft, revisiting with joy
The Paphian isle, where round her gorgeous dome
Sabæan incense hundred altars burn,
And garland-flowers their freshest fragrance pour.
They in the path's direction hasten'd on, 480
And climbed a hill, whose summit overlook'd
All Carthage and her lofty pinnacles.
The Chief admired to view where fabrics proud
Took place of uncouth huts, admired the gates,
The bustle and paved streets, where Tyrians plied
Their work with ardour, some were lengthening walls,
Constructing massy towers, uprolling stones;
While some for mansions mark'd the boundary
Or sank the trench; here busy framing laws,
Electing judges and a senate grave; 490
There digging ports, or for a theatre
The deep foundation, or from quarries hewing
Tall pillars to adorn the stately scene.
Thus bees beneath the sun in summer's prime
Toil in the flowery field, and some lead out
Their youth adult, some pack the liquid store,
With nectar fill the cells, or comers-home
Disburthen of their spoil, or in a band
Assemble to drive off the sluggish drones;
Warm glows the work, and honey smells of thyme. 500
Oh, fortunate, whose walls already rise!
Exclaim'd Æneas, looking on the heights,
And entering veil'd in mist, where, strange to tell,
He mingled with the crowd, unseen of all.
A grove there was, the centre of the town,
Thick-set with trees; where Tyrians dug from earth
(After their landing from the stormy main)
A *noble charger's head,* by Juno shown

For sign of their hereafter, ages long
Of thriving plenty and renown in war. 510
To Juno was the Princess founding here
A temple, rich with offerings; here enshrined
Saturnia stood; on steps a threshold rose
Of brass compact, with brass the beams were join'd,
The portals brazen creaked upon their hinge.
A new surprisal met the Chieftain's view,
Which first his courage rais'd, his fears dispell'd
With comfortable hope of times to come.
For round the spacious temple as he gazed,
The Queen expecting, musing what might be 520
The city's fortune, and the active skill
Of vying artists and their works compared,
He sees depicted Ilium's foughten fields
And the world-famous war, Atrides, Priam,
And stern Achilles, enemy to both:
Oh, look, Achates—weeping he exclaim'd—
What place, what earthly region is not full
Of Ilium's woe? See Priam! Even here
Is virtue honour'd, and the heart of man
For sorrows of humanity can weep: 530
Take comfort: in our fame some safety lies.
He sigh'd; the tears were coursing down his cheek,
As the unreal scene with eyes and soul
He stood devouring; all the various war
Round Pergamus; here Argives in retire,
Charged by the youth of Troy; another way
The Phrygians flee, Pelides, crested chief,
Hangs with insulting chariot on their rear:
The tents of Rhesus nigh, (with grief he knew
Their white pavilions,) in first sleep betray'd 540
To slaughterous Diomed, who, reeking with
His bloody forage, to his camp drives off
The fiery-mettled horses, ere they taste
The grass of Troy or drink Scamander's wave.

There Troilus, unhappy youth, ill-match'd
With great Æacides, by flying steeds
Fast to his empty car is dragg'd supine,
The harness grasping still, his buckler fallen,
Locks trailing on the earth, th' inverted lance
Printing the sand: meanwhile a mournful troop 550
Of suppliant matrons to Minerva's fane
The robe were bearing, with dishevell'd hair,
Smiting their breasts; the Goddess unappeas'd
Her looks averting fixes on the ground:
Thrice had Achilles Ilium's rampart round
The lifeless Hector drawn, the body now
For ransom sells: Æneas groan'd to see
The spoils, the car, the body of his friend,
And Priam stretching his defenceless hands:
Himself among th' Achaian chiefs he mark'd, 560
Arms of the East and swarthy Memnon's power:
Penthesilea to the combat leads
Her moony-shielded Amazons; a belt
Of golden woof th' exerted bosom binds;
She all on fire in thickest of the fray
A maiden champion braves the might of men.
While yet the Dardan Prince with eyes intent
In deep and earnest admiration stood;
Behold, escorted by a numerous guard,
Advances Dido, peerless lovely Queen: 570
As when fair Dian upon Cynthian hills
Or margin of Eurotas leads the choir,
A thousand Oreads in a circle throng
Around her; she with quiver at her back
Steps gracefully, and overpeers them all;
Latona's bosom beats with silent joy:
Such Dido seem'd; thus gaily thro' the crowd
She passes, busied in her royal care
To found a kingdom. At the doorway then
Of the great Goddess, in the vaulted nave, 580

She took her state, a lofty central throne,
Surrounded by a guard; and there she sat
Dispensing law and justice, giving out
By lot or fair division tasks to all:
But sudden as Æneas turn'd his eyes,
Advancing with a concourse to the spot
Sergestus and Cloanthus he beheld,
Antheus and other Teucrians, whom the storm
Had scatter'd over sea to distant shores:
All in a tumult of alarm and joy 590
Achates and himself to grasp of hands
Would fain have rush'd, but wonder holds them back,
Checking their first impatience, and they wait
Curious, encircled by the cloud, to learn
What meant the strange arrival, how their friends
Had sped with fortune, where the navy left:
These from each galley a deputed band
Petitioners had come, and to the fane
Were making clamorous way. Admittance gain'd,
And audience of the Queen, their chief in age 600
Ilioneus his grave address began:
O Princess, unto whom great Jove hath given
To found a city, and ferocious tribes
With justice curb; we wretched sons of Troy,
Windborne o'er every sea, thy grace implore:
Rescue our ships from lamentable fire;
Pity a pious race, and look with favour
On us and on our state; no pirates arm'd
To ravage Libyan hearths, or carry off
Thy plunder to the coast: a vanquish'd people, 610
We have no stomach to do scath and wrong.
A place there is which Greeks Hesperia call,
An ancient land, redoubtable in arms,
Fertile of soil: Œnotrians held it once:
But later tribes ('tis rumour'd) from their chief
Italia name it now. We thither bound,

Orion o'er the deep tempestuous rose,
The swelling surge got mastery, and us
The sport of wind and wave dispersing wide
On craggy rocks and hidden shallows drove: 620
A few with pain have struggled to your shores:
But what inhospitable race is this?
Whose country that permits such cruelty?
Coast-shelter they deny us, levy war
To drive us from the borders of the land.
If men and mortal powers ye disregard,
Fear retribution from the righteous Gods.
A prince was ours, Æneas, whom no man
In piety surpass'd, in prowess none
And discipline of war; whom if the fates 630
Yet suffer this terrestrial air to breathe,
Not sunk to nether shades, no fear on him
The merit of thy bounty will be lost.
Cities and lands in Sicily have we,
And Trojan-born Acestes, our ally.
Let us but haul ashore our shatter'd fleet,
And in thy forests cut our planks and oars;
That, if a course to Italy the Gods
Our Prince and friends restoring shall allow,
For Italy and Latium we may sail; 640
But if that hope is lost, if Libya's wave
Thee, noble Teucrian Father, has devour'd,
Iulus perish'd, we may hence return
To king Acestes and Sicanian coasts,
A home prepared to welcome us again.
He spake; the Dardans murmur'd their assent;
The Queen with downcast look in few replied:
Fear nought, ye Teucrians; set your hearts at rest;
The troubles which beset our infant reign
Compel us to provide defensive means, 650
And guard our frontiers wide. Who hath not heard
Of Ilium's city and th' Ænean race,

Their valour, and the flames of that dread war?
Not so obtuse of soul the Tyrians deem;
Not so remote from us the Sun-god yokes
His flaming chariot. Whether ye desire
Hesperia, Saturn's kingdom, or to lands
Of Eryx and Acestes to return;
I will dismiss ye safe, with aid supplied:
Or would ye rather in this kingdom here 660
Abide with us, the city which I build
Is yours: upon my shore your gallies draw:
Trojan and Tyrian are the same to me.
Would that your king Æneas had been here
Cast by the wind with you. But I will send
My people round the coasts, with special charge
Th' extremities of Afric to explore,
If wreck'd he wander in our woods or towns.
Cheer'd by these words, Achates and the Prince
Were all the while impatient to break through 670
Their airy cloud: Achates whispered him:
How now? What purpose rises to thy thought?
All safe thou findest, fleet and friends return'd,
Save one, whom swallow'd in the gulf we saw;
The rest responding to thy Mother's tale.
Scarce had he spoken, when the cloudy fold
Divides, and in clear ether melts away.
Æneas full in open daylight shone,
Godlike in face and form; upon his locks
A grace his Mother shed, a ray of youth 680
And beamy gladness kindled in his eyes:
Thus ivory shines with artificial hue,
Silver or Parian stone enchased in gold.
He then surprising all address'd the Queen:
The man ye seek am I, Dardania's chief,
Æneas, rescued from the Libyan wave:
O Princess, who alone compassionat'st
Much injured Troy, who with her outcast sons,

Remnant of Argive war, on land and sea
Worn out by all varieties of toil, 690
Deignest thy city and thy home to share:
Meet thanks, most generous Dido, unto thee
Nor I, nor all that scatter'd o'er the earth
Remains of Dardan progeny, could pay.
If Powers there be who pious men regard,
If aught of justice lives, thy recompense
Gods and an upright conscience shall bestow.
Oh, fortunate the land that gave thee birth,
Happy the parents of so blest a child!
While rivers flow to sea, while shades glide round 700
The mountain-tops, while ether feeds the stars,
Thy name, thy praise, thy glory shall endure,
Where'er my doom be cast. Thus far the Chief;
And either hand outstretching, with the one
His friend Serestus, with the other grasp'd
Ilioneus, then greeting all the rest,
Brave Gyas, brave Cloanthus he embraced.
Sidonian Dido on the Chieftain gazed,
Aw'd by his presence, touch'd by his distress:
Son of a Goddess—thus at length she spake: 710
What persecution of malignant power
Afflicts thee, wreck'd upon a savage coast?
Art thou the hero whom in Dardan land
Fair Cytherea to Anchises bore
Beside the stream of Simois? I remember,
When Teucer from his native soil expell'd
To Sidon came, a foreign home to seek,
My father Belus aided him; who then
Was ravaging the wealthy Cyprian isle,
Reducing it by conquest to his power. 720
From that time forth Troy's ruinous mishap,
Thy name, Æneas, and the Argive kings
To me familiar grew. Thy foe himself
Extoll'd the Teucrians with a lavish praise,

And boasted kindred with their ancient line.
But come, brave strangers, enter my abode.
Me thro' distressful hardship like yourselves
Did Fortune bring at last to settle here.
Myself a sufferer, I can pity woe.
So saying, to the palace she conducts 730
Æneas, and proclaims a festival:
For his companions to the port she sends
Beeves twenty, hundred backs of bristly boars,
And sheep a hundred with their fatted young,
Forgetting not the Wine-god's mirthful cheer.
Meanwhile th' interior dome with regal pomp
They decorate, and in the middle hall
The banquet furnish: coverings richly wrought
With purple shine magnificent; the silver
Stands massy on the board, and carv'd in gold 740
The glories of a warlike ancestry,
A long succession of heroic deeds
From the first founder of the nation drawn.
Æneas, whom paternal love to rest
Permits not, sends Achates to the ships
With tidings how they sped, and trusty charge
To lead Ascanius to the palace hall:
All his fond care is on Ascanius bent:
Presents withal, from flames of Ilium saved,
Commanded he to bring; a purfled pall 750
Glistering with golden wire, a netted scarf
With saffron border of acanthus trimm'd,
Attire of Argive Helena, which she,
For Troy and lawless nuptials when she sail'd,
From Sparta brought, her Mother Leda's gift;
A sceptre which Ilione of old,
The eldest daughter of king Priam, bore;
A necklace strung with pearls, a coronet
With gold and precious jewels double-ring'd:
Instructed thus, with all expedient haste 760

Achates to the harbour urged his way.
But Venus in her wily bosom casts
A new device, that Cupid should appear
In semblance of Iulus; he those gauds
Presenting Dido's fancy should inflame,
Till to her bones a burning passion clung.
The Tyrian race, so fickle, double-tongued,
Had woke mistrust; fell Juno tortured her,
All the night long recurring to her fears:
And thus spake Venus to her winged Son: 770
Child, in whom all my potency resides,
Child, who alone defiest th' Olympian King
And his Typhœan thunders; I to thee
A suppliant come, thy Godhead to implore.
The woes of our Æneas, tempest-driven
From shore to shore by Juno's rage malign,
Long hast thou known, and often mourn'd with me:
Him now Phœnician Dido entertains
With well beseeming courtesies; but how
Junonian hospitality may end 780
I much misdoubt, right sure, Saturnia's craft
Will not be idle at this hinge of time.
Her to forestall I meditate, the Queen
With such a fire of passion to assail,
That for Æneas she shall know a love
Past any power to cure, and strong as mine.
How this may be perform'd, receive from me:
To-day the princely Boy, my darling care,
To Carthage at his father's call will go,
Bearing some gifts from fire and shipwreck saved: 790
Him wrapt in slumber to Idalian groves
Or high Cythera's hill will I convey,
Lest he the plot discover or impede:
Thou for one night become his counterfeit;
A boy's familiar looks a boy assume;
And when Elisa ravish'd with delight

Amid the feasting and the flow of wine
Shall take thee to her lap, caressing thee
With kisses warm and fond, do thou in her
A secret fire and subtle poison breathe. 800
  Love at the bidding of his Mother dear
Puts off his wings, and gaily trips along
The very figure of Ascanius :
While she upon the Prince's youthful limbs
Pours dew of balmy sleep, and in her lap
Lifting him gently carries to a bower
Of Idaly, where him with pleasant shade
Sweet-flowering soft amaracus enfolds :
Away went Cupid, by his Mother school'd,
And nothing loth her lesson to perform 810
The gifts to Carthage with Achates bore :
On whose arrival Dido was in state
Recumbent on a regal chair of gold
O'erhung with gorgeous tapestries : anon
The Trojan lords assemble to the feast,
And press the bedded purple ; serving-men
With ewer and with napkin shaven smooth
And cereal store in canisters attend ;
Handmaidens fifty ply their tasks within,
To order all the banquet's long array 820
And burn sweet incense to the household Gods ;
Hundred of either sex and equal age
The boards with dishes load, the cups arrange.
Phœnicians flocking to the festive hall
In bidden rank their broider'd couches fill,
Admire th' Ænean gifts, admire the Prince,
The God's bright-flashing eyes and fraudful words,
The pall, the scarf with saffron berries trimm'd :
But chief th' unhappy Queen, to future bale
Devoted, full of wonder at the view, 830
Now on the gifts with greedy pleasure pores,
Now gazes on the Boy, who hanging first

About the neck of his pretended Sire,
And homage as of filial duty paying,
Sought Dido; she on him her eyes, her soul
Bent fervently, and ever and anon
Fondling him on her bosom, little thought
How great a God was plotting mischief there.
That Imp of Venus, true to her command,
Begins by stealth Sichæus to efface, 840
Assays to occupy with living love
A heart long since grown passionless and cold.
When the repast was done and meats removed,
They set tall beakers up, and crown the wine:
A noise of revel in the chamber rose,
And voices rolling thro' the vaulted rooms
Resounded; lamps from golden ceilings hang,
And cressets blazing clear turn night to day:
The Princess for an ancient goblet call'd,
(To Belus it belong'd and all his race,) 850
Massy with gems and gold; wherein she pour'd
The ruby draught, and silence was proclaim'd:
Vouchsafe to hear me, Jupiter; sith laws
Of hospitable troth were framed by thee,
Be this to Trojans and to Tyrians both
A day of gladness, ne'er to be forgot
By our posterity; your blessings here
Mirth-giving Bacchus and Saturnia lend,
And ye, the meeting honour, lords of Tyre.
Thus Dido spake, and on the table spill'd 860
A first libation; raising to her lip
She gently sipp'd the bowl, to Bitias then
With challenge gave it; eagerly the cup
He drain'd, he swill'd him with the brimming gold;
To other peers it pass'd: the long-hair'd bard
Iopas to his golden cithar tuned
The lore which Atlas taught; of changing moons,
And of the sun's eclipse, and whence was life

In men and beasts inspired; of lightning, storm,
Arcturus and the Northern Wagoner, 870
And rainy Hyads; why the winter suns
In ocean haste to dip, and what delay
Retards the summer night: the minstrel sings;
Phœnicians, Trojans, in applauses vie:
Th' unhappy Queen with divers long discourse
Spun out the night, and deeply drank of love:
Of Hector much she ask'd and Priam too,
About the arms which Æthiop Memnon wore,
The stature of Achilles, and the steeds
Of valiant Diomed. But come, my guest, 880
From the beginning tell me all—she said—
The stratagems of Greece, thy country's fall,
And thine own wanderings; thou o'er land and wave
Seven summers now around the earth hast roam'd.

ÆNEID II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas relates how the city of Troy, after a ten years' siege, was taken by the stratagem of the wooden horse. The sacking of the town at midnight, and all the attendant horrors, are the subject of a description, which has perhaps never been equalled. The hero himself, after making valiant efforts in defence of his country, is admonished by his parent Venus, that the doom of Troy is sealed. She shows him a vision of the adverse Deities assisting in its destruction, and then urges him to fly with his family and household Gods, and seek his home in another country. He takes his Father Anchises on his shoulders, and sets out with his Son Iulus and Wife Creusa, after appointing a place of rendezvous for his servants. On the way he loses Creusa, and returns to look for her, but is informed by an apparition of her ghost, that she is separated from him by the will of Heaven, and that he must seek a new kingdom and bride in Italy. He then rejoins his Father, and finds a great confluence of Trojans of both sexes, who had fled from the burning city, and were prepared to follow him and his fortunes.

Hush'd were all tongues, each look attentive turn'd,
As from his lofty couch the Dardan spake:
O Princess, woes thou biddest me renew
Unspeakable, the power and wealth of Troy
By Argives whelm'd in ruin, doleful scenes,
The which myself I witness'd, and wherein
A signal part I bore. Such piteous tale
What Myrmidon, what soldier from the camp
Of Pyrrhus or relentless Ithacus
Could without weeping tell? And now from heaven 10
The humid night falls fast, and setting stars
Invite to rest: yet if so earnestly

Thou crav'st the brief recital of our woe
And Ilium's dying struggle, tho' my heart
Shrinks with a pang and shudders at the thought,
I will begin. The chiefs of Argolis,
Exhausted by revolving years of war,
Baffled by fates, with aid of Pallas build
A horse of mountain-bulk, the ribs of pine
Compacting strong; an offering for return 20
Proclaim it, and the fiction rumour wide:
But secretly within the hollow womb
A sorted band of warriors they conceal,
With iron entrails cram the cavern huge.
In sight is Tenedos, an island rich
And known to fame, while Priam's kingdom stood,
Now but a bay and roadstead insecure:
Thus far they sail'd, and on the desert strand
In ambush held their power; we o'er the main
To Argos thought them gone. All Teucria then 30
Casts off the long oppression of her grief;
The gates are open'd; out with glee we go,
To view the Dorian camp, the empty plain
And coast forsaken. Here Dolopians used
To pitch their tents, and there the fierce Achilles;
Here was the fleet and there the battle-field:
Some on the dire Palladian structure gaze,
The giant-horse admiring: first Thymœtes
Advised within the ramparts it be drawn
Up to the highmost tower, or prompted he 40
By malice, or impell'd by fates of Troy:
But Capys and the better minded part
Exhort us headlong in the sea to cast
A Greek device insidious and suspect,
Or smother it with flames, or bore it open
And give the secret cavities to view.
While divers thoughts distract the giddy crowd,
Down from the citadel with ardour rush'd

Laocoon, follow'd by a numerous train :
What madness, wretched men ! from far he cried : 50
Think ye the foes are gone ? Imagine ye
That aught is harmless proffer'd by a Greek ?
Is thus Ulysses known ? Or in this wood
Achaians are conceal'd, or it may be
A storming engine, framed to overlook
The houses, ruin on the town to hurl ;
Some stratagem, be sure : my countrymen,
Beware ye of the horse ! whate'er it be,
I fear the Argives, tho' a gift they bring.
He said, and at the bellied monster threw 60
A ponderous lance, that fell with forceful dint
Smiting the roundure of the jointed side,
And quivering hung, while trembling at the shock
The deep recesses gave a hollow groan :
And, but for blindness or some fatal power,
His counsel had prevail'd, to pierce with steel
Th' Achaian ambuscade, and thou, O Troy,
And Priam's tower'd heights had stood till now.
Meantime some Dardan shepherds to the king
With noisy shouts a captive stranger brought, 70
His hands behind him bound ; who in the way
Had thrown him by design, this very scheme
Of Troy's betrayal casting to achieve,
With daring hardiment, alike prepared
To speed his treason or abide his doom :
A swarm of Trojans gathering on all sides
Press to behold him and to mock his grief.
Now hear a tale of treachery, and from one
Judge all the Argive race. Before the crowd
In helpless consternation there he stood, 80
And stared around : Alas, what land, what ocean
Receives a wretched thrall ? what doom awaits me ?
Outcast from all the Greeks ! and Trojans too
Thirst for my blood, their vengeance to appease !

As groaning thus he cried, our hearts were turn'd,
Our angry feelings check'd: we bade him tell
What countryman he was, what news he brought,
What good assurance of a captive's faith:
He thus encouraged without fear began:
O king, from thee no truth will I conceal; 90
And first my Argive lineage I avow;
Fortune may shower her plagues on Sinon's head,
But never shall corrupt his soul to falsehood.
If ever to your ears the name hath come
Of Palamedes and his high renown;
(Whose ancestor was Belus; false accused
By wicked slander of a treasonous crime,
The Greeks, because he deprecated war,
To death condemn'd him; now his loss they mourn;)
His kinsman, his companion to these wars, 100
Sent by my humble Sire, a youth I came:
Whilst he his sceptre well and wisely sway'd,
Not without honour and repute was I;
But when the arts of Ithacus malign
(Arts now notorious) his destruction wrought,
In darkness and in grief I dragg'd my days,
And for my friend's unmerited mishap
Wrathful repined; nor held my peace, rash man,
But, should occasion offer, if to Greece
I e'er return'd a victor, vow'd revenge. 110
My words, provoking rancorous despite,
Begat my future bane: from that time forth
Ulysses never ceas'd with some new charge
To fright me, and to scatter thro' the host
Ambiguous hints, his guilty consciousness
Plotting offence; nor rested he, until
By ministry of Calchas—but why thus
Recount I things ye little reck to learn?
What needs delay? if all alike ye deem
The Argives, and that title is enough, 120

Slay me at once; Ulysses will rejoice,
And sons of Atreus thank ye for the deed.
  Then burn'd we all the history to know,
And little guess'd the depth of Grecian guile:
He trembling his mendacious tale pursued:
Th' Achaians oft desired from Troy to flee,
And make their quittance of a tedious war;
And oh that they had sail'd! But each attempt
Was baffled by the fear of stormy seas
And blustering Auster: lastly, when this horse 130
Had rear'd the texture of his maple beams,
With fearful thunder all the welkin roar'd:
Perplext we send Eurypilus to pray
For counsel of Apollo's holy fane,
From which this dismal oracle he brought:
Ye slew a virgin, Argives, and appeas'd
The winds with blood, for Ilium when ye sail'd;
Blood-sacrifice must purchase your return,
An Argive life propitiate the Gods:
His words thro' all the army struck dismay; 140
A chilly horror thrill'd them to the bone:
Whose life was ask'd? and whom could Phœbus mean?
In this their fright, Ulysses with much noise
Dragg'd Calchas in the midst, and bade him tell
The meaning of the God; and many now
Presaged my imminent peril, look'd that I
Should in foul practice of the miscreant fall.
For twice five days the Seer dissembling deep
Kept silence, and refused on any man
To speak the sentence, till by clamours urged 150
Of dire Ulysses his collusive tongue
The word at length pronounces, to the knife
Devoting me. The general voice approved;
Well pleas'd were all to find the dreaded blow
On one poor wretch diverted from themselves.
The fatal day arrived; th' accustom'd rites,

Salt meal and fillet-garlands were prepared;
I own, I brake my bonds, escaped from death,
And in a marshy lake among the weeds
Lay hidden all night long, until the fleet 160
Should haply spread her sail. And now have I
No hope to see again my ancient home,
My sire and children dear, on whom the Greeks
Incens'd at my escape will wreak revenge,
Perchance their lives the forfeit take for mine.
But I conjure thee by the Gods of heaven,
By all the Powers intelligent of truth,
By whatsoe'er remains among mankind
Of faith inviolate, pity these my sorrows,
Pity a man so barbarously wrong'd. 170
We melted into pity grant him life,
And straight his gyves and fetters to be loos'd
Priam commands; and—Whosoe'er thou be—
Kindly he saith—from this time forth forget
The lost Achaians; ours art thou become:
But answer what I ask, and tell me true:
Why have they made this monster of a horse?
By whose contrivance and with what design?
For service of religion or of war?
Thus Priam spake, and Sinon, tutor'd well 180
In Argive artifice, his unchain'd hands
Lifting to heaven—Eternal fires—he cried—
To your inviolable Deity,
To you, ye holy altars, I appeal;
Ye swords, whose edge nefarious I escaped,
Ye fillets which a sacrifice I wore;
Bear witness, I am free to break the ties
Which bound me once to Argos, free those men
To execrate, disclose their hidden schemes,
Renounce allegiance to my native land. 190
Thou only by thy promises abide,
Preserv'd thyself, O Troy, preserve thy faith,

If truth I tell and large requital bring.
  All hopeful promise of successful war
The Greeks from tutelage of Pallas drew:
But since that artful schemer, Ithacus,
And sacrilegious Diomed broke ope,
For plunder of the fatal effigy,
The fortress of her temple, slew the guards,
The dread Palladium seiz'd, with bloody hands 200
Daring the virgin fillets to profane,
From that time 'gan the tide of Argive hope
To retrograde, their courage to abate,
Tritonia's gracious looks were turn'd away;
Whereof by no indubitable signs
Warning she gave: no sooner in the camp
Was placed her image, than coruscous flame
Shot from her staring eyes, a briny sweat
Moisten'd her limbs, thrice (wondrous) from the earth
She leapt with shield in hand and quivering lance: 210
The voice of Calchas was for instant flight
Imperative: Troy never would be ta'en
By Grecian arms, 'less omens were renew'd
At Argos, and the auspices brought back,
Wherewith our parting gallies cross'd the main.
And now that for Mycenæ they have sail'd,
Arms and attendant Gods the host prepare,
And hither unexpected will return:
So Calchas hath interpreted the signs:
But for the stolen Palladium, to appease 220
Th' offended Goddess and atone their crime,
This image by monition they have built
Of Calchas, who the wooden fabric huge
Thus heaven-high commanded them to raise,
Lest in the city thro' the portals drawn
Ye might by presence of a mystic power
Be guarded, as of old: for, should your hands
Do any outrage to Minerva's gift,

To Priam and the Phrygians he foretold
Destruction; (on his boding head I pray 230
The ban be turn'd;) but into Pergamus
If ye should raise it, then would Asia's might
'Gainst walls of Pelops lead aggressive war,
And the like fate on our descendants fall.
By such a web of perjury and guile
Did Sinon win belief; and thus ensnared
By treachery, overcome by tears were we,
Whom Diomed nor great Larissa's Chief,
Ten years nor thousand gallies could subdue.
But now a stranger and more fearful sight 240
Th' insensate thoughtless populace confounds:
Laocoon, for priest of Neptune chosen,
Was immolating at the altar-side
A stately bull, when lo, from Tenedos
A pair of snakes voluminous and vast
(I shudder to relate) the stilly deep
Came swimming over, and with even pace
Prest for the shore, their fronts above the wave
Uplift, and sanguine crests erected high;
Their hinder parts redundant swept the main 250
In spiry orbs; the beaten waters foam'd;
And soon they reach'd the land, their eyes suffused
With fire and blood, with hissing forky tongues
Licking their mouths; we scatter'd at the sight
With terror pale; they toward Laocoon straight
Advancing, either serpent fasten'd round
His little children twain, with deadly fangs
Tearing their tender limbs; the father next,
Who hasten'd up with succour and with arms,
They seize, they bind him in their tortuous grasp, 260
Twice round the middle, twice about the neck
Twining their scaly backs, above him rear
Their heads exultant; he with desperate hands
Struggles the knots to rend, (his wreaths distain'd

With gore and filthy venom), all the while
With outcries horrible rifting the sky:
As when a wounded bull hath 'scaped the altar
And shaken from his throat the errant axe,
Thus bellow'd he; the serpents gliding off
Up to the summit of our citadel 270
And fane of cruel Pallas made their way,
There crouch'd beneath her feet and orbed shield.
Thro' every Trojan heart crept new dismay;
'Twas retribution just, the whisper ran;
'Twas he, Laocoon, that hurl'd the spear
And did foul outrage to the sacred wood:
The statue to the city! lead it on!
Appease the Goddess! all the people cried:
We in the walled heights of Pergamus
An opening made; each hand assistance lends; 280
The feet were underlaid with rolling wheels;
About the neck was cast a hempen twine;
The fatal engine o'er the rampart climbs
Pregnant with arms; boys, maidens, all around
Chant anthems, and rejoice to touch the cord;
Thro' at the breach it passes, threatening glides
Into the middle centre of the town.
Alas, my country! Ilium, home of Gods!
Illustrious Dardan bulwarks! Thrice it stopt
Upon the very threshold of our gates; 290
Thrice the arm'd cavern gave an iron sound:
We without heed press on, we madly blind
Fix the fell monster in our holy tower:
Cassandra's voice was open'd to the fates,
Ever too true, yet ever unbelieved:
Such was the curse divine! Throughout all Troy
A people doom'd no morrow to behold
With festal wreaths their sanctuaries crown.
Meanwhile the heavens in revolution roll'd;
Night sinks to ocean, in her depth of shade 300

Enwrapping earth and sky and Grecian wiles:
The Trojans in their city all dispers'd
Lay weary, hush'd to sleep; th' Achaian host
From Tenedos their well appointed fleet
Under the friendly silence of a moon
Bore to the well-known beach; the royal ship
Had rais'd her fire; then Sinon (cruel fates
For this reserv'd him) stealthily unlock'd
The piny closure of the prison'd Greeks,
The horse unbarr'd restores them to the light; 310
Forth gladly from their wooden cavity
Issue the Chiefs; Tisander, Sthenelus,
And dire Ulysses by a sliding rope,
With Pyrrhus, Thoas, Athamas descend;
Machaon (he the first), and Menelaus,
And architect Epeus of the fraud:
They, buried as it lies in wine and sleep,
Invade the city, poniard at their post
The sentries, and admit thro' open gates
A host of comrades and associate power. 320
'Twas the first hour of rest, when gentle sleep
Over the weariness of mortal men
By heaven's kind bounty steals: before me seem'd
The form of Hector in a dream to rise,
Most sorrowful, and shedding copious tears;
In such a state as erst when chariot-steeds
Dragg'd him along defiled with gory dust,
His feet all swoln and perforate with thongs;
Alas! how sadly from that Hector changed,
Who clad in Achillean spoils came home, 330
Or Phrygian fire at Argive gallies threw!
With grisly beard and bloody clotted hair,
And gash'd with many a wound, which round Troy-walls
The brave man earn'd. Methought that I in tears
Accosted him with melancholy words:
Thou light of Ilium, surest hope of Troy,

Where hast thou tarried, Hector; from what land
Returnest, look'd for long? thy weary friends
After such deadly losses in the field,
Such sufferings of their people and their home, 340
Again thou greetest! What unworthy cause
Deforms thy placid brow? What wounds are these?
Nought answer'd he, nor heeded questions vain,
But sighing from the bottom of his heart—
Fly, Goddess-born!—he said—fly! save thee from
A burning town! the enemy hath seized
Our ramparts; Ilium totters to her fall:
Enough for Troy and Priam hath been done:
If mortal arm our country could have saved,
Mine own had saved her. She commits to thee 350
Her sacred relics and her guardian Gods:
Let these thy fates accompany; with them
Seek out the walled home, which thou at last
After long travel o'er the sea shalt raise.
Thus Hector spake, then ceasing, in his hands
Brought from our inmost shrine the fillets forth,
Great Vesta's image and eternal fire.
  Meanwhile a vast miscellany of woe
Was thro' the city spread; and more and more,
Altho' my father's dwelling was retired, 360
Fenced in with trees, the hideous din of arms
In horror gather'd round: I start from sleep,
Climb the housetop, and on the summit stand
With listening ears: as when a breezy flame
Devours the bladed corn, or mountain-floods
Pour inundation o'er a cultured plain,
Labours of oxen, field and forest's growth
In ruin sweep, some shepherd in amaze
Stands on a rocky height, and hears the sound.
Then all the truth was manifest, reveal'd 370
The wiles of Argos: down, a smoking ruin,
Fell the broad mansion of Deiphobus;

Ucalegon the neighbour was in flames;
Sigæan friths became a sheet of fire;
The noise of men and trumpet's clangor rose;
I took my arms distractedly, for help
In arms was none; to muster friendly power
With effort bold th' acropolis to gain,
Rage prompted me, and fury drove me on;
'Twas in my thought a glorious death to die: 380
Just then, escaped from weapons of the Greeks,
Came Pantheus flying, son of Otreus he,
Apollo's priest and guardian of the tower;
Our sacred utensils and unshrined Gods
Bearing in hand, and dragging after him
A little grandson, to my gates he ran
With frantic speed: O Pantheus, how—I cried—
Stands our main hope? what post shall we defend?
Ere I had ceas'd, he answer'd with a groan:
Our last inevitable hour is come; 390
Dardania, Troy and Trojans are no more;
Perish'd the glories of the Teucrian race;
To Argos all hath Jupiter transferr'd;
Pelasgians triumph in a burning town:
The Horse erect upon our central height
Diswombs an armed host; insulting Sinon
Scatters victorious flame; the folded gates
Are throng'd by thousands, more than ever came
From great Mycenæ; sworded slaughter-men
With blades in fiercest opposition drawn 400
Blockade the narrow passes of our streets;
The foremost watch but faint resistance make
By terror and by darkness overpower'd.
I at these words and with impulse divine
Hurry to fire and arms, where fell Erinnys,
Where shouts and heaven-rending clamour call:
Old Iphitus and Ripheus, welcome friends,
The moonlight brought us; Hypanis and Dymas

And young Corœbus gather to our side;
(Corœbus in those days had come to Troy 410
Mad with Cassandra's love, auxiliar force
To father Priam and the Phrygians led,
What his betrothed's prophetic fury warn'd
Unheeding, hapless man:) my little troop
For action burn'd, and I addrest them thus:
Ye noble hearts, intrepid, but in vain,
If ye are firm resolv'd to follow one
Who dares to try the last, ye see our fortune;
The Deities by whom this empire stood
Their altars have abandon'd, left their shrines; 420
The town ye come to succour is in flames;
Then let us rush to battle and to death;
The vanquish'd have no safety but despair.
The courage of my comrades thus inflamed,
Like belly-pinched wolves, whom greedy rage
Out from their dens in foggy mist hath driven,
While cubs with parched jaws expect them home,
We thro' the city amid foes and arms
Rush blindly to indubitable death;
The hollow shades of night were flitting round. 430
That night's destructive carnage who can tell,
Or match with tears the anguish of the time?
An old metropolis of empire falls;
Streets, houses, holy precincts of the Gods
Are strewn with carrion men; nor flow'd the life
From only Teucrian veins; the vanquish'd oft
Renew their courage, and the victors bleed;
On every side affliction and dismay,
Death in all shapes, and thousand horrors throng.
First with a band of Argives on our path 440
Androgeus lights, mistaking us for friends,
And greeting thus familiar: Haste, men, haste:
What laziness hath made ye lag behind?
Troy is on fire, and others have begun

To sack and plunder; from the ships are ye
Come only now?—He said, and all at once
(For no assuring answer was return'd)
Saw he had slipt among the enemy;
His tongue he check'd and back in terror drew;
As one that on a serpent in the brake 450
Unwares hath trodden, then with sudden fear
Starts backward, as the reptile's azure neck
Swells up in anger rising; even so
Androgeus at the sight of us recoil'd;
Too late; for on his followers, flank and rear,
We pour'd, and all in ignorance of the place,
In panic where they stood, we cut them down:
Our first adventure thus did Fortune aid:
Friends—cried Corœbus, bolden'd by success—
Come, follow we our vantage, use the means 460
Which Fortune sets before us for our safety;
Shields let us change, and Grecian ensigns wear;
Valour or guile, who questions in a foe?
These men will furnish arms.—Himself he took
Androgeus' plumed casque and figur'd shield,
And fasten'd to his side an Argive sword;
The same did Ripheus, Dymas, and the rest,
Arming them nimbly with the recent spoils.
Under false colours in the glimmering dusk
We mixt with Argive crowds, and joining battle 470
Did murderous execution, multitudes
Despatch'd to Orcus or dispers'd in flight;
Some to the fleet and shore for refuge run,
Some craven-like remount the monster Horse,
In the old covert bury them: alas!
All trust is idle, if the Gods oppose:
Lo, with loose tresses from Minerva's dome
Was dragg'd Cassandra, Priameian maid,
Casting in vain her ardent eyes to heaven,
Her eyes, for bonds constrain'd her tender palms; 480

Corœbus, madden'd at the sight, his life
To sell for vengeance on the captors flew;
We charged in close-knit phalanx after him;
But here our main discomfiture began,
First by our friends, who from the temple's top
Shower'd missiles and a woful carnage made,
Misled by our disguise and Argive plumes;
Anon th' Achaians with a general groan,
Assembling to retake the rescued maid,
Assail us, fiercest Ajax, both the sons 490
Of Atreus, and the whole Dolopian troop:
As oft when adverse winds abrupt in storm
Encounter, Zephyrus and Auster swift,
And Eurus charioting with eastern steeds;
Woods roar, and Nereus foaming with his mace
Upturns the vast abysses of the sea:
Those too whom in the darkness we surprised
Rally again, perceive our borrow'd arms,
Our voices mark and dissonance of tongue:
Us numbers overwhelm; Corœbus first 500
Before Tritonia's altar yields his life
To Peneleus; and Ripheus bites the ground,
Of Teucrian men the justest, and of right
The most observant, yet by heavenly Powers
Uncared for: Dymas, Hypanis were pierced
By friendly darts; nor Pantheus from his fate
Apollo's wreath nor innocence could save.
Ye flames and ashes of expiring Troy,
Oh, bear me witness, in your fatal hour
No spear, no peril of the Greek I shunn'd; 510
And death, had so my destinies ordain'd,
My deeds had merited. Away from thence
With Iphitus and Pelias I was torn;
Iphitus weak from age, and Pelias hurt
By steel of Ithacus: anon loud cries
To Priam's palace call'd us: there we found

A most appalling strife, as in all Troy
Carnage or combat elsewhere had been none;
Siege obstinate and dreadful; in assault
Pelasgians rushing, with a buckler-shell 520
The gates blockaded, ladders to the wall
Made fast, and scaling parties on the steps
Under the very gates; to weapons they
Oppose the broad circumference of shields,
With right hands clench the parapet: above
Were Dardan brave defenders, tearing off
Tower, roof, and pinnacle, a last resource
In their extreme of peril and distress,
Gold-fretted beams, adornments of their sires,
Down rolling; others in a solid mass 530
Stood with drawn swords the portal's base to guard.
I with new impulse hasten to defend
The royal house, and reinforce with aid
My fainting countrymen. A porch there was
And secret postern door, which to and fro
The chambers of the king a passage gave;
'Twas all unguarded now: by this full oft
In Ilium's happier days Andromache
Would visit unattended by her maids
The royal pair, and to his grandsire lead 540
Astyanax her boy: I enter'd straight,
And gain'd the loftiest height, whence Trojan hands
Their helpless feeble darts were pouring still:
A tower that perpendicularly rose
In middle air, from which might Ilium's town,
Achaia's fleet and Doric tents be view'd,
Where the compacture of the highmost story
Was most assailable, with blows of steel
We loosen'd from the lofty pediment,
We shook, we push'd amain, and toppled over; 550
All on a sudden with a crash it came
Wide on the masses of Pelasgians falling;

But others took their place, nor ceas'd to fly
A medley jaculation, dart and stone.
Near in the forepart of the vestibule
Was Pyrrhus, in his armour's brazen gleam
Exulting; like a serpent venom-fed,
That after burial under wintry ground
Casts off the sloughy skin, and darting forth
In sleekness of resuscitated youth 560
Breast upright on a base of writhing folds
Rears to the light, and triple-cloven tongue:
Stout Periphas beside him, and the squire
Who bore his arms, his father's charioteer,
Automedon, and all the Scyrian host,
March boldly up, and fling aloft their brands;
The chief in front with battleaxe's might
Shatter'd the stubborn lintel, brazen posts
Tore from their hinge, the solid timber'd beam
Cleft sheer, and made a window gaping wide 570
Into the court within; then all in view
Palace and lofty galleries were disclosed,
Chambers of Priam and our ancient kings;
Before the nearest threshold they descry
The royal station'd guard: th' interior dome
Was all confusion, anguish and lament;
With female shrieks the hollow mansion rings;
Cries reach the golden stars: along wide halls
Affrighted matrons wander, with embrace
Cling to the doors, and kiss them in despair: 580
Pyrrhus with Achillean force comes on,
Nor him can bolts nor garrison resist;
Redoubled batteries thunder at the gate,
It yields; unhinged posts can stand no longer;
An army of besiegers at the breach
Make forceful inroad, butchering whom they meet;
The avenues are choked with soldiery:
Less violent, when rivers overleap

Their continents, and throw down barrier-moles,
Wild waters plunge in heaps, o'er field and plain 590
Scattering stalls and herds. I saw myself
The slaughter-madden'd Neoptolemus
And sons of Atreus at the portal both,
Queen Hecuba with hundred Princesses,
And Priam staining with his best of blood
The altar which his own devotion rais'd:
Those doors emblazon'd with barbaric spoils,
Those fifty nuptial chambers, hope erewhile
Of lasting lineage, in destruction lay;
Achaians fill each interval of flame. 600
Perchance ye would enquire of Priam's fate:
He, when the conquest of his capital,
The bulwarks of his dwelling beaten down,
Th' irruption of the spoiler he beheld,
To shoulders weak and tremulous adjusts
His long-disused arms, forlorn old man,
Girds on a useless falchion, faring forth
To meet the brunt of battle and to die.
There stood an altar in the middle court
Under the open skies, a stately pile, 610
And over it an ancient laurel grew,
The household Gods encompassing with shade;
There Hecuba, there all the royal dames,
Like doves that flock for shelter from a storm,
Were crowded close; about the altar fondly
Clasping the guardian images they sat;
But when the Queen saw Priam harness'd thus
In youthful panoply—Alas—cried she—
My wretched consort, whither art thou bent?
And wherefore in caparison of war? 620
Oh madness! not such help the season needs,
Nor no such championship; 'twere all too late,
Tho' even were my Hector present now:
Here take thy stand; this hearth shall unto all

Protection give, or thou shalt die with us:
Back to her side she took the aged King,
And made him sit upon the hallow'd stone:
Lo what befel. Fast bleeding from the sword
Of Pyrrhus, flying thro' a swarm of foes,
A son of Priam, young Polites came, 630
Hard for his life along the corridors
And empty cloisters ran; in his pursuit
The deadly Pyrrhus, close and closer yet
Threatening with hand and spear, to seize or strike;
Just as the son had reach'd his father's view,
He fell, his lifeblood shedding on the ground;
Then Priam in the very toils of death
Refrain'd not, but in anguish wrathful cried:
Oh, may the Gods (if pitiful regard
Yet lives in heaven) for this atrocious deed 640
With measure fit and full reguerdon thee,
Who my son's death hast forced me to behold,
And outraged these paternal eyes with slaughter.
Not thus did e'en Achilles, whom for sire
Thou falsely claimest, treat the hostile King,
But honouring justice and a suppliant's right
Restored my Hector's body for a tomb,
And sent me back unharm'd to Pergamus:
He said, and at the youth a javelin threw,
Too feeble for a stroke, which hardly reach'd 650
The tinkling brass, and instantly repell'd
Hung on the bossy margin of the shield:
Go, speed thee hence—Neoptolemus replied—
And bear from me a message to Achilles;
Remember of my sad misdeeds to tell,
And how degenerate a son am I;
Now perish! At the word, old Priam trembling
And sliding in the Prince's plash of blood
Up to the hearth he dragg'd, with left hand grasp'd
The Monarch's hair, and drawing from the sheath 660

A glittering falchion plunged it in his side.
Such close had Priam's fate, such doom was his,
Beholding Troy in flames and Ilium fallen,
Who proudly once o'er realms and people wide
In Asia reign'd; outstretcht upon the shore
A headless trunk, a nameless corpse he lies.
  Then first my senses fail'd me, and I stood
Appall'd with horror; imaged to my thoughts
My own dear Father rose, as bleeding there
I saw the old contemporary King, 670
His life-breath ebbing fast; Creusa too
In tribulation, my defenceless boy
Ascanius, and my desolated home.
I look'd what force was left me; all were gone;
Fatigued, o'erspent, they cast them to the ground,
Or yielded fainting bodies to the flames;
And I alone remain'd; when at the porch
Of Vesta, lurking in a dim recess,
Helen I spied; the flames illumed my path,
As rambling on I cast my eyes around: 680
She from the townsmen and their fierce despair,
From the wrong'd Argives, from the dreaded wrath
Of her forsaken lord, had hid herself
Close by the altar couching, odious pest,
Erinnys of our country and her own:
A rage within me kindled to avenge
My country, and requite the wicked one:
Should she to Argos and her Spartan home
Return a Queen triumphant? she again
See husband, parents, children, fatherland, 690
With dames of Troy and Phrygians in her train?
Should Priam then have perish'd by the sword,
Troy sunk in flames, the soil of Dardany
Sweated so oft with blood, and Helen 'scape?
Never! tho' poor the triumph, small the glory,
To be a woman's executioner,

Yet to cut off a wanton, crime like hers
To strike with justice, were a holy deed;
Fain would I quench the fire of my revenge,
Appease the ashes of my countrymen. 700
Such were my thoughts, and such their wild intent,
When lo, beside me shining thro' the gloom
Visibly bright, as never I had seen,
My lovely Parent stood, displaying full
The Godhead, such as to immortal eyes
In majesty of beauty she appears:
Me by the hand she took, and softly held,
With rosy lips admonishing—What passion
Transports thee thus, my Son? what fit of rage
Unseemly? where is thy regard for us? 710
Shouldst thou not rather look for him thou leftest,
Thy Sire infirm and old, if he is safe;
If yet Creusa lives, Ascanius yet;
Whom hosts of the Achaians hover round,
And, but for my precaution, flames ere this
Had reach'd them, or the enemy surprised?
Not Spartan Helen's face which thou abhorrest,
Nor Paris the reviled, but ruthless Gods
O'erturn this empire and the heights of Troy.
Behold: the misty damp, which intercepts 720
Thy vision and bedims the mortal sense,
I will remove: thou hearken to my voice,
Nor fear a mother's counsel to obey.
Where strewn in heaps thou seest yon massy piles,
Stone rent from stone, and wavy rolling clouds
Of dust and smoke, there Neptune at the walls
Storms with his trident, shakes their solid frame,
And all the city from her seat of power
Hurls to annihilation: Juno here
In extacy of fury and revenge 730
Stands at the Scæan portal, prominent
In steely cincture, calling from the fleet

Her fresh marauders: on the central tower
Tritonian Pallas in a beamy cloud
Effulgent sits, with Gorgon terrors arm'd:
Great Jupiter himself th' Achaian host
Inspires with might invincible, himself
Rouses the Gods to mortal strife with Troy.
Fly hence, my Son, and end thy fruitless toil;
I to thy Father's door will guide thee safe. 740
My Mother ended, in the aery gloom
Melting away. Dire figures rose to view,
The Deities of heaven in all their might
For our destruction ranged. Mescem'd as then
All Ilium sank in flames, to earth were cast
The glories of Neptunian Pergamus:
Like as an ancient oak upon a mountain,
Which woodmen hewing down with hatchet blows
Labour and labour; threatening long she stands,
And bows the leafy honours of her head, 750
Till after many a wound she groans her last
And sever'd from the cliff in ruin falls.
I quit the heights, and by my Parent led
Thro' flames and enemies a passage find;
The weapons yield me room, the flames retire:
I reach'd my Father's threshold, enter'd straight
His ancient house; but he, my special care,
Whom to the mountains I would fain have borne,
Refused to overlive his country's fall
And suffer exile: Ye, whose blood—saith he— 760
Is young and warm, whose vigour unimpair'd,
Fly, if ye will: for me had longer life
Been Heaven's decree, this home it had preserv'd:
Once to have seen our city in the dust,
Once to survive her capture, is enough,
More than enough for me: thus, thus laid out
Leave me, my children, take your last farewell!
My hand shall give me death; perchance the foe

Will take compassion, coveting my spoil;
'Tis easy to forego a sepulchre. 770
Long have I dragg'd my days, abhorr'd of Heaven,
Encumbering earth, since me th' Olympian King
Smote with his thunder-blast and scathed with fire.
So spake Anchises, and that sullen purpose
Our weeping and our anguish could not melt;
My spouse and I, Ascanius, all the house,
Besought, conjured him—Father, would'st thou madly
Precipitate our doom?—Yet he persists,
Firm in his first resolve and deaf to prayer.
Again to arms in agony of soul 780
I turn'd me; what resource, what choice remain'd?
Didst thou expect me hence to stir my foot
Without Anchises? from a parent's lip
Could such a thought escape? If Heaven ordain'd
That nought of this great city should survive;
If thou art bent in Ilium's wreck to plunge
Thyself and thine, the door to such a death
Is open; Pyrrhus flush'd with Priam's blood
Will soon be here, who son in father's view,
Who father at the altar massacres. 790
Kind Mother, was't for this, from fire and sword
Thou savedst me, that I should see the foe
In full possession of my sacred home,
Creusa, dear Ascanius, and my Sire
All sacrificed in one another's blood.
My arms, my arms! the last hour summons us:
Restore me to the Argives, on the field
Of hopeless battle let me find a grave!
Not all to-day shall perish unavenged!
Again with steel I girded me, and fixing 800
My arm within the shield, an instant more
Had hurried forth; but at the doorway lo,
Creusa threw herself and clasp'd my feet
And held Iulus to a sire's embrace:

If thou must go to perish, take us all
To share the worst with thee; but if thy valour
Sees any hope in arms, oh, first defend
This dwelling! Unto whom wouldst thou abandon
Thy Sire, thy once call'd Wife, and infant Son?
Thus did she cry, and with her sobbing all 810
The house resounded; when a marvel strange
Our notice drew: as there in sad distress
We look'd upon our boy and held him both,
An upright lock that crown'd his little head
Was kindled into flame, a lambent light
Glided along the surface of his hair
Innoxious, and about his temples play'd:
We both in trepidation and alarm
Were fain to brush away the burning locks,
And quench with water that unnatural flame; 820
Not so Anchises; he with eyes of joy
Look'd upward, clasp'd his hands, and pray'd aloud:
Omnipotent, if prayer can bend thy will,
This once regard us; if by piety
We merit any grace, vouchsafe thine aid,
O Father, and confirm thine auguries.
Ere he had ended, thunder on the left
Suddenly peal'd, a star athwart the night
Shot like a blazing cresset from the sky;
Over the roof we saw it glide along 830
Meteorous, till in th' Idæan wood
'Twas lost; a line of brightness all distinct
Its path was, and a sulphur smoke diffused:
Then was my Sire convinced; he rais'd him up,
Praying to heaven and worshipping the star:
I stay no longer; wheresoe'er ye lead,
Anchises will attend ye: save, oh save
My house and grandson, Deities of Troy!
From you this omen comes; my country still
In your protection lives; I yield me now, 840

Nor hesitate, my Son, to follow thee.
Thus had he spoken, and the flames had grown
More audible, and toward us fiercely roll'd
The tide of conflagration: Come, dear Father,
Be lifted on these shoulders; I will bear thee
A not unwelcome burden on my back;
Befall what may, our lot shall be the same;
One peril, one deliverance we will share:
My little Son shall travel at our side,
Creusa from behind our steps pursue; 850
Ye, my domestics, heed what I design;
Without the rampart on a hill there stands
A ruin'd fane of Ceres, and hard by
An ancient cypress, which our people's faith
Has for long years religiously preserv'd;
Let all by different courses thither tend;
Thou, Father, in thine hand our Hearth-gods bear
And sacred services; for me, still fresh
From bloody feats of battle, crime it were
To handle them, till living streams have wash'd 860
The stains away. So saying, with a vest
And lion's hide my neck and shoulders broad
I cover'd o'er, and to the burden bent;
Iulus to my right-hand link'd him close,
After me tripping with unequal steps;
My wife at distance follow'd. Thro' the dusk
We hurried on; and me, who braved erewhile
The banded hosts and missilery of Greece,
Now every wind affrights, at every sound
Fear for my burden and my little charge 870
Disturbs, distracts me: soon as I approach'd
The outer gate, and thought me safe beyond
All misadventure, on mine ear there rush'd
A sound of many footsteps, and my Sire
But dimly catching view—Æneas, fly!—
Fly! they are near!—he cried—I see the glow

Of shields and glittering brass!—Some evil power
Confused my senses here; for while in haste
I left the road, and ran I knew not where,
Alas! Creusa—whether fatally 880
She stopt behind, or wander'd from the path,
Or sat her weary down, I cannot tell—
But never to my sight return'd she more;
Nor I perceived her loss, nor took regard,
Ere to the hill we came and holy fane
Of ancient Ceres; there we muster'd all,
And she was missing; whither she had stray'd,
Nor Son nor Consort nor companions knew:
Whom raved I not against of Gods and men,
Or what in all the sacking of the town 890
More cruel saw? To comrades I commend
My Sire, Ascanius, and the Dardan Gods,
And leave them in a corner of the vale;
Myself towards the city hasten back
And don my shining panoply, resolv'd
All hazards to renew, to roam thro' Troy,
And cast myself again in peril's way.
First to the wall returning and the gates
Whose outlet in the darkness I had pass'd,
My steps by observation I retrace, 900
And look around me: 'twas an awful time,
The very silence chill'd my heart with fear:
Thence to my home—if there, if haply there
She might have wander'd—but an Argive force
Had made irruption, and the house was fill'd;
Soon to the roof were blown devouring flames,
That skyward in a gusty volume rose:
To Priam's palace and the citadel
Repairing next, within an empty porch,
The sanctuary of Juno, I descried 910
Phœnix and dire Ulysses, guards to watch
The booty chosen; heaps on every side

Of Dardan treasure, plunder of the shrines,
Our holy tables, cups of solid gold,
And captive raiment; boys and trembling dames
Were ranged in long succession all around:
I ventur'd even thro' the streets to roll
The echoes of my voice, in agony
Creusa call'd, again and yet again
Her name repeating, vainly: while my search 920
Thus wildly thro' the city I pursued,
The form and image of my wretched Spouse
Larger than life before mine eyes appear'd,
And as in speechless trance, with hair on end,
Aghast I stood, she comforted me thus:
What boots it to indulge in frantic grief,
My Spouse beloved? Not unordain'd of Heaven
Are these events: Creusa's fellowship
Olympian Jove and destiny forbid
To carry hence: in exile thou must roam 930
And plough a long immensity of sea,
Until thou reach Hesperia's rich domain,
Land of the brave, where glides the gentle flow
Of Lydian Tyber; there thy troubles end;
A crown, a royal bride are promis'd thee:
But for thy lost Creusa weep no more:
I ne'er the seat of Myrmidons shall see
Or proud Dolopians; I, a Dardan princess,
Daughter of heavenly Venus, ne'er shall go
To be the servitress of Argive dames: 940
Here Cybele detains me; fare thee well,
And love, oh, ever love thy Son and mine!
She ceas'd, and I would fain with many tears
Have answer'd, but she vanish'd into air:
Thrice I essay'd to fold her in my arms,
Thrice from my vain embrace the phantom fled,
Like visionary sleep or empty wind.
The night was thus far spent, and I at length

Rejoin my friends; there wonder'd I to find
A mighty confluence gather'd to the spot, 950
Matrons and youths and men, a piteous crowd,
Ready with hearts and fortunes, wheresoe'er
I chose to lead them exiles o'er the deep,
To follow me. And now on Ida's top
Rose Lucifer, and usher'd in the dawn;
Achaians held the gates in strong blockade;
Help there was none; I took my Father up,
And journey'd onward to the mountain-side.

ÆNEID III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas proceeds in his narrative. The Trojans, after building their fleet, sail to the coast of Thrace, but are diverted from fixing their settlement there by an apparition of Polydorus, son of Priam, who had been murdered by a Prince of the country. Thence they steer for Delos, where they are warned by Apollo to seek the original land of their ancestors. This they suppose to be Crete, from which Teucer had anciently come; and accordingly they sail for that island, and establish themselves in it for some time, until a plague breaks out, and Æneas is admonished in a dream, that the place of his destination is Italy, the land from which Dardanus formerly emigrated. Thereupon they recommence their voyage, and are driven by a storm to the Strophad islands, where they encounter the Harpies; after which they land on the coast of Epirus, and visit Helenus, son of Priam, who had succeeded to a portion of the kingdom of Pyrrhus, and married Andromache, widow of Hector. He gives them advice and supplies for the fleet. They then sail along the eastern coast of Italy, and land on the Sicilian shore in the neighbourhood of Mount Ætna and the region of the Cyclops. Here they find one of the companions of Ulysses, who had been left behind, and who warns them of their danger in that place. The Giant Polyphemus pursues them into the sea, but they escape, and, avoiding the straits between Scylla and Charybdis, coast along the south of the island to Drepanum, where they land, and where Æneas loses his Father. This was the place they were sailing from when the tempest cast them upon the shores of Carthage.

When it had pleas'd the Gods to overturn
Priam's imperial state and Asia's realm
Unmeriting; when Ilium's pride lay low,
And smoked in ashes the Neptunian towers;
We far away by heavenly omens driven
To seek unpeopled shores our fleet beneath
Antandrus and the rocks of Ida build,

Uncertain where to travel, where to rest
Fate would allow: there muster we our crew:
It was the prime of summer, when my Sire 10
To trust our sails to fortune gave command;
I wept to leave the port, my native shore,
And plains where Ilium stood, as on the deep
I launch'd an exile, with my friends, my son,
My Hearth-gods and the Deities of Troy.
  Far stretches over land the realm of Mars,
Where once Lycurgus held his cruel sway,
Possest by Thracians, people of the plough,
To us in happier times by common faith
And ancient hospitality allied. 20
Thither I steer'd, and on the winding shore
My first walls inauspiciously began,
My people naming Æneads from their chief:
To Venus and the Powers whoe'er my work
Befriended I prepared upon the beach
A sacrifice; a shining bull to Jove
Th' intended offering stood: it happ'd, in view
A bushy knoll there was, with cornel thick
And myrtle, shooting into spearlike rods;
Up to the grove I went, for leafy shade 30
To wreath my altars, and the saplings green
Essay'd to pluck, when, monstrous to relate,
From the first plant, whose fibres from the root
I sever, trickles forth a gory stream
Spotting with stain the ground; a chilly horror
Curdled my blood, a trembling shook my frame;
Yet venturing again, a second twig
I pluck'd, the latent causes to explore;
Again black drops come issuing from the rind:
Perplext with doubt, the Woodnymphs I besought, 40
And Mars, protector of the Getan fields,
These omens to avert or happier send;
But when with stronger efforts a third shoot

Bending my knees against the sand I pull,
How will it task belief? A piteous groan
And words from earth ascending reach'd mine ear:
Æneas, wherefore rend me? Spare, oh spare
The buried, nor pollute thy pious hands.
To thee no alien, Trojan-born am I;
Not from a senseless tree this blood distils: 50
Fly from a cruel land, a greedy shore!
I once was Polydorus: here I fell
With javelins pierced, which shooting into life
Grew over me, a crop of rooted steel.
Bewilder'd and amazed I stood awhile
With hair erect, voice cleaving to my jaws:
This Polydorus with a heap of gold
Had Priam to the care of Thracia's king
Sent secretly, distrusting in the arms
Of then beleaguer'd Troy: the treacherous King, 60
When Ilium's power was broke, her fortune gone,
Siding with Agamemnon and the Greeks,
Slew Polydorus and the treasure seized.
Accursed thirst of gold, to what wilt thou
Not drive the human breast? My fear shook off,
I to Anchises and our chosen lords
Relate the prodigy, and ask their will:
All vote to leave th' inhospitable coast
With treason stain'd, and launch our fleet for sail:
His obsequies to Polydorus paying 70
A tomb we raise, and altars to the Dead
With dark-blue fillets and black cypress bind;
Our dames with hair dishevell'd stand to mourn;
Warm frothy bowls of milk and sacred blood
We offer, in his grave the spirit lay,
Call him aloud, and bid our last farewell.
Soon as the calm of waters and the call
Of breezy Auster lured us to the main,
My comrades crowd the strand and launch their ships;

From port we sail; land, cities fade from view. 80
  In the mid sea a sacred island stands
To Doris and Ægæan Neptune dear;
Which floating once the pious Archer God
Made fast, with hilly Gyarus bound in
And Myconos, a habitable shore
Thenceforth to be, unshaken by the winds.
For this our course we bent, in safety here
Our weary gallies moor'd: the holy city
As landing with devotion we survey,
King Anius meets us, (King and Priest was he,) 90
With fillets and Phœbean laurel crown'd;
Who greeting as an ancient friend my Sire,
And joining hands in amity, we pass
Under the royal roof. To Phœbus I
Paid worship in his ancient marble dome:
Great God of Thymbra, give to weary men
A home, a nation, and a settlement;
Preserve a second Ilium, snatcht from Greeks
And fell Achilles! Whither must we roam?
Whom take for guide? Where seek a resting-place? 100
Speak by some sign, and manifest thy will!
Thus had I pray'd, when sudden all around
The laurels and the holy threshold shook,
The mountain trembled, from th' unveiled shrine
The tripod moan'd, and, as to earth we fell
In reverence, to our ears a voice was borne:
Ye hardy sons of Troy, the land wherein
Ye first had root shall to her fruitful soil
Welcome ye back; your ancient mother seek;
There o'er the world th' Ænean house shall reign, 110
Their children's children and posterity.
So spake the God, and all were wild with joy,
Asking what place was meant, and whither Phœbus
To steer commanded, whither to return.
My Sire, revolving legends of old time,

Thus counsell'd: Hearken, lords, and learn your hopes:
In middle sea lies Crete, the isle of Jove,
With Ida's mount, the cradle of our race,
A hundred cities and a fruitful realm.
Hence Teucer, if I right remember, came, 120
Our ancestor, who on Rhœtean shores
His kingdom fixt: Troy was not then, nor heights
Of Pergamus, but in the vale they dwelt:
Hence guardian Cybele, her mystic rites,
Her tinkling cymbals and Idæan grove,
And lions harness'd to her matron car.
Then let us follow where the Gods invite,
Appease the winds, and seek the Gnossian realm,
Not distant far; with help of friendly Jove,
A third morn brings us to the Cretan isle. 130
He spake, and honour to the altars paid,
A bull to Neptune slew, a bull to thee,
Bright Phœbus, to the Zephyrs a white ewe,
A black one to propitiate the Storm.
A flying rumour reach'd us, that his throne
Idomeneus a fugitive had left,
And Cretan fields, forsaken by the foe,
Lay open to our venture: thus assured
We leave th' Ortygian port, and all along
By Naxos and her Mænad-trodden hills, 140
Olearos, Donysa's headland green,
And marble Paros, over narrow seas
Gemm'd by the clustering Cyclads coast our way.
From ship to ship the cries of seamen peal;
Crete and our Ancestors! they shouted all:
A breeze to sternage rising wafts our sail,
And soon we make the Corybantian shore.
I haste to build the city of my hopes,
Pergamea calling it; the name well pleas'd;
I urge my comrades to embrace their home, 150
And raise defensive walls; and soon our ships

Were haul'd upon the beach, our youth on marriage
And tilth of newly-gotten fields intent;
I was allotting property and ground;
When all at once from poison in the air
A dire distemper on the people fell,
Blight upon trees and corn; a year of death;
Men sickening waste away, or drag their limbs
But feebly, Sirius burns the sterile plain,
Herbs wither, crops no nourishment supply: 160
Anchises to the Delian God exhorts
To measure back our way, again with prayer
The counsel of his oracle to seek,
Whither he would command us, where allow
To end our troubles and to find repose.
'Twas night, and earthly creatures were at rest;
The sacred images, our Phrygian Gods,
Whom I had rescued from the smoking flames
Of Ilium, now in slumber as I lay,
Before me seem'd to stand, in light reveal'd 170
Where streaming moonbeams thro' the lattice shone;
These words they spake and quieted my cares:
What Phœbus in Ortygia might have told,
He spares thy journey hence and tells thee now,
His counsel to thy chamber sends by us:
Thee and thy fortune we have follow'd still
Since Ilium fell, we cross'd the wave with thee,
We to the stars will thy descendants raise,
And to their city give imperial sway.
Thou mighty walls for mighty people build, 180
And from the toils of exile never shrink;
But here thou may'st not linger; not in Crete
The Delian Phœbus gave command to dwell.
A place there is which Greeks Hesperia call,
An ancient country, rich in fruitful glebe,
Puissant in arms; where once Œnotrians dwelt,
But later tribes Italia from their prince

Have named it. This to us of right belongs;
Hence Dardanus and old Iasius came,
To whom our nation's origin we trace. 190
Arouse thee, to Anchises bear with joy
This faithful warning, 'tis Apollo's will,
Ausonian lands and Corythus to seek;
A Cretan kingdom Jupiter denies.
Rous'd by such vision and the voice divine,
(It was no dream; methought each countenance
Each face and veiled brow distinct I saw,
And sweat was pouring over all my limbs;)
I started from my couch, uplift my hands
With prayer to heaven, and scatter on my hearth 200
The virgin incense; these devotions paid,
I to Anchises all the tale unfold;
My Sire the double parentage confest,
Th' ambiguous race, and where he was deceived
The later home mistaking for the old.
Thou heir of Trojan destinies—he cried—
Cassandra, she alone, I now remember,
Of such a possibility forewarn'd;
She of our promis'd glories oft would speak,
Oft of Hesperia and Italian realms; 210
Yet who could think that ever men of Troy
Should reach Hesperia's coast? or who believed
Cassandra then? To Phœbus let us yield,
And take him for our guide to happier fortune.
We cheerfully obey, again our home
Abandon, and, a few behind us left,
With outspread canvass launch upon the deep.
When open sea we gain'd, the land no more
In prospect, sky and ocean all around,
Thick vapours gather'd o'er us, charged with rain 220
And tempest; darkness lour'd upon the wave;
Winds break the sea, and mighty billows roll;
Our fleet is tost and scatter'd on the waste

Of waters; all the air and face of heaven
With blackest night are shrouded, broken only
By frequent flashes of the thundercloud;
We driven from our course we knew not where
All blindly, (Palinurus night from day
Discerning not, his track in such a sea
Confessing to have lost,) three darksome days 230
Three starless nights upon the tempest ride:
On the fourth morn land opens to the view
Her distant rising hills and rolling smoke;
We drop the sail, and rising to our oars
Dash up the foam and sweep the azure fields.
First on the Strophad coast our shatter'd fleet
Found refuge; islands in th' Ionian main
The Greeks name Strophads; where Celæno dire
And Sister Harpies dwell, since they were driven
From halls of Phineus and their wonted boards: 240
Monsters more hideous, a more baleful scourge
Did never issue from the Stygian lake:
Birds with the face of woman, such they seem,
With clawlike hands, a maw with ordure foul,
Lank cheeks, that with eternal hunger pine.
We landed from the port, and soon descry
Fat herds of oxen grazing in the meads,
And goats without a keeper; steel in hand,
We rush upon the booty, call the Gods
And Jove himself to share, then on the beach 250
Dispose our couches, and the feast begin;
When sudden from the hills with dreadful swoop
And clang of pinions dart the Harpies down,
And snatch away the meats, with touch unclean
Defiling all, and screaming as they fled
Leave a dire stench behind. Again did we
In the seclusion of a hollow rock,
Under the gloom of trees, our tables fix,
Our altars kindle; but the greedy swarm

(Now from a different quarter where they lurk'd) 260
Pounce on the board again, with mouth and talons
Polluting our repast: I bid my troop
Take arms, to battle with the odious race;
Obedient to my voice, they range their swords
In ambush on the grass, and hide from view
Their shining bucklers; instant, as the sound
Of whirring pinions on the beach was heard,
Misenus with his trumpet from a rock
Gave signal; on they rush, a novel war
Against those seabirds with the steel to wage; 270
But plumes and hides impassive to our blows
Bemock us, and the Harpies soaring off
Their mangled prey and filthy footmarks leave;
Celæno only, prophetess of woe,
Perch'd on a cliff, and shrieked this rueful strain:
Thus would ye pay us for our slaughter'd bulls,
Children of Priam? battle must ye try?
Drive the poor Harpies from their native kingdom?
Then listen to my words and heed them well;
What Jove to Phœbus, Phœbus told to me, 280
And I the Fury-Queen to you pronounce:
For Italy ye sail; with helpful winds
Italy shall ye reach, in port arrive;
But ne'er enclose your city with a wall,
Till famine, the avenger of our wrong,
Force ye for meat your tables to devour.
She spake, and to the woody covert fled;
A sudden horror my companions chill'd,
Their spirits fell; nor thought was more of arms,
But pardon of those creatures to implore, 290
Or Goddesses were they or birds obscene.
Anchises with extended palm, with prayer
And duteous vows, invoked the Powers of heaven:
Avert this threat! he cries; annul the curse,
And spare a pious people! then commands

To cut the cable and to loose from shore.
A south wind stretcht the canvass; on we go
Ploughing our way, as wind and helmsman guide:
Soon in mid sea appear Zacynthian woods,
Dulichium, Same, and the rocky steep 300
Of Neritos: we hurry to escape
The cliffs of Ithaca, Laertian realms,
Cursing a land that nurst the dire Ulysses.
Next on our sight the cloudy summits loom
Of mount Leucate, and Apollo's fane,
The dread of sailors; whither with fatigue
Our course we bend, and reach the little town,
Fast to the moorings here our vessels bind.
Safe thus beyond our hopes, we pay to Jove
His lustral worship, votive altars burn, 310
And Trojan games on Actian shores renew;
My countrymen with oily shoulders bare
Practise the wrestling of their native land,
Pleas'd to have shunn'd so many towns of Greece,
And held thro' midst of enemies their flight.
Meanwhile the Sun around the year revolves,
And icy Winter with her northern blasts
Roughens the wave. A shield of hollow brass,
Which erst great Abas wore, before the porch
I hung conspicuous, with a verse inscribed: 320
Æneas this from victor Argives won.
Again at my command are all aboard,
Our zealous seamen on the benches ranged,
Brushing the plains of ocean: soon are lost
Phæacia's airy towers; we skim along
Epirus, enter the Chaonian port,
And up to high Buthrotus wend our way.
A tale incredible here fill'd our ears,
That Helenus the son of Priam reign'd
O'er colonies of Greeks, the bed and throne 330
Of Pyrrhus holding; to a Trojan lord

Andromache was wedded once again:
I marvell'd much, yet burn'd with strong desire
To greet my friend, his fortune strange to learn:
Inland I bend my steps, and leave the coast:
It chanced to be a mourning solemn day
Kept by the Trojan dame at Hector's tomb,
An empty tomb, which she of turf had rais'd
With altars twain devoted to her grief:
There in a grove suburban then was she 340
By a new Simois, offering to the Dead
His ghostly feast, and calling on his name:
But when of my approach and Phrygian arms
She caught the startling vision, blank she stood
And rooted to the spot with chilly fear;
Her senses fail'd her, and in swoon she sank;
After long time with pain recover'd spake:
Is it thyself, a messenger of earth?
Livest thou, son of Venus? or, if life
Be parted, where is Hector? At these words 350
She to the passion of her grief gave vent,
Weeping and wailing; shaken by the scene,
With broken voice I murmur'd a reply:
'Tis real what thou seest; I live indeed,
My life thro' all extremities drag on:
But thou, to what reverses art thou fallen,
Widow'd of such a spouse? Hath aught return'd
Of worthier fortune? Hector's once beloved,
Hast thou the yoke of Pyrrhus yet to bear?
She answer'd with faint voice and eyes deject: 360
Thrice happy was Polyxena, condemn'd
At the foe's tomb and under walls of Troy
To perish; ne'er allotted for a prize,
To live a slave and share a victor's bed!
I from my burning country o'er the sea
Dragg'd by that savage Prince, Achilles' heir,
Him and his pride endured, a child to him

In slavery bore, who courting afterward
The hand of Spartan-born Hermione,
Me to my fellow-captive Helenus 370
For wife divorcing gave. But him at length
Orestes, mad to lose a promis'd bride,
And furious with unexpiated crime,
In ambush at Apollo's altar slew:
His kingdom then divided, part by gift
Hath pass'd to Helenus, who all these plains
From Trojan Chaon hath Chaonia call'd,
And on the hills another Ilium rais'd
And towers of Pergamus. But say, what chance
Hath brought ye hither dreaming not of us? 380
What winds have wafted ye? what power impell'd?
The boy Ascanius? Doth he yet survive?
Whom thou at Troy—
A mother's loss doth he remember still?
Doth the example of his eme and sire
Spur him to glory and adventurous deeds?
Andromache was thus her fruitless grief
Outpouring, when her consort Priam's son
Down from the city with a numerous train
Attended came; his countrymen he knew, 390
With kindest welcome to his threshold leads,
And mingles tears of joy with every word.
Proceeding straight his Pergamus I view,
His little Troy, a copy of the old,
I recognise a scanty Xanthian stream,
Embrace the likeness of a Scæan gate:
My comrades all in ample porches lodged
Enjoy the city's hospitable cheer,
Quaffing the winecup in the royal hall,
Where rich repasts on golden service shine. 400
A second day had pass'd; and breezy winds
Invited us; already swell'd the sail;
Thus with entreaty I accost the Seer:

Dardanian Prince, interpreter of Heaven,
To whom the bays and tripods of Apollo
His prescient mind reveal; who read'st the stars,
Language of birds and omens of their flight;
Instruct me thou; since oracles foretell
A prosperous voyage, Gods command me steer
For Italy, and seek a distant land; 410
Only the Harpy dire Celæno's curse
Sounds in mine ear portentous, days of wrath
And loathsome famine threatening: but oh say
Whither, to scape from peril, shall I turn?
What do, to overcome calamity?
The Prophet, having first with oxen slain
Appeas'd the Gods, the fillets from his head
Unbinding, led me to Apollo's fane;
Aw'd by the holy presence there I stand,
And hear his priestly voice divining thus: 420
Goddess-born Prince, that mighty auspices
Conduct thee o'er the deep, is plain reveal'd;
So Jupiter ordains, to his design
Ruling events and issues. I to thee,
That safely thou mayst pass these unknown seas
And reach th' Ausonian port, of many things
Few will expound: the rest is hid by fate
From Helenus, or Juno seals his tongue.
Learn first that Italy, which thou so near
Supposest, and prepar'st in ignorance 430
To make the neighbouring ports, is yet far off
With length of lands impassable between:
Thine oars must quiver in Sicilian waves,
Thy fleet th' Ausonian main, th' infernal lakes
Must visit, and Ææan Circe's isle,
Ere in a city thou canst dwell secure.
A sign is promis'd; treasure up my words:
When in thine hour of trouble thou shalt find
Under the hollies of a lonely stream

A huge white sow, with thirty litter'd young 440
White as the dam and suckled at her breast;
There shalt thou build thy city, there repose.
Fear not the tables ye must once devour;
Fate will find means and Phœbus hear your call.
These tracts of coast, Italia's nearest bourn,
Wash'd by our middle tide, I charge thee shun:
Malignant Greeks are 'stablish'd all around;
Here have Narycian Locrians built their walls;
Idomeneus the Lyctian with his power
Hath grasp'd Salentine plains, and Philoctetes 450
Intrench'd him in Petilia's little town.
Omit not, when the ocean ye have cross'd
And building altars pay your vows on shore,
Your heads to cover with a purple veil,
Lest the intrusion of some hostile face
The sacrifice disturb, the omens mar:
This custom thou and thine religious keep,
That to your pious race it may descend.
When on your voyage to Sicilia's isle
The wind shall waft ye, and his narrow strait 460
Pelorus open, on the larboard run,
Make circuit round the coast, but shun the right:
'Tis thought, these regions by some earthquake rent
In bygone ages (what can time not change?)
Asunder burst; both lands till then were one;
Sea rush'd between, and from th' Italian side
Cut off Trinacria, towns and opposite fields
Severing with inlet of her narrow tide.
The right coast Scylla guards; upon the left
Implacable Charybdis yawning shows 470
Her steep abyss; thrice in the greedy gulf
She sucks a sea of billows, up again
Spouts them in air, and laves the starry pole.
Scylla within a darksome cave abides,
Her head displaying, vessels to the cliff

With lure to draw; a woman to the waist
With virgin's bosom fair, but all below
Sea-monster, womb of wolf with dolphin's tail.
'Twere better round Pachyne's extremest verge
Compass to fetch, and suffer long delay, 480
Than once in Scylla's cavern to have seen
Her form misshapen and her barking rocks.
Yet more; if Helenus hath any craft
To read the future, if his soul with truth
Apollo fills; this counsel above all
I urge, again repeating and again:
Adore great Juno's Godhead; Juno's might
Propitiate, Son of Venus, and her anger
With gifts and supplications overcome.
Thus from Trinacria to th' Italian realm 490
A passage thou shalt win, and safe access
To Cumæ's town, the lake and sounding groves
Of dread Avernus: there shalt thou behold
The frantic priestess, who her song of fate
Sings in a rocky cell, and notes it down
To leaves committing; all the leafy scrolls
In order ranges she, and in the cave
Apart disposes; but in rank or place
They bide not long; for soon the opening door
Disturbs them, with the faintest breath of wind 500
Blown frustrate, flying o'er the hollow rock;
Nor doth the Virgin to replace them care,
Or join her verse again; without response
The suitors go, and curse the Sibyl's cave.
Thou the delay or murmurs of thy crew
Regard not; though the breezes court your sail,
And briskly might ye navigate the deep,
Still seek the holy Maid, and humbly sue
Her oracle, imploring to the fates
Her voice and tongue to loosen: thus besought 510
She of Italian people, coming wars,

Misfortunes how to shun and how to bear,
Foreknowledge will impart, and speed thy fortune.
So much to speak is lawful. Now go forth,
And raise by deeds our Ilium to the skies.
  Such inspirations of his friendly soul
The Seer pronounced; then orders for the fleet
Presents of massy gold and ivory carv'd,
And heaps of silver to be stow'd aboard,
And Dodonæan cauldrons; therewithal 520
A corslet fast with rings and golden twine,
A plumy crested morion, once the arms
Of Neoptolemus: nor he forgot
Anchises in his bounty, nor my crew
Supplied not with recruit of naval stores,
Pilots and oars and steeds. My Sire meanwhile
Commands to fit the tackle tight and trim,
Ready to catch the favourable breeze:
Whom Helenus with benediction warm
Accosting spake: Anchises, care of Heaven, 530
Chosen of loveliest Venus, rescued twice
From flames of Pergamus; before thee lies
Ausonia's earth; embrace it with your sails;
And yet not this, for ye must steer beyond it;
Far distant is the tract of Italy
Which Phœbus promises. Go, Father, blest
With a Son's piety! No more will I
Detain thee, or delay the rising winds.
  Andromache, (the parting hour her grief
Recalling,) no less bounteous than her lord, 540
A Phrygian mantle for Ascanius brings
And vestures gold-embroider'd, loading him
With presents of the loom: take these—she said—
From Hector's wife, memorials of her hand,
Proofs of Andromache's enduring love,
Last tokens of thy kindred; sweetest Boy,
Sole image of my lost Astyanax!

Thus carried he his eyes, his hands, his face;
Now had his youthful bloom been such as thine!
I spake with gushing tears my last farewell: 550
Live and be happy ye, whose fortune stands
Accomplish'd! we are call'd from change to change.
Ye have your peaceful rest, no seas to plough,
No Italy still vanishing to find:
An image of Scamander ye behold,
A new-built Troy, with auspices, I pray,
More cheering, and removed from Argive rage.
If e'er on Tyber's bank I come to dwell
And view a settled nation of my own,
We kin and neighbours, both from Dardanus 560
Descended, sharers of a common fate,
Will of Epirus and Hesperia then
One Troy in spirit make; which evermore
May we and ours in brotherhood preserve.
Close to Ceraunian hills our course we held,
The nearest crossing to Italia's coast:
The sun 'gan sink, and mountain-shadows fell;
Leaving a chosen few to watch on deck,
We stretch upon the welcome lap of earth
Our weary limbs, along the sandy beach 570
Refreshing us with dewy slumber lie:
The night thro' half her circle by the hours
No sooner had been led, than brisk from sleep
Rose Palinurus, and explored the winds,
Listening to catch their whispers with his ear;
Stars gliding in the silent heaven he notes,
Arcturus and the Hyads, either Bear
Observing, and Orion arm'd with gold;
Which when he saw without a cloud serene,
From stern he gave the signal; up we spring 580
Hasting aboard, and spread our flying sail.
The face of morning blush'd and stars had fled,
When plains of Italy and hills we saw

In the dim distance: Italy! exclaim'd
Achates; Italy! my comrades all,
With loud salute of joy: Anchises wreath'd
A massy bowl, and filling full with wine,
Made invocation from the lofty stern:
Ye Powers of earth and sea, that rule the tempest,
Assist and guide us with your gentle gales. 590
Freshen'd the breeze, and open'd clear to view
A harbour and Minerva's rock-built fane;
Our seamen furl the canvass, pull to shore:
The harbour westward bends into a bow,
Th' objected cliffs are lash'd with foamy surf,
And towering at the entrance downward slope
With double wall; itself, as we approach,
Is hid, and in from shore the temple flies.
Here, a first omen, horses four we saw
Cropping the grassy mead, all snowy white: 600
Strange land, thou bringest war: Anchises cried:
Horses are arm'd for war, and therefore war
This herd denounce; yet horses have been taught
To draw the chariot and to bear the rein
In yoke harmonious; hope there is of peace.
Then to the bearer of the sounding Ægis,
Who first received us in our joy, we pray,
Before her altars don our Phrygian veil,
And heedful of the prophet's chief behest
Her bidden offerings burn to Argive Juno: 610
These ceremonies done, our vows absolv'd,
We brace the sailyard and the points we turn,
Not daring in that neighbourhood of Greeks
Our sojourn to prolong. Tarentum's bay,
From Hercules (if fame be true) renown'd,
Was soon in prospect; opposite there rose
Lacinian Juno and the heights of Caulon,
Shipwrecking Scylacæum, and far off
Trinacrian Ætna looming o'er the deep:

Groans of the sea were heard, a stunning noise 620
Of breakers and of billow-beaten cliffs,
The hiss of fretful shoals and boiling sand:
Charybdis this must be: my Sire exclaim'd:
These were the rocks that Helenus foretold;
Pull, comrades, pull, and save us with your oars:
As he commanded, Palinurus first
To larboard strongly drove the roaring prow,
To larboard all their oars and canvass bend;
We on a ridge of waters to the sky
Are lifted, down to Erebus again 630
Sink with the falling wave; thrice howl'd the rocks
Within their stony caverns, thrice we saw
The splash'd-up foam upon the lights of heaven:
Weary at length, by wind and sun forsook,
We float unknowing to Cyclopian shores.
The port is wide and shelter'd from the winds:
But thundershocks are heard from Ætna nigh,
Whence oft the force of subterranean fire
Bursts, shooting in a whirlwind pitchy black
Cinders and balls of flame that lick the stars; 640
Sometimes the molten entrails of the rock
Vomiting up she casts, mass after mass
Ascending chokes the air, while from her depths
With throes convulsive all the mountain moans:
Enceladus, they say, with blasted limbs
Lies prison'd underneath, with all the weight
Of Ætna's mountain laden; his firebreath
Shoots thro' her fuell'd caves, and, whensoe'er
He shifts his weary side, shaken is all
Trinacria round, and heaven bedimm'd with smoke. 650
All the night long these horrors we endured
In shelter of a wood; whence came the noise,
We saw not; starlight in the sky was none,
Nor glimmer visible, but all obscure,
And clouds of misty vapour hid the moon.

When Lucifer had usher'd in the dawn,
And humid shades 'gan melt in morning light,
The figure of a man uncouth and strange,
Worn to the bone with leanness, barely clad,
Out issued from the woods, and toward us held 660
Imploring arms; we look'd, and there we saw
A grisly beard, a garment pinn'd with thorns,
Filth woful; for the rest, a Greek was he,
And late a soldier in the wars of Troy.
When Dardan dress and armour he descried,
A moment in suspense and fear he stopt,
His impulse checking; in an instant more
Came running to the beach with cries and tears:
Oh, I conjure ye, by the Powers of Heaven,
The orbs of light and this the air we breathe, 670
Take me, ye Trojans, carry me away,
I care not whither! True, I am a Greek,
Came in a Grecian galley to besiege
The hearths of Ilium; I confess my crime;
Would ye have vengeance, cast me in the wave,
Scatter me piecemeal: perish if I must,
Oh! let me perish by the hands of men!
He clasp'd my knees, and falling on his own,
Clung to me fast; I urged him to declare
His name and lineage, and avow his griefs; 680
Anchises, to encourage him the more,
The right-hand's pledge of safety freely gave,
And he, relieved of fear, proceeded thus:
My native land was Ithaca, my name
Is Achemenides; and in the train
Of evil-starr'd Ulysses I for Troy
Left Adamastus my poor father's home;
Would I had stay'd his humble lot to share!
Here my companions in the Cyclop's den
Forgot and left me, in their haste to 'scape 690
That horrid threshold. Drearisome and vast

The cave is, and with gory offal strewn :
The Cyclop with his tallness threats the sky ;
Ye Gods, avert such pests from human kind !
Of nature savage, hideous to behold,
He eats the flesh and blood of slaughter'd men.
Two of our hapless friends with hand enormous
I saw him grasp, recumbent as he lay,
And dash them on the floor ; a brainy flood
Spirted aloft, and on the lintel swam : 700
I saw him chew the fleshy gobbets raw,
And the warm limbs were quivering in his teeth :
Yet 'scaped he not revenge : nor tamely bore
Such wrongs Ulysses, nor in that extreme
Forgot his cunning : soon, with ravin gorged
And stupefied with wine, the giant drops
His heavy head reclining, all his bulk
Stretching across the den, and there he lies
Spewing a filthy parbreake of his meal,
Wine mixt with blood ; we, praying to the Gods, 710
Take our allotted posts, and standing round
Bore with a pointed brand his monster eye,
A single eyeball, for he had but one,
Half hidden underneath his shaggy brow,
Round like a solar disk or Argive shield :
Thus with great joy our comrades we avenge.
But fly, ye Trojans, cut your cables, fly !
For such as Polyphemus hundred more
Cyclopian giants in this region dwell ;
Like him they range the mountains, in a cave 720
Pen fleecy flocks, and press their milky dugs.
Three moons have fill'd their horns, and still alone
Here amid lairs of beasts I drag my life
In woods and deserts, viewing from a cliff
The Cyclops, trembling at their voice and tread ;
Berries and stony cornels, herbs and roots
Have yielded me a meagre sustenance.

Casting my eyes all round, your welcome fleet,
First hope of my deliverance, I espied;
I ran, whate'er it was, to give me up; 730
Enough to have escaped that impious race;
Ye may destroy me by what death ye will.
Scarce had he spoken, from a height we saw
The shepherd Polyphemus with his flock
In giant bulk descending to the shore;
Horrible shapeless monster, there he was,
His huge eye quench'd: a piny trunk in hand
Serves for a staff and guide; his fleecy train
Attend him, they the solace of his woe,
His sole delight; a pipe was at his back: 740
When deep enough he stood to touch the wave,
He washes from the socket of his eye
The jelly blood, with gnashing of his teeth
And groaning; in the middle depth he strode,
Nor yet the waters wet his lofty sides:
We hurry to embark, and put on board
Our suppliant well deserving, silently
The moorings loose, and prone upon our oars
Begin to brush the waters; quick and sharp
The Giant turn'd him as he heard the splash, 750
But impotent to reach us with his arm,
Or in pursuit to wade th' Ionian deep,
A mighty shout he gave, that echoing shook
Hesperia's mainland and the distant seas,
While Ætna from her caves responsive roar'd:
Rous'd at the call from wood and mountain haste
The Cyclops rushing down, and fill the shore;
There the Ætnæan brothers, vainly all
Knitting their brows and lifting heads to heaven,
A dreadful council stood, like some tall grove 760
Of oaks or cony cypresses, that rear
To Cynthia or to Jove their solemn shade:
Fear prompted us, where'er the breeze would bear,

To shift our cables and to spread our sail;
But Scylla nor Charybdis to approach
Had Helenus permitted, either side
Presenting an alternative of death;
And backward we resolv'd our course to bend;
When to our timely succour down the strait
A brisk northwester from Pelorus blew; 770
Beyond Pantagia's mouth of living stone,
Beyond the creek of Megara, the basin
Of lowly Thapsus, rapidly we fly;
A guide was Achemenides, the road
Retracing with his hapless chief explored.
In the Sicanian bay, and right against
Plemmyrium's wavy beach, an island lies
Ycleped Ortygia; whither, story saith,
Alpheus from his banks of Elis plunging
Under the main of waters push'd his way; 780
Now in the light of a Sicilian sun
Blent with thy fountain, Arethuse, he flows.
Admonish'd we adore the guardian Powers,
And coasting onward pass the fertile soil
Of stagnating Helorus, further still
Pachynus and his rocky jutting cape.
The distant Camarina, land by fates
Forbidden to be moved, Geloan plains
And spacious Gela, from her river named,
Grow to the sight, and towering Acragas, 790
The generator once of noble steeds.
Palm-clad Selinus with a breeze I left,
And shoals and hidden rocks of Lilybæum.
The port of Drepanum at length we gain'd,
Ah, melancholy strand! where, after all
Our tempesting upon the wave, I lost
My solace of calamity and woe,
My Sire Anchises: best of Fathers, thou
From peril saved so often, saved in vain,

Forsook'st me weary there: nor Helenus, 800
With all his dismal presages of fear,
Foretold me aught of this, nor dire Celæno!
This was the farthest limit of my course,
The last of all my labours: parting hence
The Storm-god drove me to your Libyan shores.
  Æneas thus to many a listening ear
The story of his fates and wanderings told;
At length he hush'd his voice, and sought repose.

ÆNEID IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dido's growing passion for Æneas is described. She is encouraged by her sister Anna, who advises her to strengthen the kingdom by a union with the Trojans. Juno, with a view to prevent the settlement in Italy, proposes to Venus to effect a marriage between Æneas and Dido, and a junction of the two nations. Venus feigns acquiescence; and Juno contrives, in a hunting party, to bring the lovers together in a cave. The news of Dido's attachment spreads over Libya, and excites the indignation of the Moor Iarbas, whom she had rejected as a suitor. Jupiter sends Mercury to Æneas, with injunction to leave Carthage and seek his Italian kingdom. His preparations of departure are discovered by Dido, who bitterly reproaches him for his intended desertion, but cannot shake his resolution to obey the will of Jupiter. In despair at this, she determines to put an end to her life, and, under pretence of performing magic rites to cure her love, she commands Anna to erect a funeral pile. Meanwhile Æneas, admonished in a second vision, sets sail from Carthage. Dido, seeing the fleet in motion, bursts into a phrenzy of rage, and at length, after pronouncing a curse upon the whole race of Troy, ascends the pile and plunges the sword into her bosom. With the account of her sufferings and the grief of Anna the book concludes.

But all this time the Princess felt a wound
Deep smarting in her veins, consuming her
With secret fire: the Chief, his lofty fame
And lineage, haunt her still; each look of his,
Each spoken word, to her remembrance clings,
And sleep is banish'd by the heart's unrest.
When Morn had lighted the Phœbean lamp,
Dispelling humid shadows from the sky,

Thus to her Sister, one with her in soul,
Her trouble she confides: O Sister Anna, 10
What dreams my agitated soul affright?
What noble stranger have we for our guest?
How beautiful in mien, how brave in arms!
A Hero he must be of race divine.
Fear argues a degenerate soul: but him
What fates have tost! what wars he struggled thro!
Ah! were it not my fixt and firm resolve
No more to bind me with connubial ties;
Did I not loathe the torch and bed of Hymen,
Cheated by death of first love's promises; 20
Perchance to this one weakness I could yield.
Yes, Anna; yes, I own it: since Sichæus
Fell by a Brother's hand, our house defiling
With sacrilegious blood, this man alone
Hath touch'd my heart, my faltering purpose moved:
I feel the symptoms of an earlier flame.
But me may Earth wide open to devour,
Or Jove with thunder hurl me to the realms
Of Nox and Erebus, ere I forget
Thee, Modesty, or violate thy laws. 30
My wedded Consort bore away my love;
With him for ever in the tomb it sleeps.
Tears fell upon her bosom while she spake:
Anna replied: O Sister, more than light
Belov'd by me, shalt thou in lonesome grief
Waste all thy youth, and never the delights
Of Venus or the bliss of children know?
Do buried ghosts and ashes care for this?
What, tho' to suitors in thine hour of sorrow
Thou wouldst not hearken, nor in Libya here 40
Nor erst at Tyre; Iarbas thou contemned'st,
And other Princes whom the warlike land
Of Afric nurst? Must therefore thou reject
*An ac*ceptable love? Bethink thee well,

Among what people thou hast fixt thine home.
Gætulian cities and a race of men
Invincible, Numidian lawless tribes,
Inhospitable Syrtes, on one side
Enclose thee; on the other a wide waste
Of sandy desert, and Barcæan hordes 50
Ferocious. Need I mention wars from Tyre
Impending, and thy Brother's menaces?
Methinks, kind Juno and benignant Heaven
The windborne fleet of Ilium hither brought.
O Sister, what a city wilt thou see,
How fair a kingdom from such marriage rise!
Aided by Teucrian arms, what deeds of glory
Our Carthage shall exalt! Conciliate thou
With humble prayer the Gods; their favour won,
Indulge in hospitality, and plead 60
What still may serve as pretexts for delay,
The storm-vext sea, Orion's wintry star,
The shatter'd vessels, and inclement sky.
Such words a lovesick heart inflamed the more,
Turn'd scruple into hope, and banish'd shame.
Duly they went and at the temples rais'd
Propitiating altars, offering up
Their sacrificial ewes to Sire Lyæus,
To legislative Ceres and Apollo,
But chief to Juno's honour, who protects 70
The marriage bond. Fair Dido with her hand
Uplifts a goblet, and between the horns
A milkwhite heifer sprinkles with the wine;
In presence of the Gods with pomp she walks
Before the bleeding altar, and renews
Th' oblation; o'er the victim's open breast
She stoops, the breathing entrails to consult.
Alas, blind prophets! How can prayer or vow
Such phrensy cure? A soft flame eats her marrow;
An unseen wound is rankling in her heart. 80

Unhappy Dido burns, and thro' the city
Distracted wanders; like a stricken deer,
Whom, chancing amid Cretan glades to rove
Incautiously, some shepherd with his bow
From far hath wounded, and within her left
A winged shaft, unweeting how it sped;
She flies Dictæan woods and vallies o'er,
Still to her side the deadly arrow clings.
The Queen now leads Æneas round the walls,
Shews him her Tyrian wealth and rising town, 90
Begins to speak, and makes a sudden pause;
Now the same feast at close of day resumes,
Again to hear the tale of Ilium's woe
Fondly entreats, and hangs upon his words.
And after parting, when the moonlight pales
And setting stars admonish to repose,
In the deserted hall she mourns alone,
She lingers pressing his forsaken couch,
Him absent seems to hear and still to view;
Or minded of the Father's image clasps 100
Ascanius to her bosom, haply thus
Thinking to soothe unutterable love.
Her walls no longer rise; her youths neglect
Their exercise of arms, their harbours too
And works defensive; interrupted hang
The structures proud of battlement and tower,
The giant scaffolds idly threat the sky.
  But when Saturnian Juno saw the Queen
Given up to madness, blemishing her fame,
Such parle with Cytherea she began: 110
High honour truly, noble spoils ye win,
Thou and thy Boy! a memorable feat,
One helpless Woman by two Gods beguiled!
It 'scapes me not, with what suspicious eye
Thou view'st my Carthage and her lofty towers:
But to what end and wherefore strive we thus?

Were it not best to make a lasting peace
And nuptial treaty? Thou hast gain'd thy wish;
Dido is frantic and on fire with love:
Let us then o'er a common people hold 120
Joint empire; she shall serve a Phrygian lord,
And yield her Tyrians as a dower to thee.
To whom thus Venus: (for she understood
Saturnia's hidden purpose, to remove
Th' Italian kingdom to a Libyan shore:)
Mad should I be such offer to refuse,
Preferring strife with thee. But will success
Attend the scheme thou urgest? Of the fates
Much I misdoubt: would Jupiter permit
One city for the race of Tyre and Troy? 130
Would him their union or alliance please?
Thou hast a Consort's right to sound his will:
Entreat him, try thy power, and count on me.
That task—said royal Juno—shall be mine:
Now hearken to my words, in few receive
What for the instant promptly may be done.
To-morrow with the earliest blush of dawn
Æneas and th' unhappy Queen prepare
A-hunting to the forest glades to ride:
On them, while horsemen gallop round the wood 140
And spread their toils, a tempest I will pour,
Rain mixt with hail, and rouse the heavens with thunder;
While all the troop to thickest covert flee
Dispersing, Dido and the Trojan Prince
Shall to one cave descend: there I will be,
And her, if thou consentest, to thy Son
In wedlock ties with holy sanction bind:
Such be their spousal. Venus with a nod
Assenting at the weak deception smiled.
And now Aurora quitted Ocean's bed: 150
Brave youths at sunbreak issue from the gates,
With broad-edged spears, with hunting nets and toils;

Massylian horsemen and a force of hounds
Assemble keen for chase: the Queen as yet
Within her chamber tarries, while a band
Of Punic nobles at the portal wait;
Her palfrey deck'd with gold and purple stands,
Champing the frothy bit: at length she comes,
Escorted by a crowd, her rich cymar
Girt with a figur'd fringe, her tresses tied 160
In golden knot; with gold the quiver shone,
A golden clasp confined her scarlet vest:
Anon Iulus with his Phrygian peers,
Æneas, eminent in manly grace,
And all his train the gay procession join:
As when Apollo leaves the Xanthian stream
And wintry Lycia for his Mother's isle;
There he revives the dance; his altars round
Dryopians, Cretans, and a painted choir
Of Agathyrsans raise their shout of joy; 170
He treads the Cynthian cliffs, his flowing hair
In shape with leafy coronel comprest
And golden twine; behind the shoulder slung
His arrows rattle. Not less comely moved
Æneas; from his face such beauty shone.
When they had reach'd the hills and coverts wild
Of savage game, behold, from rocky heights
The timorous goats are driven, herds of deer
Flock to the open plains, and scud along
In dusty flight; Ascanius in the vale 180
Rejoices prancing on a sprightly steed;
Now these, now those he passes in the chase,
Longs for some beast of prey, a foaming boar,
Or tawny lion from the woods to spring.
Meantime the sky 'gan lour, and mutter sounds
Of thunder; hail and rain came pouring down;
The Tyrian huntsmen and the Trojan band
With fair Ascanius o'er the fields dispers'd

Seek shelter various; rivers from the hills
Were rushing: Dido and the Trojan Prince 190
Into one cave descend: a signal then
The Earth and Hymeneal Juno gave,
Fires flash'd, and conscious Ether shed a gleam,
And Nymphs upon the mountain-summit howl'd.
That day to Dido was the fatal cause
Of woe and death: for now to honour lost
She meditates no more a furtive love,
But calls it marriage, to excuse the crime.
Forth to the Libyan cities Rumour sped;
Rumour, (of mischiefs fleeter none than she,) 200
Who gathers force and vigour as she moves;
Creeping at first a timid puny thing,
Till bolder grown she rears herself aloft
With foot on earth and head among the clouds.
'Tis said that Tellus, at the vengeful Gods
Indignant, this her youngest child brought forth,
Sister of Cœus and Enceladus,
A monster horrible, with feet and wings
For rapid motion arm'd: as many plumes
As clothe her body, (marvellous to tell,) 210
So many wakeful eyes are underneath,
So many tongues and mouths and open ears.
At night-time thro' the dusk of middle air
Hissing she flies with eyelids never closed;
By day on tower or pinnacle keeps watch,
And cities whole affrights, the false and foul
More pleas'd to babble, than report the true.
And now her busy malice fill'd men's ears
With strange relations, truth and slander mixt;
How that Æneas had arrived from Troy, 220
And him fair Dido blush'd not to espouse;
They two were feasting it the winter long,
Smit with blind passion, careless of the realm:
Such talk the filthy Demon nois'd abroad.

To King Iarbas next her course she bends,
And stirs his jealous heart to fiercer rage.
Him of a ravish'd Garamantian Nymph
Ammon begat; a hundred temples he
In his broad land to Jupiter had rais'd,
A hundred altars, consecrating fire 230
That never slept in service of the Gods,
Thresholds with garlands hung, floors ever rich
With blood of cattle slain. He now to Jove
(The bitter news had stung him to the soul)
Before the sacred hearths and images
His hands in supplication held supine:
Great Jupiter, to whom the Moorish race
On painted couches at the banquet pour
Lenæan honours, mighty Father, say;
Dost thou regard these things? or is't for nought 240
We tremble at thy lightnings, terrified
With rumbling noises and with random fires?
A Woman wandering on our coast, to whom
We sold the groundplot of her petty town,
And gave some tributary land to plough,
Hath spurn'd my offer'd hand, and to the kingdom
Æneas ta'en for master: and behold,
This Paris, with his girlish retinue,
A Lydian bonnet tied beneath his chin
And round his perfum'd locks, enjoys the prize, 250
Whilst we must bring our presents to thine altars,
And hug the shadow of our piety.
So pray'd the King, and touch'd the altar-side:
Great Ammon heard, and toward the Punic walls,
To view the Lovers and their folly, turn'd:
Eftsoon his trusty Hermes he commands:
Go, call the Zephyrs, glide upon thy wings,
And to the Dardan Prince, who loiters now
At Carthage and forgets his future realm,
Carry from hence the message of my will: 260

Say, it was not for this from Grecian arms
He twice was rescued, not a son like him
Celestial Venus promis'd, but a Chief
To govern warlike Italy, a land
Pregnant with empires; who the ancient race
Of Teucer should exalt, and bend the world
Under the yoke of laws. Tho' nought he care
For such high glory, for his own renown
Tho' he be loth to struggle, will he grudge
A Roman city to his son Iulus? 270
With what design or prospect lingers he
Among a hostile people, nor regards
Th' Ausonian offspring and Lavinian fields?
Command him straight to sail: there needs no more.
He spake: Cyllenius hasten'd to obey
The Father's mandate. To his feet he bound
The golden sandals, which his airy flight
Transport him winging over earth and sea;
Then took the magic wand, whose touch evokes
Pale ghosts from Orcus, or dismisses thither, 280
Wakes, lulls to sleep, or eyes in death unseals:
With this before him now the winds he drove,
Sail'd thro' the vapoury clouds, and soon from far
The peak and rugged sides of Atlas view'd;
Heaven-propping Atlas, on whose piny head
Mists ever thicken, rain and tempest beat;
Whose back with snow is cover'd, streams pour down
His hoary chin, and ice encrusts the beard.
Cyllenius pois'd his wings, and lighted here;
Thence down without an effort to the wave 290
Dropt, like a sea-bird, that by fishy rocks
Low to the water flies and skims the shore;
So look'd Mercurius, as away he flew
From his maternal Grandsire's mountain-side
Shooting in air along the Libyan sands.
Alighting on the spot where scatter'd huts

Were rising to a city, there he found
Æneas planning domes, erecting towers;
A falchion at his side with jasper starr'd,
A scarf upon his shoulders richly dyed 300
With Tyrian crimson, which Elisa gave,
Inwoven by her hand with threads of gold:
The Messenger was sudden: Walls of Carthage,
In sooth a goodly pile, thou'rt building here,
Uxorious man, thy duty and thy realm
Forgetting. Me th' Omnipotent, who sways
The universe of things, from bright Olympus
Sends with his mandate thro' the fields of air.
What scheme is thine, what prospect, idle hours
In Libya spending? If a glorious fate 310
Allures thee not, if for thine own renown
Thou carest not to struggle, yet regard
Thine heir Ascanius and his rising hopes,
The future lord of Italy and Rome.
So spake Cyllenius, ere he ended parle
Melting in air and vanishing from sight.
  Æneas in amaze and wonder stood,
His hair erect, his tongue in horror mute:
Now from the pleasant land he longs to flee,
Aw'd by the warning and behest of Jove; 320
Yet sore perplext; for how shall he appease,
How venture to accost the angry Queen?
With what discourse begin? Him wavering long,
Revolving many thoughts, this counsel pleas'd;
Sergestus and Cloanthus he convokes
With faithful Mnestheus; bids them silently
Rig out the fleet and furnish it with stores,
Collect on shore their comrades, but the cause
Of thus bestirring them to no man breathe;
Meanwhile, as generous Dido nothing knew, 330
Nor dreamt of interruption to their love,
He would himself the gentlest methods try,

Watch for the tender moment of approach,
To soothe and comfort her. So he resolv'd;
The Trojans haste to execute his will.
  But Dido (for a lover who can cheat?)
Divined the stratagem; her jealous heart,
Quick to imagine fear, at once discern'd
The movement of departure; nor to her
Did wicked Rumour fail to bear the news 340
Of preparation and projected sail.
In impotence of fury thro' the town
She rushes, like a Bacchanal that raves
At her triennial orgies, rous'd by cries
Of Evius and Cithæron's midnight call;
Thus raving went Elisa, till the Chief
In words like these impatient she addrest:
And didst thou think, perfidious, to conceal
Thy baseness, and in silence quit my shores?
Cannot our love, our interchange of troth, 350
Or Dido hold thee back, who reft of thee
A cruel death must die? Preparest thou
To launch thy fleet beneath a winter sky,
And hurry to the deep with northern gales?
Ah cruel! Tho' a strange and foreign land
Were not thine aim, tho' ancient Ilium stood,
Shouldst thou for Ilium cross the stormy wave?
Is it from me thou fliest? By these tears
Do I beseech thee, by thine own right hand,
(Since nothing else to me hath madness left,) 360
By our espousals and our bridal bed;
If e'er Elisa did thee any kindness,
If e'er in her thou foundest any charm,
Pity a falling house, and, if thine heart
Be open yet to prayer, this purpose change.
For thee have I incens'd the Nomad Princes,
The tribes of Tyre and Libya; for thy sake
Mine honour and the good name forfeited,

That rais'd me to the stars. And now to whom
A prey dost thou abandon me, my Guest, 370
Since Consort I may never call thee more?
What do I live for longer? till my Brother
The fierce Pygmalion lay my town in ashes?
Or till the Moor Iarbas lead me captive?
Oh! had I borne some offspring of our loves
Ere thy departure; if a young Æneas
Play'd in the palace hall, whose face at least
Reminded me of thee, I should not seem
Thus utterly forsaken and betray'd!
She ceas'd: Æneas heeding Jove's command 380
Kept his eye fixt, and struggled to repress
His inward pain; then thus in few replied:
O Princess, I will ne'er deny thy bounties,
Recount them how thou wilt; while memory lives
And vital spirit animates my frame,
Fondly, Elisa, will I think on thee:
But to the purpose brief: nor I from hence
To steal away clandestinely design'd,
(Dismiss the idle thought,) nor ever gave
My hand in wedlock, or my faith engaged. 390
Me had the fates allow'd my way of life
To shape and fashion to mine own desire,
On Ilium's dear remains would I to dwell
Have chosen; Priam's mansion yet should stand,
And for the vanquish'd Pergamus again
Had I restored. But now to Italy
Grynæan Phœbus calls; to Italy
The Lycian oracles command my course:
There is my hope, me country. If thyself,
Phœnician born, in Carthage hast delight, 400
And in the aspect of a Libyan town,
What harm for Trojans on th' Ausonian shore
A settlement to found? what crime in us
Our quest of foreign kingdoms to pursue?

Often as dusky night has veil'd the earth
And lit her starry fires, my Father's ghost
Disturb'd and dreadful warns me in my sleep;
Ascanius chides me, dear and injur'd Boy,
Robb'd of his Latian realm and promis'd fields:
And last, th' interpreter of heavenly will 410
Despatch'd by Jove, (I call them both to witness,)
Hath brought his mandate thro' the fields of air;
I saw the radiant figure pass these walls,
The voice celestial with mine ears I drank.
Forbear with plaints to afflict thyself and me:
Not by my choice for Italy I sail.
Him all this while Elisa view'd askance,
Rolling her eyes; perused him head to foot
With silent glances, till her rage outbroke:
Perfidious wretch, no Goddess brought thee forth, 420
No Dardanus was thy progenitor;
But thou on flinty Caucasus wast born,
And tigers of Hyrcania gave thee suck.
For why dissemble? for what fouler wrong
Should I reserve me? Was a tear from him
Wrung by my anguish? did he breathe a sigh?
Once bend his eyes, or cast a look of pity?
With what shall I begin? Nor Jupiter
Nor Juno hath regard to right and wrong;
Truth abides nowhere. Shipwreck'd on my coast 430
And destitute this ingrate I received,
(Oh, folly!) made him partner of my throne,
His navy sheltcr'd, saved his crew from death:
A thousand furies goad me! Now Apollo
And Lycian oracles pronounce their warning,
And Jove himself th' interpreter of Heaven
With dreadful mandate sends: as if the Gods
Would let such petty cares disturb their peace!
I nor refute thy words, nor urge thy stay:
Seek the new kingdom; sail for Italy! 440

If Powers there be of justice, thou, be sure,
Shalt find thy recompense on rocks of ocean,
And oft upon the name of Dido call:
She shall pursue thee with the funeral torch;
When life and soul in chilly death are parted,
My ghost shall haunt thee everywhere, my vengeance
Shall overtake thy treason, and the news
Appease my spirit in the shades below.
  Abrupt she ended, sickening to behold
The light of day; and while the Chieftain stood 450
With words upon his lip, but fear'd to speak,
She from his presence hurried and was gone.
Attendant maidens caught her fainting limbs,
Bore to a marble couch and laid her down.
The pious Prince with words of tenderness
Would fain have sooth'd her anguish; much he sigh'd
With love and pity shaken, yet obeys
The will of Heaven, and to his fleet repairs:
There all along the shore his comrades haste
To loose their moorings, launch their pitchy keels, 460
In earnest for the voyage; sappy oars
And rough-hewn timber from the woods they fetch;
The gallies were afloat; thro' all the town
A stir was seen, and bustle of remove:
As when a swarm of ants on wheaten grain
Make pillage, and for winter store their cells;
The black troop march afield, and o'er the grass
Bear off their booty; some on shoulders lift
The corny burden, struggling with the weight;
Others bring up the rear, and chide delay; 470
The little path is all alive with toil.
  What thoughts were Dido's at that rueful sight!
How groan'd she, from her turret when she view'd
The shore all bustle, and the cries confused
Of seamen reach'd her ear! O cruel Love,
To what dost thou not human hearts compel?

Dido again must weep, entreat again,
To softness bend her pride, and stoop to prayer,
Lest aught untried she leave and rashly die.
  Anna, thou seest yon movement on the shore; 480
The crews are muster'd, sails invite the breeze,
Astern of every ship the wreaths are hung.
Forewarn'd I could have met this cruel blow;
Yea, I will meet it, Sister: but one kindness
I must implore of thee. The faithless man
Thy friendship courted, Anna, trusted thee
With his most secret thoughts; thou only knew'st
The time and methods to approach his heart;
Go, the proud stranger supplicate for me:
I rais'd not fleets and armies to besiege 490
The walls of Ilium, nor conspired with Greeks
At Aulis, nor profaned his Father's ashes:
Why doth he shut his ear against my prayer?
And whither rushes he? One last request
A wretched lover urges, that he wait
An easy voyage and a favouring wind.
I ask not for the marriage which he spurns,
Nor that fair Latium's kingdom he forego;
Time only, space and respite I desire
For this my madness, till subdued I learn 500
To bear the load of grief. Have pity, Sister!
This favour let him grant me; 'tis the last;
Which I will pay with increase by my death.
Thus Dido: Anna bears and bears again
The mournful message; but th' obdurate Prince
Nor plaint can soften, nor entreaty bend;
The fates forbid, the God obstructs his ear.
As when a solid oak of Alpine blasts
Th' assault withstands; her leaves, her crashing boughs
They shake, they strew; she to the mountain clings 510
Stubborn with growth of years, her root as deep
Down thrusting as the top ascends in air:

Thus on the Hero while a storm of words
Incessant falls, his heart afflicting sore,
He stands unmoved; tears ineffectual flow.
  Then Dido prays for death, alarm'd at fate,
And weary to behold the vault of heaven.
Portentous wonders hasten her resolve
To quit the light. When on the fuming hearth
She laid her gifts, the sacred stream grew black, 520
Her wine-libations turn'd to gore obscene:
To none, not even Anna, she disclosed
This horrid vision. In the palace stood
A marble temple of her ancient Lord,
By her devoutly honour'd, drest with wreaths
And fleecy fillets; hence in gloom of night
Voices were heard, as of her husband calling;
A screechowl on the roof her tristful note
Repeating oft prolongs the cry of woe:
Old prophecies foreboding dire alarms 530
Increase despair: Æneas in her sleep
Torments her: friendless ever and alone
She seems to wander on a dreary way,
And seek her Tyrians in a desert land.
Like as when Pentheus raving seems to see
A Fury-band, two suns, a double Thebes;
Or when Orestes tortur'd in the scene
His Mother drives with snakes and torches waving,
Whilst at his threshold wait th' Avengers dire.
  So in the rage and fever of her grief 540
Dido on death resolves; the time and mode
In secret ponders, hiding her intent,
And wearing on her brow the mask of hope
Thus with delusive speech her Sister cheers:
Give me joy, Sister; I have found a way
To win my Lover, or myself to free.
Near Ocean's boundary and the setting Sun
A place in farthest Æthiopia lies,

Where mighty Atlas on his shoulder turns
The starry-spangled sphere. A Priestess thence, 550
Massylian born, who kept th' Hesperian grove
And tree of sacred fruit, the dragon feeding
With honey-cakes and drowsy poppy-juice;
Her have I seen; she promises by charms
To free the heart, or, when she please, enthral;
She stops the river's flow, controls the stars,
Or summons grisly ghosts from Acheron;
Earth bellows underneath her, at her bidding
Tall pines descend unrooted from the mountain:
I swear, dear Anna, by thine own sweet self 560
And by th' Immortals, that to magic spells
Unwilling I resort. But prythee go,
And under open air i' th' inner court
Secretly raise a pyre; upon't the arms,
Which the false traitor in my chamber hung,
His garments and the guilty bridal bed
In heap together lay: the Priestess orders
To burn all relics of that impious Man.
She ceas'd; her face a paleness overspread;
The trustful Anna saw not under show 570
Of witchcraft and pretended solemn rites
A Sister's deathbed; never she conceiv'd
Of such dire phrenzy, nor of worse to dread
Than when Sichæus died; so to the task
Prepares her. In the court in open air
A pile is rais'd of oak and cloven fir,
With garlands edged, with boughs funereal crown'd;
Upon the couch her Lover's effigy,
The raiment and the sword Elisa lays,
Full of her purpose; altars fume around; 580
The loose-hair'd Priestess thunders her appeal
To Gods three hundred, Erebus and Chaos,
And threefold Hecate, and the triple form
Of Virgin Dian; nor the jet to sprinkle

From feign'd Avernian streams, nor downy herbs
To cull by moonlight with a brazen scythe
Forgot she, nor the milk of sweltering venom,
Nor from the forehead of a newborn foal
To steal the mother's love. The Queen herself,
With one foot naked and a zoneless robe, 590
Beside the altar holds her season'd cake,
And resolute to die devoutly calls
On Gods, on Planets conscious of her doom,
On every Power whose justice hath regard
To faith of lovers and unequal vows.
'Twas night, and o'er the earth in gentle sleep
Lay weary creatures; woods and turbid seas
Were hush'd; it was the hour when stars revolve
Their middle course, and every field is still;
Cattle and feather'd tribes, that wing the lake 600
Or haunt the bosky dell, in silence all
Were couch'd to rest, forgetting toil and care.
Yet not unhappy Dido; she not once
To slumber sank; her eyelid or sad heart
Night visits not; but anguish, fits of love
And wrathful rage make tempest in her soul.
Thro' such turmoil of thought her passion ran:
What can I do? To former suitors turn,
To be their mockery? or th' alliance court
Of Nomad Princes, whom so oft I spurn'd? 610
Or with the Trojans in their fleet embark,
And wait on their imperious will? because
The aid I lent them hath bested me so!
My kindnesses have been so well remember'd!
But say I would; who gives permission? who
In his proud ship receives th' unwelcome one?
Know'st thou not, lost Elisa, know'st not yet
The perjur'd nation of Laomedon?
And should I mingle with the boisterous crew
*A lonely out*cast? or upon them fall 620

With all my Tyrian people? those whom scarce
I dragg'd from Sidon force again to sea,
And bid their sails unfurl? No, rather perish,
As thou deserv'st; with steel thy sorrows end!
Alas, thou, Sister, by my tears o'ercome
Didst me in misery plunge, and cast me on
The Stranger's mercy. Might I not have lived
Without a crime unwedded, like a beast,
And ne'er these troubles known? Would I had been
Still to the ashes of Sichæus true! 630
  Such violence of passionate grief was hers;
Æneas in his bark with fixt resolve
And all things trim for sail in slumber lay;
When the same vision of a heavenly Form
Rousing him came with monitory words;
Like Hermes it appear'd in voice and mien,
In gracefulness of youth and golden hair:
Son of a Goddess, givest thou to sleep
These precious fleeting moments? nor perceiv'st
What perils gather round thee? foolish man! 640
Nor hear'st the friendly calling of the breeze?
Elisa, fierce with meditated crime,
And tides of anger in her bosom raging,
Is bent on thy destruction and her own.
Fly, fly, while yet thou mayst! If morning here
Shall find thee dallying, quickly thou wilt see
The ocean rous'd with gallies, torches gleaming,
And all the shore in flames. Away, begone!
Woman is light and fickle as the wind.
With this the Spectre vanish'd into air; 650
Æneas frighten'd by the sudden shades
Upsprang from slumber and bestirr'd his men:
Wake, wake, companions, hurry to your oars
And spread your sail. The Messenger of Heaven
To cut our cables and to speed us hence
Again commands. Great Power, whoe'er thou be,

We follow thee and gladly do thy hest;
Oh, be at hand to succour us with aid
Of friendly stars. So saying, from the sheath
His falchion flew, and smote the twisted cord: 660
Like ardour fires the rest; they rush, they run,
The land is left behind, the waters broad
Are cover'd with their ships; all arms at once
Sweep the blue wave, and lash it into foam.
And now Aurora from the saffron bed
Of her Tithonus rising sow'd the earth
With dewy light. When Dido from her tower
Beheld the whitening dawn, and sails afloat
In orderly array, then saw the shore
And port deserted, thrice she smote her breast, 670
And tore her golden hair: O Jupiter!
Gone! Shall the Stranger scape, and mock my kingdom?
Bring ye not arms? pursue him from the town?
Some snatch my vessels from the docks? Away!
Quick, carry flames, pull oars, and hoist my sail!
What do I say? where am I? Phrensy-turn'd
Unhappy Dido! Now thy crimes come home!
Then was the time, when thou thy sceptre gavest.
Oh, soul of truth and honour! this the man
They fable to have saved his country's Gods 680
And leant his pious shoulders to the burden
Of old Anchises! Might I not have seiz'd
And torn him piecemeal? plunged him in the wave?
Massacred all his host, and for a meal
Serv'd up Ascanius at his Father's board?
Doubtful had been the conflict; and what then?
Whom should I fear, determining to die?
I would have scatter'd firebrands in the fleet,
The hatches fill'd with flame; Sire, Son, and race
Extinguish'd, and mine own self after them! 690
Thou Sun, who piercest every nook and hole
Of this terrene, and thou interpreter

And witness of my griefs, Saturnian Juno;
Thou Hecate, whose name thro' cities oft
In triple crossways midnight howls repeat;
Avenging Furies, Gods that yet regard
Elisa dying, hear her imprecation,
And let your justice on the guilty fall!
If 'tis ordain'd, this execrable man
Shall reach the land and haven of his hopes, 700
If such be Jove's unalterable will;
Yet by a savage nation there assail'd,
Torn from Iulus, driven from his home,
For succour let him fly to foreign power
And view the cruel carnage of his people,
Nor, after yielding to a shameful peace,
Live to enjoy his throne, but ere his time
Perish, and lie unburied on the sand!
Such be my prayer, my last expiring words.
Ye Tyrians, let your enmity pursue 710
These people and their race for evermore;
A tribute to my ashes! Cherish ye
Irreconcileable and deadly strife!
Rise some avenger from my bones, to vex
With fire and sword the Dardan colonists,
Now, in all time, whene'er occasion spring!
Shore be opposed to shore and sea to sea,
And arms to arms! let our posterities
Wage endless battle, and my curse fulfil!
This burst of fury staid, she rack'd her thoughts 720
For ready means a loathed life to end;
Then call'd to Barce, nurse of her late Spouse;
(Her own at Tyre in ashes was entomb'd:)
Go fetch my sister Anna to my side;
Her body let her sprinkle from the stream,
And bring the victims ordered for atonement:
Thou, my good nurse, put on thy holy fillet;
The sacrifice prepared to Stygian Jove

I hasten to complete, and end my sorrows;
All relics of the Dardan I destroy. 730
Away old Barce on her mission trudged:
But Dido with fell purpose of despair,
Rolling her blood-red eyeballs, her cheeks fleck'd
With livid spots, trembling and ghastly pale,
Bursts thro' the inner gate, and fiercely mounting
Her loaded funeral-pyre unsheaths the sword,
The Dardan sword for other use design'd.
On the familiar bed and Trojan robes
She look'd, and paus'd, a few brief moments gave
To tears and grief, and leaning on the couch 740
Spake her last words: Ye relics once beloved,
While fate and Heaven allow'd, receive this life,
And set me free from sorrow. I have lived,
Have run my destin'd course; and now will I
A mighty Spirit under earth descend.
I built a glorious town, beheld my walls,
Avenged my Consort, punish'd, as was meet,
A most unnatural Brother; blest was I,
Ah, more than blest, if never Dardan prow
Had touch'd my shore! (The pillow with her lips 750
She prest:) and shall I perish unavenged?
Perish I must! Thus, thus to nether shades
I speed me! From the deep this funeral blaze
The ruthless Dardan with his eye shall see,
And bear with him the omen of my death.
Yet speaking she had fallen: her maids beheld
The death-blow, the steel foaming, and her hands
Dabbled with blood: cries rend the vaulted court,
The horrid tidings o'er the city flew,
Houses with moan and shrieks of women ring, 760
All heaven with wail resounds; no less than if
An inroad of the foes had overthrown
Carthage or ancient Tyre, and o'er the roofs
Of men and Gods dire conflagration roll'd.

The Sister heard, and breathless with affright,
Tearing with nails her hair, smiting her breast,
Runs thro' the crowd, and calls on Dido's name:
Sister, was this thy scheme? to cheat me so?
This did the flaming pile and altars mean?
To make thine Anna wretched and forlorn? 770
Where shall my plaints begin? Could Dido spurn
A Sister's fellowship to die with her?
Me to the selfsame doom should she have call'd;
One grief, one moment should have ended both.
Did these hands raise the pile, this tongue invoke
Our guardian Gods, that Dido on her deathbed
Thus without cruel Anna should be laid?
O Sister, Sister, thou hast all foredone,
Thyself and me, thy people, Tyrian lords
And city! Give me water; let me bathe 780
Her bleeding limbs, and catch her latest breath
Ere all be parted. She by this had climbed
The lofty steps, and folded in her arms
The dying Queen, sobbing, and with her vest
Staunching the blood: Dido her heavy eyes
To raise attempting sank in deadly swoon;
The wound's deep fissure gurgled from within:
Thrice with a painful effort on the couch
She rais'd herself and on her elbow leant,
Thrice backward fell, with swimming eyes look'd up 790
To see the light, and seeing heav'd a groan.
Then Juno, touch'd with pity for her pain
And lingering death, sent Iris to release
The struggling Spirit from her earthly bonds:
For since her hapless end not fate nor crime,
But grief and suicidal madness wrought,
Proserpina had not yet from her hair
The top-lock shorn, nor doom'd her soul to Orcus.
Therefore the Goddess of the dewy bow
Down from Olympus drawing from the sun 800

Her thousand colours flew, and o'er the couch
Of sad Elisa stands: This golden lock
To Pluto sacred by command I take,
And free thee from thy tenement of clay.
She spake, and sever'd it; at once dissolves
The vital heat, the spirit fleets in air.

ÆNEID V.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas, sailing from Africa, is diverted from his course by a storm, and forced to land at Drepanum in the west of Sicily, where he is hospitably received by his friend Acestes, king of that part of the island. Here he pays divine honours at the tomb of his Father Anchises, and celebrates games, the description of which forms the most interesting portion of the book. They consist of a ship-race, a foot-race, a boxing-match, and a contest of archery. After these, Æneas entertains the spectators with the exhibition of an equestrian exercise, in which Ascanius and a select number of Trojan boys perform the evolutions of a mock-battle. This spectacle was afterwards exhibited in a circus at Rome, and called the *Game of Troy*. It was revived and frequently celebrated by Augustus; and therefore Virgil, to gratify the Emperor, introduces the description of it here, and states the custom to have been derived from the Trojans. The next event in the narrative is the descent of Iris, Juno's messenger; who, before the solemnities of the day are concluded, instigates some of the Trojan dames to set fire to their ships. Four are consumed by the flames, but the rest are preserved by a miraculous shower. Æneas resolves to leave behind him in Sicily all the matrons and the infirm part of the crew. For them he lays the foundation of a new town, which, in honour of his friend, to whose sovereignty it is to belong, he names Acesta. He then repairs his fleet, and sets sail for Italy. Neptune promises to Venus a safe voyage for all but one of the crew. That one is the pilot Palinurus, who falls into the sea, and is lost.

Meanwhile Æneas held his purpos'd way
Cutting the billows with a breezy wind,
And back upon the city as he cast
His lingering eyes, beheld the mounting flame
Of Dido's funeral pyre: what cause had lit
That gleam of distant splendour, none could tell;

But (for they knew the pangs of outraged love,
And what things woman will in fury dare,)
To mournful presage Trojan hearts incline.
Far out upon the main, when not a speck 10
Of land was visible, nor aught around
But sky and ocean, over head there stood
A murky raincloud, big with night and storm,
The wave with darkness frown'd. Alas, what means
This atmosphere of tempest? What dost thou,
Great Neptune, purpose? from the lofty stern
Cried helmsman Palinurus, and commands
To shorten sail and ply a vigorous oar;
His canvass to the wind oblique he turns,
And to Æneas thus: My noble Prince, 20
Not, if great Jove assured me, could I hope
With such a sky to gain th' Hesperian coast.
The winds are changed, and all athwart us roar
From the black west; air thickens into cloud;
Power have we none to struggle with the gale
Or hold our course. Since Fortune rules the hour,
Let us obey, and follow where she calls:
Not far from hence thy Brother's friendly coast,
The mount of Eryx and Sicanian port,
Methinks must be, if memory of the stars 30
Mislead me not. The pious Chief replies:
Long have I mark'd this bearing of the winds,
And vain thine efforts to resist them deem'd.
Shift thou the sail. Can any land to me
More welcome, for our weather-beaten ships
More grateful refuge be, than this which holds
My Dardan friend Acestes, in whose lap
The ashes of my Sire Anchises rest?
Straight for the port they steer; brisk Zephyrs fill
Their bellying sail; the fleet thro' ocean flies, 40
And reaches gladly the remember'd shore.
Acestes from a lofty cliff descried

Th' unlook'd for advent of a Trojan sail:
Rough in a Libyan bearskin as he was,
With hunting-spears in hand, he hastes to meet
His countrymen: for him a Teucrian dame
Bore to Crimisus, the Sicilian flood:
He, mindful of her ancient parentage,
Greets with a welcome his returning friends,
And entertaining them with rustic cheer 50
Their drooping spirit and their strength revives.
No sooner had the morrow's dawn dispell'd
The paling stars, than calling from the beach
A muster of his comrades thus his will
Æneas from a rising mound declares:
Ye valiant Dardans of a race divine,
The months have now their yearly circle run,
Since we my venerable Father's bones
Buried in earth, and funeral altars rais'd:
The day must be at hand, which ever I 60
Shall mourn and honour; so the Gods have will'd.
Were I an exile on Gætulian sands,
Or in Mycenæ, or by tempests caught
On Argive seas, this day would I repeat
My annual vows, with ceremonial pomp
Of sacrifice and altar-offerings piled.
Now to the very spot where rests my Father
(Not, as I deem, without the aid of Heaven)
Into a friendly harbour have we come.
His honours let us celebrate with joy, 70
Fair winds imploring, and that every year
He, when the city of our nation stands,
Our worship in his temple may receive.
Our kinsman kind Acestes to each ship
Two heads of oxen gives: call ye the Gods,
His and our own, the festival to share.
When the ninth orient morn her rosy light
Shall kindle and restore the cheerful world,

A race for Trojan gallies I appoint;
This to begin the day; but this not all: 80
Whoe'er in speed of foot, in strength excels
To hurl the supple dart or bend the bow,
Or with rough gauntlet battle dares to wage,
Let such attend, and look for the reward
To victory due. Now heed that on your lips
Good omen wait, and don your leafy crowns.
He with his Mother's myrtle veil'd his brow;
The like did Helymus and grave Acestes,
The like Ascanius and th' assembled youth.
Æneas midmost of a circling crowd 90
With thousands following to the tomb proceeds;
The customary offerings there to earth,
Two bowls of unmixt wine and two of milk
And two of consecrated blood, he pours,
And scatters purple flowrets on the grave:
Hail, venerable Spirit! hail once more,
Ye ashes to my sight restored in vain!
O Father, not with thee am I to seek
Our land of promise, the Ausonian realm,
And Latian Tyber's undiscover'd shore! 100
This had he said, when from the holy ground
A serpent gliding lubricous and long
In seven spiry circles placidly
Embraced the tomb, and o'er the altar crept;
Whose scaly back with streaks of green and gold
Was flaming brilliant, like a showery arc
Reflecting thousand colours from the sun:
Æneas in astonishment look'd on,
As there amid smooth bowls and chalices
Trailing it went and lick'd the dainty food, 110
Then sliding down the sepulchre again
Couch'd at the base innoxious. He with zeal
The more inspired his duteous task resumes,
Doubting were this the Genius of the place,

Or minister of his Sire: five ritual ewes,
As many swine and oxen sable-back'd
He slew, and pour'd libations, and invoked
Anchises' ghost releas'd from Acheron.
His comrades likewise of their several means
A cheerful tribute to the altar bring, 120
Their incense burn or immolate their bulls;
Some range the cauldrons, others on the grass
Kindle red fires, the spitted flesh to broil.
  The ninth expected morn serene and bright
Was usher'd by the chariot of the sun:
Rumour and great Acestes' name had drawn
A crowd of neighbours flocking to the shore,
To see the men of Troy, or in the games
Intent to mingle. Gather'd in a ring
The prizes there conspicuous they survey'd, 130
Tripods and garlands and triumphant palms
And radiant armour: from the central mound
A trumpet-peal proclaim'd the sports begun.
Four strong-oar'd ships prepare them for the strife,
Chosen from all the fleet, of equal power:
Mnestheus the Dolphin rows in gallant trim,
Ere long Italian Mnestheus, from whose name
The tribe of Memmius: Gyas hath in charge
Chimæra's fabric, city-like in bulk,
Which youths in triple rank, a triple tier 140
Of rising oars, impel: the Centaur bears
Sergestus, founder of the Sergian house:
Cloanthus in cerulean Scylla rides;
Roman Cluentius, thou art sprung from him.
  In middle sea, but in the shore's full view,
There stands a rock, which oft, when stormy gales
Obscure the lights of heaven, is overwhelm'd
By surging breakers, but in calm appears
An island rising from the stilly deep,
Where sea-mews love to bask them in the sun: 150

Here fixt the pious Chief a holly bough,
To be the butt and seamark of their aim;
For this were the contentious barks to steer,
Thence to return and make a circuit round.
Places by lot are chosen; on the stern
Each captain bright in gold and purple stands;
The crews with poplar garlands are bedeck'd,
Their naked shoulders glitter rubb'd with oil:
And now in order on the benches ranged
They grasp their oars, while every arm intent 160
Awaits the signal, every bosom pants
With trembling hope and emulation thrill'd.
Shrill blows the trumpet; in a moment all
Have bounded forward, naval shouts to heaven
Re-echo, foam the waves, with rapid strokes
Upturn'd, in furrows cloven; all the sea
Gapes wide, convuls'd by oars and trident beaks.
Not with such fury from the barriers rush
Contending chariots, and devour the plain,
When drivers hanging prone upon the lash 170
Shake o'er the loosen'd steeds their waving reins.
With cries and peals of favour and applause
The woods in concert ring, th' included shore
Prolongs the voice and stricken hills resound.
Gyas amid the noise of waves and men
Springs to the foremost place, and speeds away;
Cloanthus follows next, with fleeter oars,
But cumber'd by his vessel's ponderous bulk;
The Centaur and the Dolphin last of all
At equal distance struggle for the lead, 180
And now the Dolphin wins, the Centaur now
Her rival passes, now abreast they run
Ploughing with length of keel their briny way.
They near'd the turning-point, when Gyas, yet
In full career ahead, the race half-won,
Thus to his pilot hastily—Menœtes,

Why to the starboard veer? Stand inward, man,
Brush thou the cliff, let others keep the main.
Menœtes heard, but fearing hidden shelves
Points out his prow to seaward. Whither now, 190
Perverse Menœtes? Bear us to the rock:
Louder again he shouts, and looking back
Beholds Cloanthus pressing on his rear;
Cloanthus, who the nearer compass chose,
Shaving the beach between the rock and him,
Suddenly shoots beyond, and clear o' th' isle
In open water rides. With grief and rage
Incens'd was Gyas; tears were on his cheek;
His honour and the safety of his friends
Alike forgetting, headlong overboard 200
He pushes dull Menœtes in the sea,
Himself assumes the helm and pilot's place,
Exhorts the seamen, and to larboard steers:
The old man from the depth of water rose
With pain, and in his dripping garments climbed
A shelving rock, to seat him on the dry;
The Trojans laugh'd to see him sink and swim,
And laugh when now he vomits up the brine.
Sergestus and Menestheus, yet behind,
Are spirited with hope to overtake 210
The lagging Gyas. Foremost of the twain
Approaches, yet not foremost by a length,
Sergestus; on his side the Dolphin's beak
Hangs emulous, while Mnestheus on the deck
With exhortation paces to and fro:
Rise to your oars, my brave Hectorean band,
Ye whom on Ilium's fatal day I chose
For comrades; put your strength, your spirit forth,
As erst on Libyan sands, th' Ionian main,
And Malea's rolling surge. Not now for prize 220
Or victory I contend; and yet, O heavens!
But be the honour theirs whom Neptune wills;

'Twere shame to be the last! forbid, avert
This foul disgrace, my shipmates! One and all
Lustily bend to work; with mighty strokes
Trembles the brazen stern, the ground is drawn
From under them, sweat flows in rivers, gasp
Their arid mouths, and panting shakes their limbs.
A lucky accident his wishes crown'd:
For while Sergestus pushes to the rock 230
In furious haste, and straitens him for room
Incautious, a projecting ridge he strikes
With rude concussion; on the shelly crag
The oars grate harshly, and the prow hangs fast;
Uprise the men with bustle and alarm,
Booms iron-shod and spiky poles apply,
And gather on the flood their broken blades,
Time losing they; while Mnestheus, by success
Encouraged and elate, with all his force
Of salient oars and wafting of the breeze 240
Down the smooth water unimpeded ran.
Like as a dove, that in some rocky nook
Hath fixt the pendent cradle of her young,
Scared from the covert, flutters for a while
With pinion-flapping loud, till out to field
She darts away, and gaining middle air
Ranges at ease and floats upon her wing:
So Mnestheus and the Dolphin borne along
With self-impulsion speed their homeward way:
And first they leave Sergestus, labouring 250
On shelf and shallow, vainly calling help
And learning how to run with broken oars;
Next Gyas and Chimæra's bulk they reach,
She, for her pilot she hath lost, must yield;
Alone upon the race's verge remains
Cloanthus; after whom with all her might
The Dolphin struggles gallantly, while shouts
Of universal favour multiplied

By thousand echoes animate the chase;
And fierce it waxes; these disdain to lose 260
A prize already won, and life would give
For victory; those are quicken'd by success;
Able are they who able deem themselves:
And haply both had equal honour won,
Had not the Scylla's captain over sea
His arms with suppliant invocation rais'd:
Ye Powers of ocean, whose domain I sweep,
I to your altars on the beach will bring
A snow-white bull, the forfeit of my vow,
And cast his inwards on the briny flood, 270
And season them with spilth of ruby wine.
The choir of Phorcus from their depths below,
Fair Panope and all the Nereids heard;
And Sire Portunus with his ample palm
Push'd the fleet vessel; arrow-like she flew
Springing to land, and safe in harbour rides.
Æneas having duly summon'd all,
By herald's voice Cloanthus he proclaims
The victor, and with laurel-garland crowns:
Three bullocks to be chose by every ship. 280
Wine and a silver talent he bestows,
With special honours for the chiefs themselves;
A gilded mantle to the conqueror,
Round which a double waving border ran
Of Melibœan purple; there inwove
Was Ganymede with darts in Ida's glade
Fleet stags pursuing, breathless in the sport,
When him from Ida's top the bird of Jove
Snatching with hasty talons bears away;
The aged keepers lift their hands to heaven, 290
And hounds in empty anger bay the air.
He that hath won the second place receives
A soldier's good defence and ornament,
A polish'd coat of mail, with rings compact,

And triple-sewn with gold, which erst the Chief
Tore from Demoleus vanquish'd by the flood
Of Dardan Simois; hardly could a pair
Of sturdy porters on their shoulders carry
The cumbrous vest, wherein Demoleus clad
Chased then with ease the Trojan fugitives. 300
A pair of brazen cauldrons and rich cups
Of sculptur'd silver make the third reward.
Each with his ample guerdon was content,
And wreath'd with crimson fillets they withdrew;
When with hard efforts from the perilous rock
Releas'd, with loss of oars and one tier maim'd,
Sergestus in sad plight his vessel home
Amid much laughter brings. As when a snake
On the mid path surprised some brazen wheel
Hath roll'd across, or ruthless passenger 310
Hath left half-dead and mangled with a stone,
With all her length she struggles to escape,
Fierce in one part, with ardent eyes and neck
Hissing uplift, part crippled by her wound
She twists her round and round in knotty spires:
Thus slow the galley drags herself along,
Yet spreading all her sail in port arrives:
Æneas, glad that ship and crew were saved,
Presents their captain with the promis'd boon,
A Cretan slave, in arts of Pallas vers'd, 320
Twins at her breast, and Pholoë her name.
This game was ended, and the pious Chief
Leads to a grassy plain, by woods enclosed
And sloping hills; a verdant theatre
Extended in the midst, where on a seat
High in the centre of the crowded ring
He sits, and to the foot-race them that will
Invites for prize and honour to contend:
Sicanians, Trojans gather to the lists;
Euryalus and Nisus enter first, 330

Euryalus distinguish'd by the bloom
Of youth and beauty, Nisus by a love
Most pure and tender for his youthful friend;
Diores next, of Priam's royal line,
And Salius, an Epirot, after him,
With Patron, who his birth from Tegea drew;
And two Sicilian foresters appear'd,
Stout Panopes and lusty Helymus,
Companions of Acestes in the chase,
With many more of whom the fame is lost: 240
Æneas in the midst accosts them all:
Hear ye my words, and give them joyful heed:
None from the lists shall unrewarded go;
To each two Gnossian darts of polish'd steel
I promise, and a silver-studded axe;
That for a general largess; for the three
Whom fortune favours prizes I ordain
And olive garlands: he that wins the race
A steed with rich caparison obtains;
The next an Amazonian quiver, stored 350
With Thracian arrows, which a belt enfolds
Broad, golden-laced, and fasten'd with a gem;
This Argive helm must satisfy the third.
  The runners placed in line, at signal given,
Rush to the plain and cloudlike sweep it over,
Straining their eyes to mark the distant bourn:
Off in a moment like a lightning bolt
Went Nisus, far outstripping all the rest;
Next Salius, and Euryalus the next,
Each with a spacious interval between; 360
The fourth was Helymus, but on his heels
And almost on his shoulder pressing close
Diores follow'd; he in longer space
Had got the vantage, or 'twere doubtful who.
They to the farthest limit of the course
Were pressing weary, Nisus in his thought

Already victor, when on slippery ground,
Drench'd with the blood of victims newly slain,
He stumbled, luckless man; his footing lost,
Prone on the turf amid the dabblement 370
Of mud and gore he fell; yet even then
Forgat he not his dear Euryalus,
But rising on the filth his body threw
Full in the path of Salius, whom to earth
Rolling he cast: Euryalus outsprang,
And victor by the kindness of his friend
With cheers and acclamation won the goal:
Next Helymus came in, and third in place
Was now Diores; but the noisy plaint
Of injur'd Salius in their ear resounds, 380
Appealing to the sires and all the ring
His wrongly ravish'd honour to restore:
The partial crowd Euryalus befriend,
Nor wanting to his aid are comely tears
And merit lovelier in a graceful form;
Diores backs him too, the common cause
Defending clamorous; for how might he
Claim the last prize, if Salius had the first?
The pious Chieftain settled their dispute:
Gallants, what each hath won shall each retain; 390
None may disturb the order of the palm;
Let me for the misfortune of my friend
Atone as it deserves: And at the word
A Libyan lion's hide with ponderous mane
And golden claws to Salius he presents:
If to the vanquish'd such rewards belong—
Said Nisus— if thou pitiest the fallen,
What should be given to Nisus, who the palm
Right fairly won, had not the same mishap
That marr'd the hopes of Salius cheated mine? 400
With that he shew'd his face and limbs bedaub'd
With filthy stain; the generous Chieftain smiles,

Calls for a shield, by Didymaon wrought,
And which from Neptune's porch the Greeks had torn;
This the brave youth to recompense he gave.
  The race thus finish'd and the gifts bestow'd;
Now, whosoe'er have valiant hearts and strong,
Stand forth and bind the gauntlets on your hands:
Who conquers in the fight, receives a bull
With ribbons deck'd and gold; a scymitar 410
And brilliant morion shall console defeat:
So spake Æneas; and a champion bold
Amid loud murmurs from the circle rose,
Tall, stalwart Dares; who alone was used
With Paris to contend. At Hector's tomb
A giant victor, Butes, boasting kin
With the Bebrycian race of Amycus,
He with a death-blow stretcht upon the sand.
And now erect as challenger he stood,
Displays his breadth of shoulders, tosses out 420
His arms alternately, and beats the air.
Throughout the ring his match could not be found;
None dare oppose him or the gauntlets try:
He therefore, as without competitor,
Up to Æneas with assurance walk'd,
And laying hand upon the bullock's horn—
Goddess-born hero—bluntly he began—
Since not a man will venture in the lists,
How long am I to stand or tarry here?
Award the prize. The Dardans one and all 430
Murmur'd assent, to give the promis'd meed.
Acestes with sharp speech Entellus chid,
Who next him sat upon a turfy couch:
Entellus, once of heroes deem'd the bravest
To little purpose, lettest thou the prize
Be lurch'd without a blow? And where is Eryx,
The God thy master, and thine empty boast?
Where is thy fame in Sicily renown'd,

And all the spoils that hang upon thy walls?
Entellus answer'd him: No coward fear 440
Abates my courage or my love of glory;
But age hath turn'd my blood to thick and cold,
Unstrung my sinews and relax'd my powers:
Could I recall the youthfulness, that now
Yon varlet boldens, and that once was mine,
No prize-bull needed I to tempt me here,
Nor care I for the guerdon. Saying which,
A pair of gauntlets in the midst he threw,
Of weight immense, which valiant Eryx used
To wear in combat, fasten'd on the arm 450
With sturdy thongs. The sight astonish'd all,
Seven ample folds of oxhide, stiff with lead
And iron sewn between. Nor least amazed
Dares himself shrinks back and stands aloof,
While great Æneas weighs and turns about
The gloves and vast integuments to view.
And what if ye had seen the cæstus-bound
Alcides, when he waged the terrible fight
Upon this very shore? Entellus cried:
These arms thy brother Eryx wielded once; 460
Thou seest the marks of gore and spatter'd brains;
He duell'd mighty Hercules with them;
And they were mine, while vigorous and warm
The blood within me flow'd, ere envious age
Had scatter'd hoary hairs upon my brow:
But if the Trojan Dares be afraid
These arms to cope withal, an't like my friend
Acestes and the pious Prince approve,
Make we the combat equal; gloves of Eryx
For thee, man, I resign; dismiss thy fears; 470
And thou the Trojan gauntlets change for new.
He said, and off his back the doublet throws,
Lays bare his mighty sinews, bones and limbs,
And stands in bulk tremendous on the sand.

Æneas equal gauntlets order'd forth,
And both accoutred for the field alike.
  The combatants at once on tiptoe standing,
Their arms in air intrepidly they raise,
Heads from the danger warily withdraw,
And mingling hand with hand provoke the fight: 480
The one more nimble-footed, confident
In active prime of age; the other strong
And weighty-limb'd, but under him his knees
Tremble, his vast frame labours while he breathes.
Full many a wound they menace, many a blow
Hard on the hollow ribs and chest resounds;
Fists round about the ears and temples roving,
Oft on the cheek with crashing might they fall.
Entellus in one posture stands unmoved,
With watchful eyes and body keeps his ward: 490
Dares, like one who plies his enginery
Against a city or a mountain-fort,
Tries this approach and that, on every side
Th' assault renews and varies, but in vain:
Entellus him with lifted arm essays
To strike; but he too quick the mischief saw
Descending, and with sudden spring eludes;
The blow was spent in air, and after it
Entellus to the ground with all his weight
Heavily falls, as drops on Erymanth 500
Or Ida's hill an old uprooted pine;
At once the youth of Sicily and Troy
With zeal and clamour rose; Acestes runs
To help the aged hero from the ground;
But he unharm'd, undaunted by his fall,
And fierce with anger, to the fight returns:
Then shame and conscious worth his might arouse;
And Dares over all the field he drives
Belabouring and pounding right and left
Without remorse or respite; just as hail 510

In pelting volley rattles on the tiles,
So upon Dares reeling to and fro
The double-handed battery pours amain.
But longer would Æneas not permit
The victor's ire to rage or wreak revenge:
He snatches weary Dares from the field,
Soothing him thus: What madness, wretched man,
Possest thee? Seest thou not the Gods adverse,
Thy strength unequal? Yield to power divine.
So saying he commands the strife to cease. 520
Dares by trusty comrades to the ships,
Dragging his knees with pain, from side to side
Tossing his head, and spitting from the mouth
Thick gore and bloody teeth, is led away:
They summon'd for their vanquish'd friend receive
The scymitar and helm, the bull and wreath
Leave to Entellus, who his haughty joy
In triumph overflowing thus exprest:
Learn, Son of Venus, learn, ye Trojans all,
What vigour once was mine in younger days, 530
And from what death your Dares ye have saved:
Confronting then the bull, between the horns
Raising his armed fist, with mighty force
He dash'd it in the skull, and smash'd the brain;
Down dropt the bull, and lifeless quivering lay.
Eryx, behold! he cried: a better life
Than Dares I devote. Victorious here
My gauntlets and my art I lay aside.
Æneas now to trial of their skill
The bowmen summon'd, and the prizes named: 540
He from the vessel of Serestus chose
The tallest mast, and fixt it with his hand,
A living mark suspending from the top,
A cushat pigeon, fasten'd by a string.
The archers mustering, in a brazen casque
The lots are thrown: first issuing with applause

Hippocoon, son of Hyrtacus, was drawn;
Then Mnestheus, lately in the naval strife
Successful, and with olive-garland crown'd;
Eurytion third, thy brother, Pandarus, 550
Who bidden erst to violate the truce
Shottest a fatal shaft among the Greeks:
Acestes in the helmet last remains,
Himself a rival in the youthful game.
Each tried his bow and pull'd the twanging chord,
Then from his quiver drew the winged steel:
First the fleet arrow of Hyrtacides
Whizz'd as it flew, and cleft the buxom air;
True to the mast it came, and pierced the tree,
Which violently shook, the dove in fear 560
Flutter'd her wings, and plaudits rent the sky:
With bended bow stood Mnestheus, flash'd his eye
A moment aiming, and the shaft was gone;
Unfortunate, the bird herself to strike
He miss'd, the knot he broke and linen band
Wherewith her foot was fasten'd to the mast;
She soaring to the cloudy region fled:
Eurytion, holding ready on the string
His levell'd weapon, Pandarus invoked,
And marking well the dove, as in free space 570
Joyful she clapp'd her wings, he pierces her
Under a purple cloud; she droop'd and fell,
Life leaving in the starry firmament,
The arrow in her bosom bringing down:
Acestes' chance was gone, who ne'ertheless
A random shot sent manfully, to prove
The skilful archer and the sounding bow:
When lo, a sight miraculous to view,
Of presage direful, as the sequel taught,
And prophets boding fear to future times: 580
The flying reed in liquid ether blazed,
And traced a path with flame, till all extinct

In air it vanish'd, like a falling star
That shoots her crystal tresses from the sky:
Trinacrians, Trojans, awe-struck and amazed,
Do reverence to the Gods; Æneas hail'd
The omen, clasp'd Acestes, loading him
With precious gifts, and gratulating thus:
Take these, great Sire: th' Olympian King for thee
Some honour by this augury design'd 590
Beyond the lot of others. Thou shalt have
My Sire's own gift, a richly figur'd bowl,
Which Thracian Cisseus to Anchises erst
A pledge of friendship and memorial gave.
So saying, he adorns with laurel wreath
Acestes, and salutes him conqueror;
And good Eurytion at the second place
Repines not, though himself had hit the bird:
His was the next reward, who broke the string,
And last was he whose arrow struck the beam. 600
Nor yet the sports had end: Æneas calls
The trusty guardian of his princely Son,
Epytides, and whispers in his ear:
Go, tell Ascanius, if his youthful band
Of horsemen he hath marshall'd and array'd,
Hither in honour of his grandsire now
To lead them, and to show himself in arms.
Meantime the stream of people from the ring
He to retire commands, and clear the plain.
The youths advance, before their parents' eyes 610
Glittering on bridled steeds; from every side
A buzz of admiration greeted them.
Their locks with shaven wreaths are neatly bound,
Each hath in hand a pair of cornel darts,
And some a polish'd quiver at the back,
Equipment graceful; carcanets of gold
Loose from the neck upon the bosom hang.
Their ranks are three, in triple order ranged,

With three commanders prancing in the front,
Twelve stripling cavaliers in every band. 620
The first fair Priam leads, thy little son,
Polites, who preserv'd his grandsire's name,
Destin'd to raise Italian progeny:
Who rides a Thracian courser, dappled o'er
With spots of white; a forehead white as snow
Erect he bears, white forefeet paw the ground:
Next Atys comes, to young Ascanius dear,
From whom the Attian tribe in Latium sprang:
Ascanius last, and fairest of them all,
Borne by a Tyrian steed, which Dido gave, 630
A memorable token of her love:
The rest are mounted on Trinacrian steeds
Of old Acestes. As with beating hearts
The band approach, the Dardans with applause
Receive them, and peruse each face with joy,
Tracing the likeness of their ancient sires.
Before the line of gazers and their friends
They move in gay procession, halting then
Await the summons of Epytides;
At whose loud signal and the sound of lash 640
They break in three divided, opposite ways
In open brigades flying; swift at call
They face about and charge with hostile arms;
Again they sever, and again they meet,
Wheel round and round, orb within orb involve,
The living picture of a battlefield;
Now shew their backs in flight, now threatening raise
Their javelins, now in peace harmonious ride.
As wound the labyrinthine path of Crete
Between a texture of dark walls, perplext 650
With thousand mazes, where th' unguided step
In error irretrievable was lost:
Such movements intricate the sons of Troy
Weave in their rounds of mimic flight and war;

Like dolphins, that in sportive gambolling
Lash the Carpathian or the Libyan sea.
These feats of horsemanship, these custom'd games
Ascanius, when he built Long Alba's town,
Revived, and taught the Latins, just as he
With Trojan youths had practis'd them of yore: 660
Which Alba taught her sons, from whom great Rome
Deriving yet maintains th' ancestral rite:
'Tis yet call'd Troy, and yet the Trojan band.
  Thus far was all high sport and holiday;
But fickle Fortune soon her aspect changed:
For, ere the funeral honours were complete,
Saturnia not yet glutted with revenge,
Still busy with her malice, to the fleet
Sends Iris down, and breathes upon her flight
The speed of winds: the Virgin seen of none 670
Shoots in a beamy rainbow from the sky;
Th' assembled throng she view'd, survey'd the shore,
The vacant harbour and unguarded ships,
By which a group there stood of Phrygian dames
All by themselves in melancholy mood,
For lost Anchises mourning, on the deep
Gazing with tears: Alas, o'er sea and wave
That we must roam and toil and find no rest!
This was the doleful murmur of them all,
Weary of ocean, longing for a home. 680
The matrons humour'd thus, among them slyly
The Goddess thrusts herself, in guise and mien
To Beroe's likeness changed, the aged spouse
Of Thracian Doryclus, who once was blest
With sons and kindred and an honour'd name;
In whose pretended voice her guile found words:
Ye remnant of a miserable race,
Unhappy women, better had the Greeks
Dragg'd ye beneath your native walls to die!
For what disastrous fate are ye reserv'd? 690

'Tis the seventh summer since our Ilium's fall;
What stars, climes, oceans have we not explored?
Thro' stormy billows, over rocks and shoals
A way to flying Italy we seek.
Here is the friendly shore of Eryx, here
Acestes, generous host; to build a town
What hinders, and to fix the people's home?
Ah, my Penates! ah, my fatherland!
In vain were ye deliver'd from the foe!
Shall walls of Ilium never more revive? 700
Never shall I behold Hectorean streams,
A Xanthus and a Simois, again?
Come, help me to destroy yon fatal ships.
Cassandra's apparition yesternight
Rose in my sleep, and raught a flaming brand:
This is your home, she cried; seek Ilium here.
Occasion prompts the deed, and heavenly signs
Bid hasten; lo the four Neptunian altars!
The God inspires us, and supplies the flame!
Fiercely she seiz'd a firebrand, which aloft 710
With mighty effort of her arm she swung:
The matrons in bewilderment look'd on,
Till Pyrgo thus, their eldest, and the nurse
Of Priam's royal sons, the silence broke:
No Beroe was this; no Thracian spouse
Of Doryclus: observ'd ye not her mien
And grace majestic? how she stepp'd, she breathed?
Her ardent glances and commanding tone?
Old Beroe lies sick; 'tis scarce a moment
I left the mother grieving at her absence 720
From these high honours and solemnities.
  The dames awhile in doubt malignant eyes
Cast on the ships, distracted in their choice
Between the present and the promis'd land;
When Iris mounts aloft on levell'd wing,
Cutting a radiant arch that spann'd the clouds:

Then by the dire portent to phrenzy driven
They shriek aloud, they snatch the sacred fire
And strip the altars, faggots, twigs, and boughs
Hurl flaming with combustion, that full soon 730
Unbridled over oars and benches ran,
The sternage and the ornamented pine.
The dismal tidings to Anchises' tomb
Eumelus bore, where in theatric range
The crowd yet seated view the dusky flames
And ashes rise: Ascanius first, as he
Was leading in advance th' equestrian band,
Broke from his guardians and their timid rule,
And spurr'd his courser to the scene of woe:
What madness this? Ye wretched dames of Troy, 740
What purpose ye? Not foes nor Argive tents,
But your own hopes ye burn. Behold, 'tis I,
Your own Ascanius. At their feet he throws
The helmet which in mimic fight he wore;
And now Æneas and the Trojan train
Were hasting up; the matrons in affright
Flee scatter'd o'er the beach, to hollow rocks,
To woods, where'er concealment could be found;
They loathe the light, and sorrow for the past,
Shake Juno from their bosom, sue their friends 750
For pardon and for peace. Yet not the more
Slackens the rage of fire; hot vapours breathe
From underneath the damp in smouldering tow,
All thro' the hull and bottom of the ship
Eating their sullen way; nor strength of man
Nor streams injected can the mischief stay.
Æneas tore the mantle on his back,
Outstretcht his hands, and call'd the aid of heaven:
Almighty Jove, if thou abhorr'st not yet
All Ilium's hapless race, if ancient pity 760
Looks down on human grief, oh, save the ships,
Snatch from the jaws of death our sinking state;

Or thou, if I deserve it, on my head
Hurl thy just lightnings, blast me with thy wrath!
Scarce had he spoken, when the sky grew black
With tempest, hill and plain with thunder quake,
And clouds by southern winds together driven,
Down rushing in a cataract of rain,
Deluge the ships, and drench with watery flood
The half-burnt planks; till all the flames are quench'd, 770
All but four vessels from the pest preserv'd.
The Chieftain shaken by the sad mischance
Mused on the future, lost in anxious thought:
Should he forget the fates and settle on
Trinacrian soil, or for th' Italian shore
His course pursue? Then Nautes, hoary sage,
Whom Pallas all her depths of wisdom taught,
Divining what the anger of the Gods
Portended, what the scheme of fate required,
Admonish'd him, and with advice consoled: 780
Great Hero, let us follow whither fate
Leads on or calls us back; whate'er befall,
To bear our evils is to conquer them.
Acestes is thy countryman, by birth
From heaven derived; him to thy counsels call
A willing friend; with him, the fleet reduced,
Leave thy superfluous numbers, whom thou find'st
Sick of thy fortunes and thine enterprise,
Old men, and matrons weary of the sea,
The weak and timorous, who from peril shrink; 790
Select all these, and let them settle here;
Their town with leave Acesta they shall name.
Encouraged by such counsel of the sage,
Still waver'd he by doubt and care distraught;
Till Night was wheeling in th' etherial road
Her dusky chariot; and before him lo,
A vision of Anchises gliding seem'd,
A voice unearthly to his ear was borne:

My Son, whom dearer than my life I loved,
My Son, by Trojan fates severely tried, 800
I come at the command of highest Jove,
Who saved thy fleet from fire, and who to thee
With pitiful regard at length inclines.
To Nautes hearken; he hath counsell'd well;
Thy bravest hearts and men in vigorous prime
To Latium carry hence; in Latium thou
A rugged warlike people must subdue.
Yet first to Pluto's dark abodes descend,
And cross th' Avernian depths to meet thy Sire;
Who not among th' accurst in rueful shades 810
Of Tartarus, but in Elysian bliss
Dwell with the just. The Sibyl, holy maid,
Shall thither lead thee, offering sable ewes
As a blood-sacrifice. Thy future race
Shall there be shown thee and thy destin'd home.
And now farewell; for humid night hath run
Her middle course, and breathing from afar
I scent th' unwelcome coursers of the dawn.
So saying, like thin smoke he melts in air.
Whither away? Why fleest thou and from whom? 820
Who drives thee, Father, from thy son's embrace?
Æneas cried; and then, the dormant fire
And embers wakening, to the household Gods
His orison repeats, the sacred meal
On hoary Vesta's hearth devoutly throws,
While clouds of fragrance from the censer rise.
  Forthwith Acestes and his friends he call'd,
Declares the will of Jupiter, the words
Of Sire Anchises, and his own resolve.
Short was the parley, and the plan approved 830
By kind Acestes. Matrons and a crowd
Of willing men, not covetous of fame,
Are chosen for the town, to leave behind;
The rest repair the fleet, fire-eaten planks,

Benches and oars and cables they renew,
A few in number, but a warlike band.
Æneas with a plough the boundaries drew,
The dwellings by allotment parcell'd out,
The regions Ilium, Troy, dividing named;
Acestes (with th' addition to his realm 840
Well pleas'd was he) appoints a justice-hall,
Convenes a senate, and dispenses law:
Then on mount Eryx was to Venus built
A heaven-reaching fane; an ample grove
And priest were added to Anchises' tomb.
Nine days did all the people cheerly spend
In feast and sacrifice; no breeze disturb'd
The calm of ocean, but the genial south
With many a whisper mild invites to sea:
Along the winding shore a voice was heard 850
Of wail; and in embraces night and day
They linger; men and matrons, who but late
Abhorr'd the name and aspect of the sea,
Now wish to sail, and all the toils endure.
Them did the pious Chief with friendly words
Console, and to his friend Acestes' care
With tears commended. Victims to be slain,
Three calves to Eryx, to the Storms a lamb,
He order'd, and the moorings to be loos'd.
Himself conspicuous, with an olive-wreath, 860
Stands on the poop, a goblet in his hand,
Holds the fat entrails o'er the briny wave,
And pours out limpid wine: from harbour forth
The gallies glide, a breeze behind them springs,
And oars in cadence brush their watery way.
Venus meanwhile, with cruel cares opprest,
Addressing Neptune her sad heart relieves:
Alas! dear Neptune, me to abject prayer
Saturnia's ruthless rage to stoop compels;
Whom neither time nor piety can melt, 870

Fate nor the will of Jove control her fury:
'Tis not enough that her revengeful power
Hath sack'd fair Phrygia's capital, and dragg'd
Her wretched exiles thro' a world of woe:
The ashes and the bones of fallen Troy
She persecutes; let her explain the cause.
Thou saw'st what tumult on the Libyan main
She lately stirr'd, and mingled sea with heaven,
When vainly trusting to Æolian storms
She dared to vex the quiet of thy realm: 880
Her malice hath impell'd the Trojan dames
To burn their galleys, and the helpless crew
Must in a foreign land be left behind.
For what remains; that o'er thy waves Æneas
May find a passage to Laurentian Tyber,
If 'tis a righteous boon, if there to dwell
The fates forbid not, I implore of thee.
To her replied Saturnius, ocean's lord:
O Venus, in my kingdom to confide
Good right hast thou, who tookest thence thy birth; 890
And I deserve the trust, who oft have quell'd
The billows and the blasts. Nor less on shore
(To Simois and Xanthus I appeal)
Hath thine Æneas been my constant care:
When headlong on their walls Achilles drove
The panic-stricken hosts of Ilium flying
Before the all-destroyer, groan'd the rivers
With carnage choked, nor Xanthus to the main
Could find nor force a way; thy Son in battle
Imperill'd with Pelides (neither force 900
Nor fate was equal) in a hollow cloud
I snatcht away, tho' bent to raze in ruin
That perjur'd city, structure of my hands.
My mind is still the same; dismiss thy fears:
Safe shall he reach the wish'd Avernian port;
One only comrade shall at sea be lost,

One life be given for many. Cheering thus
Fair Cytherea's heart, with golden yoke
His ocean-steeds he join'd, and gave their mouths
The foamy bit to champ; then loosening rein, 910
Over the wave his azure chariot flew;
The swell subsides, beneath his thundering wheels
Unwrinkled lies the bosom of the deep,
Clouds vanish from the vast expanse of heaven;
A various train attendant, monster whales,
And nimble Tritons to the surface rise,
Old Glaucus and his choir, and Ino's son,
And all the host of Phorcus; on the left
Emerging Panopea, Virgin Nymph,
Thalia, Thetis, Melite are seen, 920
Nesæa, Spio, and Cymodoce.
Once more Æneas felt his anxious heart
With pleasure thrill'd: immediate he commands
To fix the mainmast and to hoist the sail;
All hands are at their work, they square the yards,
They pull the braces, open right and left
The swelling canvass, bend from side to side
The lofty horns: bound merrily the barks
Before inspiring breezes, Palinurus
Leading the close array; the rest are bid 930
To watch the motions of his regent helm.
Ascending Night in heaven had nearly reach'd
The zenith; on their benches by the oars
Reposing weary limbs the seamen lay;
When Somnus gliding from the starry pole
Cutting his passage thro' the mists of air
With evil dreams to Palinurus came,
And sat in shape of Phorbas on the stern
Thus whispering guileful in the poor man's ear:
Look, son of Iasus, the seas themselves 940
Thy fleet are carrying, steady breezes blow,
The hour is given to rest; recline thine head,

Thy weary watchful eyes from labour steal;
I will myself awhile thy task perform.
The pilot answer'd him with eyes half closed:
Wouldst have me then believe the flattering looks
Of ocean? in this monster put my trust?
Shall I, so often by fair skies deceived,
Expose Æneas to the treacherous wind?
So saying, to the rudder firm and fast 950
He clung, and fixt his gaze upon the stars:
Impatient Somnus o'er his forehead shook
A branch in Lethe dipp'd, impregnated
With Stygian sleepy dew; that soon his eyes
In slumber 'gan to swim, the drowsy fit
His strength relaxing; then the Sprite leant over,
Him and his rudder in the darksome wave
Push'd headlong, with a fragment of the stern,
Soaring himself away, while Palinurus
On heedless comrades for assistance cried. 960

Yet not the less by Neptune's promis'd aid
The ship secure and safe thro' ocean flew,
Nearing the Siren-rocks, of access once
So perilous, and white with human bones;
The roar of beating waves was heard from far:
But here Æneas, for his bark he saw
Without a pilot floating all at large,
With bitter grief at heart, and many a groan,
Assumes the guidance of her midnight way:
Oh, fatal, Palinurus, was thy trust 970
In placid sea and skies: my hapless friend,
Thou must lie naked on a shore unknown.

ÆNEID VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas lands at Cumæ, and proceeds, in compliance with the directions of Helenus and Anchises, to consult the Sibyl. The dwelling of this Prophetess was a cave, at the foot of a rock which overlooked the town of Cumæ; and above it, formed out of the rock itself, was a temple of Apollo. Æneas, by the advice of the Sibyl, offers sacrifice and prayer. She predicts his future wars in Italy, and (at his request) instructs him how to gain admittance to the Infernal region. This can only be effected by means of a golden bough, growing in a dark wood, to which he is miraculously conducted by a pair of doves. After gathering the bough, and after performing funeral honours to the trumpeter Misenus, who during his absence had fallen from a rock into the sea, Æneas accompanies the Sibyl to Lake Avernus, where he offers a nocturnal sacrifice to the Infernal Deities, and descends with her by the subterranean cavern which leads to Orcus. The region below is described. Charon ferries them over the Styx. Among the unburied Ghosts, who are not permitted to cross the river, they find Palinurus, who relates the manner of his death. In the place assigned to unhappy lovers is seen the Ghost of Dido. Æneas accosts her; but she turns sullenly away. He next has an interview with Deiphobus, who relates what happened to him on the night of Troy's capture. After a glimpse of the penal realm of Tartarus, some account of which is given by the Sibyl, they pass to the Elysian fields. Here Æneas meets with his Father, who in a secluded grove shews him the Spirits of his future descendants. This is according to the doctrine of Metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, which Virgil adopted, for the opportunity which it gave him to celebrate the glories of his country. The descendants of Anchises are the future kings and heroes of Alba and Rome, and especially the Cæsarean family, whose imperial greatness is predicted. After some further discourse, Æneas is reconducted by the Sibyl to earth. He then rejoins his fleet, and sails along the coast to the port of Caieta.

Tearful he spake, and gave his fleet full sail;
That glided to Eubœan Cumæ's coast:

Seaward the prows are turn'd, and ride secure
By teeth of anchors held; from many a stern
Leap the young Teucrians, eager to embrace
Hesperia's promis'd shore: part strike the flame
From veins of flint; part range the woods, invade
The wild beast's haunt, or tell of streams explored.
Full of his pious care Æneas hastes
To seek Apollo's temple, and the grot 10
Stupendous, in whose solitary gloom
The Sibyl by the Delian God inspired
Her visions of futurity beholds.
The grove of Trivia and the golden dome
They soon approach. 'Tis said that Dædalus
From realms Minoan fugitive on speed
Of daring pinions thro' the paths of air
Swam to the chilly north, and in descent
On Cumæ's rock alighted: here he built
A mighty temple to the God of day, 20
Presenting as a gift his oary wings:
The murder of Androgeus on the door
He sculptur'd, and Athenians, bid to pay
Their yearly forfeit, lives of seven sons,
A rueful spectacle; the urn stands by,
The lots are drawn: at distance Creta's isle
From ocean rises; figur'd may be seen
Pasiphae's mad passion for the bull,
And, offspring of their foul concubinage,
The Minotaur, a creature double-shaped: 30
That puzzle of the labyrinth is there,
Thro' which in pity for the royal maid
The mazy passage Dædalus disclosed,
Her lover's footsteps guiding with a clue.
To thee too, Icarus, (but grief forbade,)
In the great work a place had been assign'd;
Twice he essay'd to carve the tale in gold,
Twice dropt the Parent's hand. This wondrous pile

The Trojans fain would linger to peruse,
But that Achates from his mission quick 40
Returning brought Deiphobe, the child
Of Glaucus, Priestess of the Delian twins,
Who thus addrest the King: 'Tis not the time
To tarry gazing here; but hasten thou
The sacrifice, seven bullocks from a herd
That never touch'd the yoke, seven ritual ewes.
The Trojans do her hest without delay,
And straight she calls them to the lofty fane.
  Out of the rock was hewn a cave profound,
With hundred gates and spacious apertures, 50
Whence the responses of the Sibyl rush,
A hundred voices. At the frontal gate
The Virgin stopt: 'Tis time your fates ye learn'd;
Behold, the God, the God! abrupt she cried:
Her look and colour on the instant change,
Her hair is wildly streaming, heave with rage
The labouring breast and bosom; loftier seem'd
Her stature, more than mortal were her tones,
As Phœbus overcrept her, and she breath'd
The air divine. So tardy at thy vows; 60
So tardy, Child of Troy? To prayer alone
The gaping dome gives entrance! Further word
She spake not; every Trojan shook with fear;
The Chief his fervent orison began:
O Phœbus, constant pitier of our woes,
Director of the Dardan hand and arrow
That drank Achilles' blood; at thy behest
Seas washing mighty continents I have pass'd,
Massylian inmost regions have explored
And quicksands dire of Libya; now at length 70
I touch the shore of flying Italy:
Thus far, no farther let the fates of Troy
Pursue me. O ye Gods and Goddesses,
Who Ilium and her greatness once beheld

With jealous eyes, ye surely now may spare us.
Thou, venerable Prophetess, permit
The children and Penates of our Troy
To settle in Ausonia, there to change
Their wandering exile for a promis'd home.
To Phœbus and to Trivia I will build 80
A dome of solid marble, festal days
Ordaining in Apollo's name to keep.
Nor thou shalt lack thine honours, holy Virgin;
A crypt within my kingdom shall be thine,
Where treasur'd and by chosen men preserv'd
The fortunes of my race foretold by thee
Shall live for ever. I beseech thee, speak;
Not to the leaves dispers'd with every wind
Commit thy lays, but speak them with thy tongue.
He ended parle: the priestess in her cave 90
As yet reluctant struggles from her breast
Apollo to shake off, who all the more
With force imperious bends her rabid mouth,
Tames her wild heart, and moulds her to his will.
And now the gates spontaneous open wide,
And bear the Sibyl's answer thro' the air:
Thou hast escaped the perils of the sea;
But heavier perils on the land remain.
To realms Lavinian ye shall come, be sure,
And coming shall repent. Wars, horrid wars, 100
And Tyber foaming I behold with carnage!
Xanthus, and Simois, and a Dorian camp,
A new Achilles Goddess-born shall rise
In Latium, and Saturnia, plague of Troy,
Shall ne'er be absent: thou in thy distress
To all the parts of Italy shalt fly
For refuge and for succour; once again
A strange alliance and a foreign bride
Their dowry of calamity shall bring.
Under thy trials never quail nor yield, 110

But struggle to the end, and urge thy fortune.
Deliverance thou shalt find, and, strange to tell,
First shall a Grecian city point the way.
  Thus raved from her recess in mystic song
Deiphobe, and truth in darkness wrapt,
(Her voice went howling all the cavern thro'),
Obedient to the Power, whose curb controls,
Whose goad excites her fury; which at length
To calm subsiding, thus the Chief replied:
O Virgin, danger or distress to me 120
None strange or unexpected can arise;
I have foreseen and am prepared for all.
One only boon I ask. 'Tis said that here
A passage opens to th' infernal realm,
The dreary pool and floods of Acheron:
Oh, teach me thou the way, the gates unclose,
And give me to behold the blest Anchises!
Him from the midst of raging foes I rescued,
Thro' fire and steel I carried on my shoulders;
He shared my wanderings, all the seas he pass'd, 130
The stormy waves, the sky's inclemency,
Old and infirm, beyond his strength he bore;
He bade me seek thy door a supplicant;
Pity, kind maid, the Father and the Son.
Great is thy power, nor Hecate for nought
Hath made thee regent of th' Avernian bounds.
If Thracian Orpheus could with song fetch back
His lost Eurydice; if generous Pollux
His Brother by alternate death redeem'd,
And travels to and fro the road of Orcus; 140
What need to mention Theseus or Alcides?
I too from highest Jupiter am sprung.
  He spake, and held the altar in his hand;
When thus the Sibyl answer'd: O thou Prince
Celestial born, of old Anchises' line,
Th' Avernal pit is easy of descent,

The gate of Pluto night and day stands open:
But to return and upper air regain,
That is a task indeed. A chosen few,
Children of Gods, belov'd by Jupiter, 150
Or rais'd by ardent virtue to the skies,
That labour have achieved. A wilderness
Lies all between, and black with sinuous wave
Cocytus glides around. Yet if thy soul
Conceives such strong desire, to traverse twice
The Stygian lakes, twice Tartarus to view,
If thou art bent upon the perilous feat,
Hear the conditions of success from me.
Deep in a dell of woods there stands a holly,
And in the bushy verdure half conceal'd 160
A branch held sacred to the Stygian Juno,
Whose leafage and whose twigs are flexile gold:
The subterranean kingdom none may enter,
Who doth not gather first the golden foil;
Such gift the fair Proserpina demands:
When the first branch is pluck'd, another shoots,
With the like metal blooming as before:
Search with thine eyes around, and, when thou find'st,
Pluck off the bough; 'twill follow at the touch,
If fate hath call'd thee hither; else no force 170
Of arm or steel to rend it can avail.
But I have other tidings for thine ear:
The body of thy friend unburied lies
Tainting the fleet with death, whilst at these doors
A suppliant of the oracle thou standest:
Him first to his sepulchral rest consign,
And sable victims for atonement bring;
This done, and not before, th' infernal realms
Impervious to the living thou shalt see.
The Maiden's voice was hush'd, and from the grot 180
With downcast look Æneas took his way;
Achates, faithful comrade, by his side

Paces with measur'd step, and shares his grief;
Discoursing much about the dark event
(What friend was dead? whose burial was enjoin'd?)
With vain conjecture both; when on the shore
They find, the victim of a sad mischance,
Misenus. Child of Æolus was he,
And none so well could sound the trumpet-call
And kindle war with song: great Hector once 190
He serv'd, with spear and clarion to the field
Attending; Hector by Achilles slain,
He join'd the standards equal in renown
Of brave Anchises' son: but ah, rash man,
While now o'er ocean's wave his hollow shell
He sounded, and to contest musical
Challenged the Gods, (may we believe the tale?)
Him jealous Triton snatching from a rock
Plunged in the foamy deep. With loud lament
The Teucrians, and not least the pious Chief, 200
His loss bewail, then hasten to perform
The Sibyl's mandate, and with pile of trees
To rear the altar of the sepulchre.
An ancient forest, the wild beast's domain,
With stroke of axe and sound of falling beams
Is made to groan; the sturdy oak is riven,
Pine and broad ash upon the mountain roll.
Arm'd like the rest, Æneas to the task
Exhorts his troop, and on the forest's depth
Casting an anxious look, his wish declares: 210
Oh, if in this thick wood the golden bough
Could shew itself! for all too true a tale
The Prophetess of thee, Misenus, told.
Scarce had he spoken, when a pair of doves
Descending near him from their äery tour
Alighted on the sward: Ye birds of Venus,
(Thus joyful to behold them he exclaim'd,)
Guide ye my steps, if any path there be,

And fly before me thro' the leafy grove
To where this bough of precious foliage hangs; 220
And thou, my Goddess Parent, from suspense
Relieve me! Saying which, he check'd his pace,
The birds, their signs and motions to observe;
They flying as they feed before his sight
Continue to advance, and toward the lake
Of pestilent Avernus lead him on,
Then soaring upward thro' the liquid air
Perch on the very tree, whose glittering bush
Reflects the double hue of green and gold.
Like mistletoe, that in the winter time 230
Shoots on a trunk no parent of her own,
And twines her yellow blossoms all around;
So blooming in the holly-bush appears
The golden foil, and tinkles in the breeze.
Æneas plucks it with an eager pull,
Then to the Sibyl with his prize returns.
  Meanwhile for lost Misenus on the shore
His comrades mourn, and to his senseless clay
Bring the last honours; first with pitch and oak
Raising a lofty pile, the sides they wreath 240
With gloomy boughs, the front with cypresses,
The centre with his glittering arms adorn.
Some quicken boiling cauldrons o'er the flame,
Some bathe and some anoint the frigid limbs,
Groaning the while, then on a funeral bed
Lay the lamented corse, and over it
Cast purple vests, that once the living wore;
Supporters of the heavy bier attend
Their mournful duty, and apply the torch
In fashion of their sires with eyes averse; 250
The blaze with oil is fed, with frankincense
And fat of victims: when the flames subside,
Embers and ashes are bedrench'd with wine,
And Chorinæus in a brazen urn

Gathers the bones; his office was the last,
The lustral olive-branch to carry round,
Thrice upon all their heads a kindly dew
To sprinkle, and pronounce the parting words.
The pious Chieftain builds a stately tomb
With armour and an oar and trumpet graven 260
Under a lofty mount, which from the dead
Misenus hath been call'd for evermore.
This done, he minds him of the Sibyl's charge.
  A cavern yawning in the solid rock
Descended steep and hideous; forests dark
Enclosed it, and a lake of blackest hue,
Which birds might cross not on the wing and live,
So rank an exhalation steaming up
The air infected; therefore by the Greeks
Avernus it was call'd. The Priestess here, 270
Four black-hair'd bullocks facing where they stood,
Pours on their heads the consecrated wine,
The toplocks plucking off between their horns
A first oblation on the altar throws,
Then on the potent name of Hecate,
Potent in Heaven and Erebus, she calls;
Others the knife administer, and blood
In bowls receive: Æneas with his sword
To Nox and sister Tellus immolates
A lamb with sable fleece, a barren cow 280
To thee, Proserpine, to thy Stygian Lord
A holocaust of bulls at midnight burns,
And on the flaming flesh pours unctuous oil.
But lo, at break of day beneath their feet
The earth begins to groan, the woods to move;
A howl of dogs invisible proclaims
The Goddess coming. Hence—the Priestess cries—
Hence ye profane, away, and quit the grove;
Æneas, draw thy sword, and follow me;
A valiant heart and resolute thou needest! 290

She plunged into the cave; the dauntless Chief
Kept pace descending with his furious guide.
  Ye Powers, Ye Spirits, who in Orcus rule,
Chaos, and Phlegethon, and wide domains
Of ever silent Nox; vouchsafe me leave
To tell what I have heard, mysterious things
Buried in earth and darkness to reveal.
  Dimly they walk, in solitude and gloom,
Through Pluto's empty plains and spacious realm:
Such path in woods obscurely glimmering 300
A mooncloud shews, when Jove hath veil'd the sky,
And Night her mantle o'er the landscape thrown.
  Close at the jaws of the infernal gate
Sorrow and vengeful Cares have set their couch;
Diseases pale, and Fear, and Eld forlorn,
Foul Want, and Famine, evil counsellor,
Dwell there, terrific sights; and Death, and Toil,
And Sleep, akin to Death. In counterview
Are baneful Pleasures and destructive War,
The iron beds of Furies, Discord fell, 310
Whose viper-locks a gory fillet binds.
High in the midst an aged elm extends
Her width of rugged branches, haunt supposed
Of idle Dreams, that cling to every leaf.
Hous'd at the door are monsters numberless,
Centaurs, and two-form'd Scyllas, Briareus
With hundred arms, Chimæra breathing fire,
Gorgons and Harpies, hissing dragon-heads,
And Geryon's triple bulk. Æneas grasps
In sudden fear his sword, and brandishes 320
The naked blade, those monsters to repel;
And (but his guide instructs him what they are,
Life without body, unsubstantial shade,)
He would assail the fleeting images,
And sever with the steel impassive air.
  From hence the way proceeds to Acheron,

Whose waters in a turbid torrent roll
Vomiting in Cocytus all the filth
Of their Tartarean surge. The grisly form
Of pilot Charon guards the watery bourn, 330
With eyes of flame that glare immoveable,
A mat of hoary hairs upon his chin,
A filthy mantle hanging all in knots
Behind him; old in years, yet still his age
Is green and vigorous; his boat himself
He pushes with a pole, he tends the sail,
And ferries to their home the swarms of dead:
They to the bank come flocking; matrons, men,
Great heroes who have quitted earthly toil,
Unwedded maidens, youths and striplings laid 340
On their untimely bier; a multitude
Thick as the leaves which autumn's chilly breath
In glades hath strewn, or gathering of birds
From sea to land, whom winter hath compell'd
To travel o'er the deep to sunnier climes.
They stand and speedy waftage all implore,
And stretch their hands, and to the farther bank
Cast wistful looks; but surly Charon takes
Now these, now those, and drives the rest away.
Æneas marvell'd at the bustling scene: 350
Say, holy Maid, what means this concourse hither?
What seek the shades? and why this difference,
Some driven from the beach, some carried o'er
The livid waves? To him the Prophetess:
Son of Anchises, Progeny divine,
The waters of Cocytus thou beholdest,
And marshy pool of Styx, whose awful oath
Appealing Gods inviolate must keep.
All these are ghosts unburied and forlorn,
Yon boatman, Charon, those that sail, th' interr'd; 360
For none may he across the floods transport,
Whose bones in earth repose not. Hundred years

They wander, flitting round these doleful shores,
Then they return and find their passage free.
Æneas paus'd, and musing stood awhile,
Touch'd with compassion for so hard a fate.
Among the outcast mournful he descries
Leucaspis, and Orontes, Lycian Chief;
Who follow'd him from Troy, but by the storm
They and their ship were under ocean whelm'd. 370
And Palinurus in the crowd draws nigh,
Who steering late from Afric, while he sat
The stars observing, in the deep had fallen:
Æneas hardly knowing in the gloom
At length accosts him thus: What cruel God
Cast Palinurus in his ocean grave?
Speak; for Apollo, ever true before,
This once with vain prediction mock'd our hopes;
He promis'd o'er the wave that thou shouldst reach
Ausonia's coast; and thus he kept his word! 380
My Prince, (said Palinurus), never you
Apollo's word betray'd, and me no God
In ocean cast; but steering while I sat,
And firm the rudder held, by some mischance
'Twas broken suddenly, and dragg'd me down.
By the rude seas I swear, not for myself
So much, Æneas, fear'd I, as for thee,
Lest without helm or pilot in the surge
Thy bark should founder. Three tempestuous nights
The south-wind tost me o'er the boundless deep; 390
On the fourth morn, scarce lifting up my head
From the high billows, Italy I saw;
Slowly I swam to shore, and thought me safe,
When bands of savage natives fell upon me,
Cumber'd with dripping garments, while I clung
With bended fingers to the mountain crags,
They slew me for a prize; and there I lie
Wash'd by the tide, and beaten by the wind.

But oh, I pray thee by the pleasant light
And air of heaven, by thy beloved Sire, 400
By all thy hopes in young Ascanius,
Deliver me from this calamity:
Or seek the Velian port, an easy task,
And cover me with earth; or if some power
Haply thy Goddess Mother has conferr'd,
(For not unaided by the Gods, I ween,
Thou dar'st these Stygian floods to navigate,)
Lend me thine hand, conduct me o'er the stream,
That I may rest in this my last abode.
O Palinurus, whence this strange desire? 410
The Sibyl cried: would'st thou unburied see
The fearful river where the Furies bide,
And pass unbidden o'er the Stygian pool?
Think not that prayer can change the fates divine.
Yet hear my words, and comfort take from them.
The bordering tribes, by heavenly signs compell'd
To expiate their offence, shall raise a tomb
With obsequies of honour to thy bones,
And Palinurus shall the place be call'd.
He heard, and for a while was comforted, 420
Rejoicing in the land that took his name.
The twain pass onward to the river-side:
Whom when the boatman from his bark discerns
Thro' the still grove advancing to the bank,
He hails them shouting with no friendly voice:
Whoe'er thou be, that comest hither arm'd,
Stand off, and speak thine errand. The abode
Of Shades and Sleep and drowsy Night is here;
None living may the Stygian skiff convey.
Alcides, Theseus, and Pirithous 430
I ferried o'er the lake, and rued my pains,
All heroes tho' they were of matchless might.
One dragg'd from Pluto's throne th' infernal dog
Trembling and bound in chains; the two assay'd

To force the Queen of Orcus from her chamber.
Answer'd him briefly the Amphrysian maid:
Alarm thee not with visionary fear;
Plots here are none, nor menace in these arms;
Your Cerberus may with eternal bark
Affright the bloodless ghosts, and Proserpine 440
Bide at her Uncle's threshold undefiled.
Æneas, Trojan Chieftain, good as brave,
To Erebus descends to seek his Father.
If piety like his can move thee not,
Yet know this bough! She lifted from her vest
The glittering spray; nor needed further parle;
At once his rage subsides; the magic gift,
So long unseen, with reverence he regards,
And turns his dusky vessel to the shore:
A ghostly train, the benches ranged along, 450
He drives from deck, and in the empty hold
Receives the great Æneas; with whose weight
The leaky shallop groan'd, and of the pool
Drank largely; not the less he held his way,
The Warrior and the Priestess landing safe
Amid the sedges of the slimy strand.
Here three-mouth'd Cerberus in a den reclines,
Filling the region with his awful yell;
Whose snaky neck already bristling up,
A cake with sleepy drugs and honey steep'd 460
The Priestess casts before him; he the bait
Greedily snatcht, wide opening every jaw,
His sturdy back stretcht loosely to the ground,
And over all the cave extended lay:
The keeper lull'd, Æneas presses on,
And leaves th' irremeable shore behind.
From the first threshold comes a voice of wail,
The whine of infants, whom untimely death
Tore from the mother's bosom, cutting short
Their thread of sweet existence: near to whom 470

The false-accused, unjustly doom'd to die,
Their places by a righteous lot receive;
For Minos, judge impartial, moves the urn,
Before him calls a council of the Shades,
Their lives to learn, their sentences review:
Next these, a hapless tribe, the self-destroy'd,
Who without crime, but weary of the light,
Cast life away. How gladly would they now
In realms of light bear poverty and toil!
But fate forbids, and dreary Stygian waves, 480
With ninefold stream surrounding, bar return.
Not far from hence in ample range extend
The mourning plains; such name to them belongs;
Where those who pined away with cankering love
To solitude of myrtle bowers retire,
To feed upon their never-dying care,
Sad Phædra sojourns in this dismal spot
With Procris and Evadne and the Spouse
Of Cretan Minos; Eriphyle shows
The cruel wounds inflicted by her son; 490
With them Laodamia shares her grief,
And Cœneus, now a woman, once a man,
But to her ancient form by fate restored:
Here Tyrian Dido recent from her wound
Was wandering in a sylvan open glade;
The Chief approaching, thro' the dim obscure
Her form when he descried, as one who sees
Or fancies to have seen the pale new moon
Peering behind a cloud, he dropt a tear,
And with fond love accosting her began: 500
Unhappy Dido, true then was the tale
Of thy despair and death; and I the cause!
Oh, by the stars I swear, by Gods above,
By all that binds to truth in realms below;
Unwilling I departed from thy shore;
The Gods commanded, they who urge me now

Thro' regions overspread with night and gloom
These depths to penetrate. I could not think
My absence would inflict so deep a pang.
Oh stay, and fly not from my fond embrace; 510
'Tis I, thy lover; hear my last farewell.
Thus he essay'd the sternly frowning Queen
With words to soothe, still weeping while he spoke;
She fixt her eyes averted on the ground,
Her countenance unmoved, as she had been
A flinty stone or rock of Caucasus;
At length abrupt she turns, and from his sight
Flies to the shelter of a still retreat,
Where, to her own Sichæus join'd again,
Return of love and sympathy she finds. 520
Her step Æneas with his eye pursues,
To tears awhile and deep compassion moved;
Then onward bends his way. And now they reach
The farthest fields, for warrior Chiefs reserv'd;
Whose figures glide before him; Tydeus lo,
And Argive king Adrastus, image pale,
And brave Parthenopæus; and a crowd
Of them, the much lamented, who for Troy
Fell battling on her field; Æneas wept
Their numbers to behold; Antenor's sons, 530
Glaucus and Medon and Thersilochus,
Idæus charioteering even yet,
And Polybœtes in his priestly garb;
Who gathering on the right and on the left
Surround their ancient comrade, not content
Once to have seen, but they must linger near,
And why he comes, and whither goes, inquire.
But the Greek Chieftains, Agamemnon's train,
When through the dusk they see the Warrior arm'd,
Tremble for fear; some flee, as to their ships 540
They fled of yore; some raise their feeble voice;
The purpos'd cry but mocks them with the tone.

And Priam's Son, Deiphobus, was there,
With mangled face and mutilated form,
Earless, each hand a stump, the nostril slit
With ghastly wound; whom trembling where he stood,
Striving those dire deformities to hide,
Æneas knew at last, and knowing greets
With voice familiar: O Deiphobus,
Thou valiant Prince of Teucer's ancient line, 550
What heart could wish so cruel a revenge?
What hand could wreak it? On that fatal night
I heard that weary with thy feats of valour
Thou'dst fallen upon a mountain of the slain;
On the Rhœtean shore a cenotaph
Myself I rais'd, and on thy spirit thrice
I call'd aloud; the spot thy name and arms
Distinguish yet; thee nowhere I could find,
Nor in thy native earth departing lay.
To whom Deiphobus: My faithful Friend, 560
All the last honours thou hast duly paid.
Me in this wretchedness mine own hard fate
And the fell Woman of Laconia plunged;
Such monuments of treason she hath left.
Thou know'st that fatal night, too well thou knowest,
How it was pass'd in thoughtless merriment;
When, big with soldiers arm'd, the monster-horse
O'erleapt the walls of lofty Pergamus.
She, on pretence of Bacchanalian dance,
The Phrygian dames in frantic orgies led, 570
While in the midst she held a flaming torch,
And call'd the Argives from the citadel.
I in my hapless chamber, wearied out
With all the wild excitement and the toil,
Reposing in the sweet unconsciousness
Of deathlike slumber lay. My precious Wife
Removed my armour, from the pillow stole
My trusty falchion, then the door unbarring

Call'd Menelaus, thinking to appease
Th' uxorious husband thus, and former wrongs 580
To blot from his remembrance. Let me end it—
They burst into the room; Æolides,
Of darkest deeds th' artificer, was one:
Ye Powers immortal, thus requite the Greeks,
If 'tis a righteous prayer to ask for vengeance!
But tell me thou, what chance hath brought thee hither?
The storms of ocean, or divine command?
What fortune drives thee living to approach
These sunless habitations, place of woe?
While such discourse they held, the car of Morn 590
Had pass'd the middle of her rosy track,
And chance was they in talk th' allotted hours
Had whiled away; when brief the Sibyl warn'd:
Night falls, Æneas, and our time we waste
In sorrow; hence the road divides in twain;
The right, which to the dome of Pluto leads,
Our path is to Elysium; on the left
Is Tartarus, and where in lasting pain
The guilty dwell. To whom Deiphobus:
Oh, chide me not, great Priestess; I depart, 600
Rejoin my comrades and my dark abode;
Thou hope of Troy, farewell; a happier fate
Live to enjoy! He spake, and at the word
His footsteps turn'd. Æneas looking back
Under the leftward rock a fortress views
Broad, triple-wall'd, which Phlegethon surrounds,
Tartarean flood, with torrent flames and roar
Of surging rocks; a huge gate opposite,
On pillars built of solid adamant,
Too strong for man or deity to rend; 610
An iron tower above; Tisiphone,
Clad in a bloody robe, with sleepless eye
Sits night and day to guard the vestibule:
Hence groans are heard, the lash, the clank of iron,

And trail of heavy chains. The Chieftain stood,
And listen'd fearful: Holy Virgin, say,
What crimes are these? what punishment? and why
This dreadful wail?—Great Chieftain—she replied:
The pure may not approach this wicked threshold;
But Hecate, committing to my charge 620
Th' Avernal region, taught me with her lips
The scheme of torture by the Gods ordain'd,
And led me through the whole. The awful scales
Of justice Gnossian Rhadamanthus holds,
To judge deputed and to punish crime:
What man rejoicing in concealment vain
Down to the last securely perpetrates,
He to confess compels; then o'er the guilty
Tisiphone exulting shakes her lash,
Brandishes on the left a wreath of snakes, 630
And calls the Sister-fiends; immediately
Th' accursed gates with horrid jarring sound
Burst open! Dost thou see, what hellish form
The entrance guards? More terrible within
A savage hydra sits, with fifty jaws
Black, gaping wide; and Tartarus descends
Precipitous, as deep in darkness sunk,
As twice the prospect upward to the skies.
The Titans, ancient progeny of Earth,
Lie thunderstricken weltering in the gulf; 640
And children of Aloeus, giant pair,
Who threaten'd with their hands to storm Olympus,
And thrust the supreme Monarch from his throne.
Salmoneus rack'd with torment there I saw,
Who dared th' Olympian sounds to imitate
And flames of Jove. By four proud coursers drawn
Thro' midst of Elis and assembled Greeks
Shaking a torch triumphant he would ride,
And arrogate the honours of a God:
Fond man! th' inimitable thunderclouds 650

With brass and tread of horny-footed steeds
He thought to rival! But th' Omnipotent
Pavilion'd in his clouds a weapon hurl'd,
A real bolt, (no torch nor pitchy flame,)
And in a whirl of tempest drove him down
To dark perdition! Tityus I beheld,
Nursling of Earth's immeasurable womb,
Nine acres overstretching with his bulk;
His entrails and his liver, still for pain
Fruitful and unconsumed, a vulture huge 660
Digs with her crooked beak, which plunging deep
She hunts for food, and dwells within his heart;
No rest the fibres ever-growing find.
Ixion or the Lapiths wherefore name,
Or why Pirithous? over whom a rock
Threatening to fall and ever falling hangs:
Before them genial couches propp'd on gold
And richly spread repasts in splendour shine;
But the Arch-fury sits in ambush close,
And with her hand forbids to touch the board, 670
Springs, waves a torch, and thunders in their ear.
Thither are sent, who hated, while they lived,
Their brethren, struck a parent, or betray'd
A client's cause, or master's trust; and they,
The largest crowd, who gloated o'er their wealth,
Nor gave to friends a part. Adulterers,
And wagers of unholy war, are there,
Waiting their doom imprison'd; ask me not,
What doom, what lot they find, or how condemn'd:
Some roll a ponderous stone, or on the spokes 680
Of wheels distended hang. There sits for ever
Unhappy Theseus; Phlegyas in despair
Bears witness to the truth, and cries aloud:
Take warning, all; be just, and fear the Gods.
One sold his country, and her sons enslaved;
Another changed her statutes for a bribe;

With incest one his daughter's bed profaned:
Some deadly sin have all conceiv'd and done.
Not with a hundred tongues and iron voice
Could I complete the catalogue of crime, 690
Or all the names rehearse of punishment.
  But here the Priestess breaking her discourse—
Come, come—she cried—Address thee to thy task;
We must not loiter now: yon towers I see,
Cyclopian structure, and the arched gate
Where we our gift are order'd to bestow.
Their pace they quicken, passing thro' the gloom
Into the stately avenue of Dis;
Th' impatient Chieftain hurries to the porch,
Sprinkles, to make him pure, a fountain dew, 700
And fixes on the gate his glittering bough.
Such tribute to the Goddess duly paid,
They enter the abodes of bliss and joy,
Green groves, delightful regions, over which
A more expanded ether clothes the plain
With purple light, a sun resplendent shines,
And starry glories of Elysian hue.
In grassy fields the happy Spirits range;
Some exercise their limbs, in sport contend,
And wrestle on the sand; some chant sweet verse, 710
Or tread the measure of a choral ring;
Orpheus in flowing robe his seven-tuned lyre
To harmony awaking sweeps the chord
Now with his finger, now with ivory bow.
A race of heroes born in happier times,
Illustrious Teucer's lineage, display
The brightness of their ancient origin,
Assaracus, and Ilus, and of Troy
The patriarch founder Dardanus; whose arms
And airy chariots admiration move, 720
Their lances upright standing in the ground,
Their horses thro' the pastures all at large

Roaming unrein'd: what joy on earth was theirs
In chariots, arms, and nurture of brave steeds,
The same attends them in their life below.
Another band are feasting on the sward,
A choral pæan singing in a grove
Of odorous laurel, whence from upper earth
Eridanus flows copious to the plain.
Among them are the brave who suffer'd wounds 730
In glorious battle for their fatherland;
Chaste priests, and pious bards, that worthily
Of high Apollo sang; discoverers
Of life-improving arts; all whose desert
Hath to mankind endear'd their memory:
Their temples are with snowy fillets bound:
To this assembled throng the Sibyl speaks,
Chief to Musæus, who above the rest
Amidst a circle stood, while up to him
All eyes were turn'd: Tell me, ye happy Souls, 740
And thou, great Bard, what spot or region holds
Anchises? Hither for his sake we came
Across the mighty streams of Erebus.
Musæus answer'd brief: To us belongs
No fixt abode; in shady groves we dwell,
On river-banks and dewy meads repose.
But such if your desire, this hill ascend,
And I will set you in an easy path.
He spake, and led the way; the shining plains
He shew'd beneath; and down the hill they turn. 750
Deep in a pleasant valley stood the Sire;
A troop secluded, Souls to upper earth
Destin'd to rise, was he with earnest gaze
Surveying, the long line contemplating
Of his own future race, their fortunes, deeds,
And characters. But pressing to the vale
Æneas when he saw, he wept for joy,
And stretching both his hands—My Son! he cried:

And thou art come at length! Thy piety,
E'en as I hoped, has won the toilsome way; 760
And I can see and speak to thee again,
And hear thy voice. I reckon'd on this hour;
The time I counted, and was not deceiv'd.
What lands, what mighty seas thou must have pass'd,
What perils have endured! How much I fear'd
The Libyan realms would harm thee!—O my Father,
Thine image often mournful to my sight
Appearing urged me hither to descend:
Our fleet is anchor'd in the Tuscan sea:
Give me thy hand; oh, shun not my embrace! 770
Return'd Æneas, down his manly cheek
Big teardrops rolling. Thrice did he essay
To throw his arms the Father's neck around;
Thrice did the empty form his grasp elude,
Light as thin air, and fleeting as a dream.
But there in the retirement of the vale
A grove he saw, begirt with waving trees,
And Lethe gliding by, a quiet spot,
Which people numberless were flitting round;
Like bees, that on a stilly summer day 780
Cull flowery sweets, about the lilies pour,
And fill with busy humming all the field.
Bewilder'd by a vision all so strange,
Æneas asks the cause, what stream was that,
And what the multitude who throng'd the bank.
Anchises answer'd: Spirits, to whom fate
New bodies hath assign'd, by Lethe's river
Drink the dull waters of forgetfulness.
These have I long desired to set in view
Before thee, and enumerate the line 790
Of our posterity, that thou shouldst share
Thy Sire's rejoicing for Hesperia found.
O Father, can it be that any Souls
Rise hence to earth, and mortal life resume?

Can such ond love of earth possess them still?
I will explain it all: return'd the Sire,
And straight proceeds the mystery to unfold.
From the beginning, in all things that are,
Heaven, Earth, the liquid plains, the Moon's fair globe,
The sunbright Spheres, a vital Spirit dwells; 800
Mind stirs and quickens the material mass,
Fused thro' each part, and mingled with the whole.
Hence men and beasts derive their origin,
The feather'd tribes, and monsters of the deep;
In all whose natures fire and energy
Celestial breathe, but with corporeal frame
And perishable limbs of earthly mould
Clogg'd and corrupt. Hence fear, concupiscence,
Pleasure and pain they know, and disregard
The realms of air, in prison dark enclosed. 810
Nor e'en by death is all the soil removed
Of fleshly grossness; long-contracted stains,
Inveterate grown, in wondrous ways adhere.
Therefore the Souls hard penance undergo,
Their crimes to expiate; some to open winds
Exposed are hung, some plunged in watery gulfs,
Th' infected sin is wash'd or burn'd away.
Each in the spirit thus our pains we bear,
Then are admitted to Elysium's realm;
But few attain that happiness, until 820
A cycle of revolving time complete
Hath all corruptions purged, and left behind
Th' ethereal sense and ray of heavenly flame.
All thus made pure, but after thousand years,
The God to Lethe's bank, a numerous throng,
Conducts, that hence oblivious of the past
They may revisit earth, and here begin
Their new corporeal vesture to desire.
So spake Anchises; then among the swarm
Of murmuring ghosts the Sibyl and his Son 830

He led, and chose a hillock, whence to view
The passing crowd, and all their features learn.
  Attend, my Son. Illustrious Souls are here,
Predestin'd to exalt the Dardan name,
Thy future offspring, of Italian birth;
Whom I will shew thee, and thy fates reveal.
Seest thou the Youth, who on a pure-white spear
Is leaning? Nearest to the light hath he
His place allotted, first to upper air
Shall rise, with mixture of Italian blood, 840
Sylvius, an Alban name, thy posthumous child;
Whom in thine age Lavinia shall conceive,
And rear in woods conceal'd, to be a King
And ancestor of Kings, from whom derived
Shall our descendants in Long Alba reign.
Next Procas, glory of the Trojan race,
Capys thou seest, and Numitor, and him
Who bears thy name, Æneas Sylvius,
Alike for arms and piety renown'd,
If ever Alba's throne he shall ascend. 850
Mark them all well, what vigour they display.
Those others, brow-bound with the civic oak,
Nomentum's town and Cora shall erect,
With Bola, Gabii, and Pometia,
Collatian towers upon their mountain base,
Fidenæ, and the fort of Inuus;
So shall be named the places, nameless now.
Mavortian Romulus a Grandsire's right
Shall vindicate; whom Ilia will bring forth,
Sprung from the stem of old Assaracus: 860
E'en now his head a double crest adorns,
The Father marks him with a ray divine.
Under his auspices imperial Rome,
Whose empire's bound is earth, whose soul's the sky,
Begins her life of glory, walling round
The compass of her seven majestic hills;

Blest with a breed of heroes, even as
The Berecynthian Mother, chariot-drawn
Thro' Phrygian cities with her crown of towers,
Rejoices in a hundred living Sons, 870
All Deities, in high Olympus throned.
  Turn hither, turn thine eyes, and look on these,
Thy Roman lineage; Cæsar, and the race
Of young Iulus, destin'd for the skies.
This is the Man, whom promis'd us by fate
So oft thou hearest, Progeny divine,
Augustus Cæsar; who to Latian fields,
The kingdom of old Saturn, shall restore
A golden age, his empire stretch beyond
The Garamantian tribes and utmost Ind, 880
Beyond the planets and the solar range,
Where Atlas on his laden shoulder whirls
The axle of the starry firmament:
Whose coming even now by seers foretold
Affrights Mæotic shores and Caspian realms,
And troubles all the stream of seven-mouth'd Nile.
Such tracts Alcides travers'd not, pursuing
The brazen-footed stag, nor when he quell'd
Lernæan beasts or wilds of Erymanth;
Nor Liber, when with viny reins he drove 890
The tigers harness'd to his conquering car
From Nysa's cliff. And shall we hesitate
To win renown by valour? Or shall fear
Forbid our settling in th' Ausonian land?
  But who is yonder, crown'd with olive-wreath,
A censer bearing? 'Tis the Roman King,
(I know him by his locks and hoary beard,)
Who first with laws shall fortify the state,
From humble Cures and a poor domain
Sent to a lofty throne: whom Tullus follows, 900
Rousing his people from ignoble ease
To martial enterprise and feats of conquest:

Next Ancus comes vain-glorious, even now
Courting the breath of popular applause.
Wouldst thou the dynasty of Tarquin see,
Th' avenger Brutus, unremorseful Soul,
And fasces rescued from a kingly sway?
He first the Consul's office shall assume
And magisterial axes; he his sons
Conspiring treason to the block shall bring 910
For sacred freedom's sake: unhappy man!
Howe'er the deed posterity may judge,
In him the patriot overcomes the father!
  Now Drusus and his clan, now Decius view;
There is Torquatus with the cruel axe,
Camillus with the standards marching home.
Yon pair alike in fulgent armour clad,
Harmonious Spirits in this nether vale,
If ever they shall reach supernal light,
Shall meet with hosting fierce and shock of armies, 920
A daughter's husband warring with the sire;
One marches from Monœcus and the Alps,
One gathers to his aid the eastern world.
Forbear, my children, check your mad career,
Turn not your strength against your country's heart;
Thou, mine own offspring, scion of the Gods,
Be thou the first to throw thy weapon down!
  That chief from Corinth and Achaia spoil'd
Shall ride in triumph to the Capitol;
That yonder shall subvert the pride of Argos 930
And Agamemnon's kingdom, yea, subdue
The heir of great Æacides, avenging
Our plunder'd Pallas and our sires of Troy.
Who Cossus can pass by or Cato's worth,
The sons of Gracchus, or the Scipios,
Two thunderbolts of battle, Afric's plague?
Or thee, Fabricius, great in poverty?
Thee, Cincinnatus, sowing in thy glebe?

Where can I stop? Ye Fabii demand
My weary voice: the Maximus art thou, 940
Who by delay preserves the commonweal.
Others, I ween, shall brass more softly carve,
From marble draw the living countenance,
Plead causes better, or with rod describe
The paths of heaven, and tell the rising stars:
Thou, Roman, still with empire rule mankind;
These be thine arts, to dictate laws of peace,
To spare the humble and the proud subdue.
Anchises paus'd, and, while in wonder mute
His hearers listen'd, thus his speech renew'd: 950
Lo where in state with princely spoils adorn'd
Marcellus moves, preeminent o'er all:
He with his valiant horsemen shall avert
Barbaric inroad from the plains of Rome;
He routs the Punic host, the rebel Gauls,
And duelling their haughty champion brings
A third proud trophy to Feretrian Jove.
But here Æneas; for a youth close by
Bright-arm'd and passing beautiful he saw,
But with a gloomy look and downcast eye: 960
Say, what is he who on the Chief attends?
A son, or younger scion of the house?
What hum of comrades round! How like the features!
But Night hath cast a shadow o'er his brow.
To whom Anchises with a gush of tears:
Oh, ask me not to tell th' o'erwhelming grief
Of our descendants! Him ye see the Fates
Will show on earth, not suffer to abide.
Ye Gods, too great ye deem'd the Roman people,
Had such gifts been irrevocably theirs. 970
What lamentation shall the field of Mars
To the great city pour! what funeral pomp
Thou, Tyber, gliding by the recent tomb
Shalt then behold! None born of Teucrian blood

The hope of Latin sires so high shall raise;
Nor ever shall the land of Romulus
In any child so glory as in this.
O ancient faith! O piety, and heart
Of peerless valour! Him to meet in arms
None could have ventured with impunity, 980
Nor marching to the field, nor when he spurr'd
His charger's foaming flanks. Lamented Youth,
Couldst thou the cruel destinies rescind,
Marcellus thou shouldst be! Bring purple flowers,
Bring me the fairest lilies of the field,
That I may strew my Son's untimely grave,
An empty honour to his Spirit pay!
They o'er the spacious region wander'd thus,
In airy fields of light, and all survey'd:
Anchises led the Hero thro' the scene, 990
And fired his soul with hopes of future fame;
Then teaches him of wars that he must wage,
The Latin kingdom, the Laurentian tribes,
And perils how to shun, and how endure.
A pair of gates the court of Somnus close,
The one of horn compact, whereby 'tis said
Free outlet is to real phantoms given;
The other wrought of lucid ivory,
Which sends deceitful dreams to upper air.
Such was the last instruction of the Sire, 1000
His guests dismissing by the ivory gate.
Æneas hastens to his fleet and crew,
Then coasting to Caieta's harbour, lays
His barks at anchor with the sterns ashore.

ÆNEID VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas, after paying funeral obsequies to his nurse Caieta, whose name, like those of Misenus and Palinurus, marks the place of her burial, proceeds on his voyage along the coast, and arrives at the mouth of the Tyber. He rows up the river, and lands on its bank in the territory of Latium. The King of that country is Latinus, who has an only daughter, Lavinia, partly promised in marriage to Turnus, Prince of the Rutulians; but oracles had forbidden their union, and warned Latinus that he must look for a son-in-law from a foreign land. A Trojan embassy is sent to Laurentum, the Latian capital, and is well received by Latinus, who declares his belief that Æneas is the foreign Prince designed by the oracle. Æneas lays the foundation of a new town on the bank of the Tyber. But Juno, still bent on opposing him, summons to her assistance Alecto, one of the Furies. At her instigation, Amata, the Queen mother, who favours the suit of Turnus, takes measures to prevent the Trojan alliance. She next rouses Turnus to take arms. By another device of the Fury, the Trojans are embroiled in a quarrel with the country people of Latium, and a skirmish takes place, in which many of the Latins are slain. The people call upon Latinus for vengeance; and he, prest on all sides, is reluctantly compelled to declare war against the Trojans, or rather to let war be declared in his name. Turnus collects auxiliaries among the neighbouring Princes of Italy. These are enumerated. The principal among them are, Mezentius, late King of Agylla in Tuscany, who had been expelled from his kingdom for cruelty, and who with his partizans had found refuge in the kingdom of Turnus—and Camilla, Queen of the Volscians, a Virgin warrior. The forces are ordered to assemble at Laurentum.

Thou too, Ænean nurse, Caieta, gav'st
Eternal honour to our shores in death;
Thy name (if this be glory) still preserv'd
Tells where thy bones in great Hesperia lie.
Æneas having paid the funeral rites

And rais'd the superstructure of a tomb,
Soon as the bosom of the deep lay still,
Spreads his departing sail and leaves the port:
Night-breezes gently blow, a silver moon
His path illumines quivering o'er the sea. 10
Coasting he went by Circe's rich domain,
Where deep in her inhospitable woods,
That ring with echoes of eternal song,
She the Sun's daughter dwells, and nightly burns
A fragrant cedar light in stately halls,
While runs her whizzing shuttle through the loom.
From hence are groanings heard, and midnight roar
Of angry lions struggling with their chains,
Bears raging in their dens, and bristled boars,
And howling monster-wolves; all human once; 20
But cruel Circe had by potent herbs
Transform'd them thus to bestial shape and mien.
Lest now the pious Trojans fall a prey
To like enchantment on this baneful shore,
Neptune with winds propitious fills their sail,
And wafts them safe the frothy shoals beyond.
Redden'd with light the wave, as orient Morn
Peer'd with her rosy chariot in the east;
The breezes all were hush'd into a calm,
And oars are toiling thro' the sluggish deep: 30
A grove Æneas from the main descries,
Thro' which the Tyber makes his pleasant way,
With eddies swift and yellow sandy flood
On rushing to the sea. Above, around,
Birds many-colour'd haunt the bank and stream,
Flit in the grove, and charm the air with song.
Instant he gives the word to steer for land,
And joyful up the shady river glides.
  Aid me, O Muse, while Latium's olden time,
And the condition of her throne and state, 40
When the strange army landed on her shore,

I trace, recalling how the strife began.
Instruct me, Goddess, thou. Of warring hosts,
Kings full of slaughterous rage, Etruscan chiefs,
All Italy arous'd in arms, I sing.
A greater theme upon thy poet dawns,
A loftier work. Latinus, aged King,
Long o'er the realm had held a peaceful sway:
Whom the Laurentian nymph Marica bore
To Faunus; he from Picus drew his birth, 50
And Picus for his sire thee, Saturn, claim'd;
Thou wert the earliest founder of the race.
Male heirs to King Latinus fate denied;
Untimely death had snatch'd an infant son;
A daughter only propp'd his house and throne,
Now ripe for marriage, in her youthful prime:
Whom many suitors out of Latium's realm
And all Ausonia woo'd; above the rest
With beauty and illustrious birth adorn'd
Rutulian Turnus; in whose cause the Queen 60
Labour'd with earnest love; but still the Gods
With many a dreadful sign opposed her will.
  Within the palace in a deep recess
There stood a laurel, with religious awe
For many years preserv'd; which on the spot,
When first he built his walls, Latinus found,
And vowing to Apollo's guardian care,
The rising city thence Laurentum named.
It happen'd, strange to tell, a swarm of bees
Came whizzing thro' the air in cloudy flight, 70
Descended on the laurel's leafy top,
And spread their sudden cluster on the boughs:
A foreign chieftain's advent I behold!
The augur straightway cried: I see a host
From the same quarter to the same advance
And plant in our acropolis their power.
More wondrous yet; Lavinia with her Sire

Was on the altar kindling holy fumes,
When her long tresses from the torch caught fire;
The crackling flames her rich attire consumed, 80
Burn'd were her royal locks, her jewell'd crown;
The Princess wrapt in smoke and dusky blaze
Thro' the whole palace conflagration spread:
An omen this was held of import dire,
High destiny presaging and renown
For her, but for the people grievous war.
Latinus, by these prodigies disturb'd,
Hies to the oracle and gloomy grove
Of prophet Faunus, where in depth of shade
The babbling fountain of Albunea springs, 90
And with mephitic vapour taints the air.
Œnotrians here and all th' Italian tribes
Explore their doubtful future: here the priest,
His offerings brought, on skins of slaughter'd sheep
Lays him at dead of night, and slumber woo's,
Then many a spectre strangely flitting sees,
Hears voices round, holds converse with the Gods,
And questions Acheron in the depths below.
Here sought Latinus counsel: first he slew
With custom'd rites a hundred ewes unshorn, 100
Then spread their fleecy hides, and laid him down;
A voice quick issued from the silent glade:
Wed not thy daughter to a Latin Prince,
Nor safe th' intended spousals deem, my Son:
Strangers will come, whose blood to ours allied
Shall lift our name to heaven; whose future race,
Far as the journeying Sun views either sea,
Shall hold beneath their feet a world subdued.
Such midnight answer of his warning Sire
The Latin Monarch kept not unreveal'd; 110
But o'er the Ausonian cities far and wide
Had rumour borne it, when the Dardan crew
To grassy banks of Tyber moor'd their fleet.

Æneas, fair Iulus, and the chiefs
Under a tree's protecting shade sat down,
Their scanty feast preparing; o'er the turf
Their trenchers they had spread of wheaten paste,
Heaping wild fruits upon the cereal floor,
Jove's warning in them; and it fortun'd so,
That, all else eaten, they for lack of food 120
Their greedy mouths upon the platters turn'd,
The orbs and quarters of that holy crust
With hands and teeth they ventur'd to assail:
Why, look! our very tables we consume!
Iulus playful cried: those simple words
First to the Dardan troubles brought an end;
Æneas rapt in wonder caught them up,
And own'd the power of the divinity:
Hail, promis'd land and faithful Gods of Troy!
This is your home and country! I remember, 130
Anchises thus our destinies declared:
When ye have anchor'd on a foreign shore,
And hunger drives ye straiten'd for repast
Your tables to devour, there hope to find
A resting-place from labour, there be sure
To fix your dwellings and a rampart raise.
This was the destin'd hunger, this the spot
To end our sorrows doom'd. Rejoice, my comrades:
When first the morrow dawns, what habitants
Possess the region, where their city stands, 140
We will explore, and inland bend our way:
Now goblets pour to Jove, and call with prayer
Anchises, and the tables crown with wine.
He on his temples twined a leafy bough;
Then to the Genius of the place, to Earth
Primeval, to the Rivers yet unknown
And gentle Nymphs his orison preferr'd,
Night and her orient signs invoking next,
Idæan Jove and Phrygian Cybele,

His heavenly Mother and his Sire below. 150
Thrice answer'd thundering from the clear bright heaven
Almighty Jove, and, as he shook the cloud,
A gleam on high of golden rays reveal'd.
A sudden rumour spreads among the crew,
The day was come to build their destin'd walls;
Straight they renew the feast, and celebrate
With cups and flowing wine th' auspicious hour.
Soon as the morn had brighten'd earth with beams,
The coast, the city, and the land to view,
They took their several ways, exploring wide: 160
Here fount Numicus stagnates in a pool,
Here Tyber flows, and here the Latins dwell:
A hundred chosen legates from the band
Æneas to the seat of Latian kings
Despatcht, with olive branches, to present
Gifts to the Monarch and solicit peace:
While they with expedition urge their way,
Æneas with a narrow trench begins
To take possession of his future town,
And fortify the ground; already rise 170
The first foundations on the river-bank,
Camp-like with mound and parapet enclosed.
The legates to their journey's end drew nigh,
And Latin spires and turrets were in view:
Outside the city-gates, as they approach'd,
Striplings and youths were learning on the sand
To curb the fiery steed or wheel the car;
Others were tugging at the bended bow,
With lusty sinews urging into speed
The supple dart, provoking to the course 180
Or sportive combat; when a horseman flew
With tidings to the aged Monarch's ear,
That men of mighty stature had arrived
In strange habiliment: Latinus bids
That to the royal mansion they be call'd,

And seats him on th' hereditary throne.
  High o'er the city a majestic pile,
The palace of Laurentian Picus, rose
On hundred columns; darkening woods around
And ancient superstition cast a gloom: 190
Here, for an omen of their future reign,
Laurentian kings the sceptre must receive,
And lift th' imperial fasces: this they made
A shrine of high devotion, this a hall
Of public council and of solemn feast;
In this the elders, having slain a ram,
Sat gravely at the long convivial board:
Before the porch ancestral effigies
Of antique cedar were in order ranged;
There Italus, there stood with pruning-blade 200
The sire Sabinus, planter of the vine,
Old Saturn, Janus with the double brow,
And early princes who in battle-fields
Had for their country bled. Upon the posts
Were hung the trophied implements of war,
Halberd and buckler, spear and crested helm,
Beaks torn from gallies, massy bars of gates,
And captive chariot-wheels. In augur's robe
There sat the Founder; a Quirinal staff
His right hand bore, his left an oval shield; 210
Equestrian Picus, whom with golden wand
The lustful Circe struck, and by her charms
Turn'd to a bird with party-colour'd wings.
  In this high temple seated on his throne
Latinus to the Trojans audience gave;
Whom thus receiving he accosted mild:
Speak, Dardans; for your country's name and story
Are not by fame unbruited, and ye come
No strangers to our ear: but say, what cause
Impels ye? what necessity hath brought 220
Your wandering navy to th' Ausonian coast?

Whether your way mistook, or tempest-driven,
(The chance of sailors on the ocean wide,)
Now in our river's creek and port ye lie,
Accept our hospitality, and learn
That we the Latins, of Saturnian race,
Preserve the manners of our ancient God,
Just without law, and virtuous uncompell'd.
And I remember often to have heard
A dark tradition of Auruncan sires, 230
How Dardanus, a native of this clime,
Removed him to the land of Phrygian Ida,
And Thracian Samos, now call'd Samothrace:
The Tuscan seat of Corythus he left;
Now in the starry heaven he sits enthroned,
And altars rank him as a Deity.
He ceas'd; to him Ilioneus replied:
Illustrious son of Faunus, nor the stress
Of stormy weather drove us into port,
Nor star nor coast misled us on our way; 240
But hither bent with purpose and design
Our course was, driven from realms the mightiest once
That e'er the sun from far Olympus view'd.
Our ancestor is Jove; from his high source
The Dardan youth are sprung; from him Æneas,
The prince renown'd whose embassy we bring.
How fierce a tempest over Ida's plain
Was pour'd from Argos, what disastrous fates
Europe and Asia's world in conflict brought,
All human kind have heard, in tracts remote 250
Beyond the bounds of ocean, or in climes
(If man inhabits) of the torrid zone.
Escaped that deluge, tost from sea to sea,
We come to beg for our paternal Gods
A humble home, a corner of the land,
The boon of air and water, free to all:
Bestowing, no small honour will be yours,

Eterna our remembrance; to your kingdom
Ye'll find us no disgrace, nor e'er repent
That Ilium in your bosom ye receiv'd. 260
Oh, by our Chieftain's fates, and by his hand,
Trusty in peace and strong in fight, I swear:
Think it not shame that we with suppliant words
And fillets introduce us; many nations
Have coveted our friendship, many a people
Hath offer'd league and brotherhood: but us
The power and the preordinance of Heaven
Sent on our wandering quest of Latin shores.
Back to his birthplace Dardanus returns,
Apollo's holy mandate points our way 270
To fount Numicus and Etruscan Tyber.
These humble gifts, remains of former wealth
Snatcht from the ruins of unhappy Troy,
Our prince presents thee. From this golden cup
Anchises pour'd libations on the altar;
The sceptre and tiara once were Priam's;
Such ensigns of his regal state he bore,
In full assembly when he gave the law;
These were his robes, by Trojan women spun.
He ended; and the Latin monarch's brow 280
Was fixt with earnest gaze upon the ground,
While thought was flashing in his aged eye;
Nor him the broider'd purple moved so much,
Nor Priameian sceptre; but his soul
Was musing on Lavinia's nuptial doom,
And pondering the prediction of his Sire:
This was the Prince to come from foreign climes,
His daughter to espouse and share his throne,
By fate decreed; whose progeny should grow
By valour famous, and the world subdue. 290
Cheerful at length he answers: May the Gods
My counsels aid, their auguries fulfil:
Trojan, I grant thy prayer, thy gifts accept:

Nor breadth of fruitful land, while I am king,
Nor riches ye shall lack like those of Troy.
Would your Æneas to our realm and throne
Knit him in bonds of friendship, let him seek
Our royal presence, doubting not to find
The warmest welcome here; hand grasp'd in hand
Shall be the confirmation of our league. 300
And carry back this message from Latinus:
I have a daughter, whom I must not wed
To prince Ausonian born; so heavenly signs
And so our native oracles declare,
Foretelling of a son from foreign land,
Whose seed shall to the stars exalt our name.
That your Æneas is that promis'd son,
My thoughts conjecture, and my hopes presage.
He spake, and order'd steeds to mount the band:
Three hundred shining stood in lofty stalls; 310
From whom the fleetest chosen, all equipt
In broider'd housings, bright with purple and gold,
Are led in gay procession; golden chains
Hang from their necks, and golden bits they champ:
A chariot for the absent chief he sends,
Drawn by a pair of fiery-nostrill'd steeds,
Matchless in form, of that etherial race
Which crafty Circe bred from mortal dams
Brought stealthily to coursers of the Sun.
Such gifts and peaceful message from the King 320
The Trojans bearing on their steeds return.
But from Inachian Argos hasting now
Malignant Juno held her course in air,
And from the headland of Pachynus view'd
Æneas and the Dardans: they with glee
Were building houses, on the land secure,
Their ships abandon'd: at the bitter sight
She fiercely shook her head, and thus in words
Her passion found a vent: O race abhorr'd!

O Phrygian destinies opposed to mine! 330
Could these men fall upon Sigeum's plain?
By conquerors be vanquish'd? by the flames
Of Troy consumed? Thro' armed hosts and fir:
A way they found. Forsooth my angry spirit
Was wearied out, or glutted with revenge:
No! On their flight the exiles I pursued
Relentless, harassing from sea to sea.
Nor sky nor ocean could the Teucrians harm;
Scylla, nor Syrtes, nor Charybdis dire
Avail'd me; safe in Tyber's creek they lie, 340
Spite of the waves and Juno! Mars could slay
The Lapiths, puissant tribe; to Cynthia's wrath
My Consort yielded ancient Calydon;
How had the Lapiths merited their doom,
Or how had Calydon?—whilst me, the Spouse
Of Jupiter, who nought have left undone,
No scheme untried, Æneas overcomes.
Then, if my Godhead fail to work my will,
I must implore whatever Powers there be;
If Heaven I cannot move, I stir up Hell. 350
Grant that unalterable fate bestows
The Latin kingdom and Lavinia's hand;
At least I can delay those hateful issues,
And extirpate meanwhile the subject people
Of both these Princes: yes, their nuptial pact
Shall cost the nations dear! Thy dowry, Virgin,
Shall be Rutulian blood and Trojan mingled;
Thy bridesmaid is Bellona! Not alone
Cisseis hath a flaming torch conceiv'd;
Venus her monster-birth, her Paris bore, 360
A second brand to fire another Troy.
  She spake, and dreadful to the earth descends,
From nether darkness, where the Furies dwell,
Alecto forth to call; whose hellish heart
In plots and broils and cruelty delights,

Whom even Pluto and her Sister-fiends
Detest; such various forms doth she assume,
Shapes hideous, blossoming with serpents black:
Whom Juno thus accosting whets her rage:
Daughter of Night, thy service I demand, 370
Thine aid congenial, to preserve intact
My fame and honour. Let not Phrygian wiles
Allure Latinus to connubial league,
Nor gain a seat in Latium. Thou hast power
To stir up kith and kin to mutual hate,
Turn brothers into foes, in happy homes
Uplift the scourge and light the funeral torch:
A thousand names are thine, a thousand arts
Of bane and mischief. Shake thy fertile breast,
Confound the peace and scatter seeds of war! 380
Arm the Ausonian people, send them forth
With hands and hearts impatient for the fray!
At once the Fiend, with Gorgon venom fraught,
To Latium and the Latin palace hies,
Besieging Queen Amata's chamber-door
With pitiless intent: there sat the Queen
Disconsolate, about her nuptial schemes
And Turnus by the stranger dispossest
Fretting and chafing with a woman's ire:
On her Alecto from the snaky locks 390
A serpent casts, and in her bosom deep
Insinuates the monster, thus that she
To fury stung may all the house embroil:
The snake, between her robes and snowy breast
Gliding with touch insensible, inspires
His viper-breath; now stealing round her neck
Becomes a chain of gold or ribbon long,
Now wreaths her hair, and slips about her limbs.
Awhile the poison with a subtle flow
Tingled her veins, and wrapt her bones with fire, 400
Nor yet her inmost soul had caught the flame;

She weeps, and softly with a mother's grief
Her Daughter and the Phrygian marriage wails :
A Trojan exile must Lavinia wed ?
O Father ! Nor thy Daughter nor thyself
Nor me thou pitiest, whom the Robber false
With the first wind deserting o'er the wave
Will bear my Child ! The Phrygian Shepherd thus
To Sparta came, and Helen bore to Troy.
Where is thy solemn faith, thy natural love, 410
Thy promise to our kinsman Turnus given ?
If by the oracle of Faunus prest
Thou art resolv'd a foreign Son to find ;
All land, that doth not own our regal sway,
Foreign I deem ; and so the Gods intend ;
And Turnus, if his origin we trace,
From Inachus descends and Argive Kings.
Vainly she plies Latinus with her words ;
Unmoved he stands ; and now the poisonous bane
Her vitals reach'd, thro' all her being flow'd : 420
To madness driven forth rush'd th' unhappy Queen
Thro' the vast city raving unrestrain'd :
As when a spinning-top in some wide court
Boys on their game intent with twisted thong
In circle urge ; lash-driven round and round
It whirls, the wonder of the little crowd,
By blows inspirited : Amata thus
Thro' crowds ferocious dizzily was borne.
Thence to the woods, more impious in her rage,
She flies with Bacchanalian phrenzy feign'd, 430
And hides her daughter in the mountain vale,
The spousals to delay, the Trojan league
To baffle. Evoe Bacchus ! was her cry :
Thou, thou alone art worthy of the maid ;
For thee the dance she leads, the thyrsus wields,
Her sacred locks she nourishes for thee !
Fame flies ; the matrons all alike inflamed

Rush from their homes, and o'er the country rove,
Giving their necks and tresses to the wind,
Some shrieking as they run, some girt with skins, 440
And brandishing in hand their viny spears:
Midmost of all Amata rears aloft
A blazing pine, and sings the nuptial song
Of Turnus and her child; her blood-red eye
Wildly she rolls, and bursts in fierce exclaim:
Hear, hear me, Latin mothers; if your hearts
Still as they ought for sad Amata feel,
If rights maternal outraged ye resent,
Your hairbands loose with me and join the orgies!
Thus amid woods and lairs of savage beasts 450
Amata like a Bacchanal was driven:
The Fiend, her baleful work thus well begun,
The counsels of Latinus overthrown,
His house embroil'd, uplifts her tawny wings
In speedy flight for the Rutulian towers,
Which erst Acrisian Danae, 'tis said,
With followers wafted by a southern gale,
To crown her city rais'd, in ancient days
Call'd Ardea, which proud name it yet retains,
Tho' all renown is gone. Here Turnus lay 460
Under his princely roof in midnight rest:
Alecto, putting off her Fury-mien,
Transforms her to a beldam's haggard face
With wrinkles plough'd, and on her hoary hair
Binding a fillet and an olive wreath
Becomes like Juno's priestess Chalybe,
Whose image to the Daunian prince's eye
Presenting in a dream she thus began:
Turnus, shall all thy labours pass for nought?
Thy crown to Dardan settlers be transferr'd? 470
Thy promis'd bride and dowry earn'd with blood
The king denies thee, and a foreign heir
Seeks for his throne. Go now, deluded man,

Again court thankless danger, overthrow
The Tuscan armies, give to Latium peace.
I bring the message of Saturnian Juno,
Who bade me warn thee in thy midnight sleep.
Arouse thee, arm thy people, lead them forth
To battle cheerly; on the Phrygian hosts
Now anchor'd in the haven of our stream 480
Manfully fall, and burn their painted ships!
Celestial Powers command. Let king Latinus,
Unless his word he keep and yield the bride,
Learn to his cost the prowess of thine arms!
To whom derisive Turnus made reply:
The news thou bring'st is old; the navy moor'd
In Tyber's channel hath not 'scaped mine ear.
Hence with thy false alarms! The royal Juno
Hath not forgotten me! But thou, good mother,
In the decay and dotage of thine years 490
Frett'st thee for nothing, and the very sound
Of warlike tidings moves thy croaking fear.
Go, mind thine images and holy shrine;
To men leave war and peace, their proper care.
Alecto's wrath was kindled at these words;
A trembling on the instant seiz'd the Youth,
Stiffen'd his eyes; so dreadful grows the Fiend,
Her vipers hiss, her flaming eyeballs roll;
Him yet delaying and in act to speak
She stops with hand repulsive, rears withal 500
A pair of hideous serpents over head,
Sounding her lash and screaming out her rage:
Behold the dotard, whom the very sound
Of warlike tidings moves to croaking fear!
Regard me! from the Furies I am come,
Death and destruction bearing in my hand!
So saying, on the Prince a torch she threw,
Which kindled in his breast th' infernal flame:
Convulsive terror broke the bonds of sleep;

A sweat was streaming from his bones and limbs; 510
Upstarting from his bed for arms he calls,
For arms thro' all the house resounding cries;
The martial madness bursting every bound
To more than human rose: as oft, when flame
Crackles about a cauldron's brazen sides,
The waters dance and bubble to the brim,
Till able to contain themselves no more
They force them outward and in steam ascend.
The peace polluted, envoys noble-born
He sends to king Latinus, and commands 520
To muster all the forces of his realm:
Their homes they must defend, repel the stranger;
Turnus for Troy and Latium was a match:
Thus loud, the Gods invoking, he proclaim'd;
His people, answering to the bold appeal,
With mutual exhortation fly to arms,
Moved by his youth and by his noble form,
His royal birth and valiant deeds renown'd.
While Turnus the Rutulians rouses thus,
Alecto, hastening to the Trojan crew 530
With crafty purpose, overlook'd a vale
Where fair Iulus with his dogs and toils
In sylvan sport was rousing up the game.
The wily Demon wafts the tainted breeze,
And suddenly the dogs in hot pursuit
A noble deer are driving; mournful chase
To rising Troy, whose troubles it began,
Mingling the rustic natives in the strife.
A stag there was with beamy antlers broad,
That, snatcht a youngling from the dam, was rear'd 540
By Tyrrheus and his children, whom the King
Appointed ranger of his wide demesne.
The beast was tame, to sister Silvia dear,
Fed by her hand, submissive to her will;
She for his horns would tender garlands wreath,

he comb'd, and bathed him in the fountain clear;
He roam'd the woods, but never fail'd at eve
To her familiar threshold to return.
Now far away from home the yelling pack
Rous'd him, as down the river he had swum, 550
His hot flanks cooling by the grassy bank.
Ascanius loos'd an arrow from his bow
With eager aim, which err'd not; for the shaft
Too surely guided with a fearful sound
Smote the poor stag, his flank and entrails tore:
The wounded creature flew for refuge home,
And groaning reach'd the stall, and dropping blood,
There all the house with piteous plaint he fills;
Fair Sylvia smites her bosom, and for help
Calls on the hardy churls, who muster'd quick, 560
(For in the wood still lurks the Stygian Pest,)
Come thronging to her side with knotty clubs
Or firebrands, or what else their haste could find
And rage made weapons; Tyrrheus takes the lead;
With wedge and hammer at his toil was he
Cleaving an oak in four, but quitting these
He grasps a woodman's axe, and hurries off
With mien ferocious and with threatening cry.
The Fiend for mischief eager watch'd her time,
Mounted the stable's roof, and with a horn 570
Her voice infernal straining sounded thence
A pastoral loud alarm, that made the grove
Tremble, the deep woods thunder all around:
'Twas heard by Trivia's lake, 'twas heard by Nar,
White sulphurous river, and Velinian springs;
And mothers pale in terror clasp'd their babes.
Obedient to the trumpet's dreadful call
From every quarter rush the sturdy swains
For combat arm'd; the Teucrians from their camp
Pour to the succour of Ascanius. 580
The adverse hosts their lines of battle draw,

Not now to mingle in the conflict rude
Of stave or burning brand, but naked steel
And clashing swords their quarrel must decide;
A crop of iron bristles on the field,
And sunlit armour shoots a brazen gleam:
So, when a wave first whitens with the breeze,
Higher and higher mounts the swelling deep,
Hurling at length her billows to the sky.
First, in the vaward as he led the charge, 590
Almon, the eldest hope of Tyrrheus, falls;
An arrow smote him with a ghastly wound,
Fast to his throat the hissing weapon clung,
The voice's passage and the breath of life
Choking with blood: the dying and the dead
Lay thick around: Galesus, aged man,
For peaceful intercession who advanced,
Was stricken down, of all Ausonian lords
The richest, and for love of justice famed;
Five bleating flocks were his, five herds of kine, 600
A hundred ploughshares till'd his fertile glebe.
While doubtful combat on the field is waged,
The Fiend, her purpose wrought, the promis'd work
Of blood and death begun, Hesperia leaves,
And hastening to Saturnia thro' the air
Triumphantly proclaims the welcome news:
Thy will is done, the war already rages,
And Trojan swords are red with Latin slaughter:
Bid them unite in amity again!
Yet more; if thou commandest, I will rouse 610
The neighbouring cities with my war-alarm,
Wake universal rage to join the strife,
Spread arms o'er all the parts of Italy!
Enough of plots and terror!—was replied:
The feud by this is kindled, hands have met
In hosting deadly, and the casual fray
Become th' ensanguin'd field. Such hymeneal

Let king Latinus and this Venus-born
Redoubted Champion celebrate! But thee
Longer in upper air at large to roam 620
The will permits not of th' Olympian Sire.
Depart: whate'er remains to be achiev'd,
My task shall be! Alecto at the word
Spread out her snaky wings, and from the height
Of ether's region to Cocytus flew.
  Deep in the centre of Hesperia lies
A mountain-valley, known to distant fame,
Amsanctus call'd: a dark wood overhangs
On either side, and in the hollow glen
Plunging from crag to crag a torrent roars. 630
A dreary cave within, the breathing-place
Of Pluto, may be seen, and Acheron
Here opens, bursting in a whirlpool huge,
His pestilent jaws: Alecto, hateful Fiend,
Here vanishes, and earth and heaven relieves.
  Nor less meanwhile Saturnia to the war
Lends a last impulse. All the shepherd band
From battle flying to the city bear
Young Almon's body and the mangled form
Of old Galesus; on the Gods they call, 640
Implore the King, while Turnus in the midst
Their rage redoubles, threatening fire and sword:
Trojans—cried he—are to the kingdom call'd,
A breed of Phrygians to pollute our race;
I from the royal threshold am expell'd!
And soon a crowd, whose mothers to the woods
Raving with orgies bacchanal had gone,
(Such influence had Queen Amata's name,)
Assemble on all sides and cry for war;
For impious war, regardless of the fates, 650
Despite of Gods and omens, one and all
The palace of Latinus they beset:
He like a rock resists, a seagirt rock,

That 'gainst th' assault of multitudinous waves
By weight sustains itself; around the base
A roar is heard of billows and of crags;
Unmoved it stands, from off its beaten side
Casting the seaweed and the foamy spray.
But when Latinus to control the tide
Of counsels dark and Juno's violent will 660
Could hope no longer, to the Powers of heaven
With solemn protestation he appeals:
Fate overwhelms me; to the storm I yield:
Unhappy men, with blood shall ye atone
The sacrilege; thou, Turnus, ere 'tis long,
Wilt rue the impious day, and all too late
Confess thy madness in repentant prayer.
Near had I gain'd the port, my last repose,
A peaceful grave; of this am I deprived.
So saying, to his palace he withdrew 670
Forsaking in despair the helm of state.
A rite there was in Latium; Alban tribes
Long held it sacred, now imperial Rome,
Of war the dread preparative, observes;
Whether a Getan or Hyrcanian foe
She threatens, or the sons of Araby,
'Gainst India and the Orient whether rous'd,
Or standards of the Parthian to demand.
Two gates of war (their solemn awful name)
To Mars are consecrate, with hundred bolts 680
Of during brass and strength of iron closed;
Janus the guarded threshold never leaves:
These, when the Senate hath on fight resolv'd,
The Consul, clad in his Quirinal robe
And Gabine cincture, with loud creak unbars,
And calls the troops to battle; they with shout
Responding, trumpets peal their hoarse accord.
Thus solemnly against the sons of Troy
They bade Latinus to proclaim their war

And ope the rueful portals; but he shrank 690
From the pollution of the loathsome task,
In darkness hiding him; Saturnia then
Gliding from high Olympus with her hand
Push'd the reluctant bars, and open wide
The war-gates grating on their hinges threw.
  Ausonia, late so tranquil, is on fire:
All rush to arms, part marching to the field,
Part mounted urge their way on dusty steeds:
Some the shield burnish, others bright with seam
The javelin scour, or whet the axe's edge; 700
Trumpets and waving banners give them joy:
Already five strong cities (Ardea first
And Crustumerium) forge the tools of death;
With anvils haughty Tibur, and thy towers,
Antemnæ, ring, and, great Atina, thine:
The casque is hollow'd, and for bucklers bent
The osier; greaves of ductile silver smooth
Are hammer'd out, and brazen cuirasses:
The scythe, the share, all honour of the plough
To warlike use must yield; old rusty blades 710
Retemper'd from the fiery furnace rise:
The clarion peals, the watchword passes round;
One snatches from the wall his burgonet,
Another yokes his neighing chariot-steeds,
Fits on the golden corslet's triple twine,
With buckler girds him and with trusty sword.
  Ye Muses, open Helicon, and sing
What chieftains join'd the strife, what divers hosts
Flock'd in their train, what warriors even then
The fair Hesperia bred, and how she burn'd 720
With martial rage. Ye know, and ye can tell:
Faint to our ear the breath of story glides.
  First from Etrurian shores the atheist king
Mezentius levies war and arms his power;
A princely son attends upon his march,

The gallant Lausus, with whose grace of mien
None but Laurentian Turnus might compare
A skilful horseman and a hunter bold;
A thousand soldiers from Agylla's town
He leads, ill-fated Youth, deserving well 730
A happier fortune and a better sire.
  Next Aventinus, from Alcides sprung,
With palm-crown'd chariot prances on the plain,
A scaly dragon and a pair of snakes,
Paternal trophies, blazon'd on his shield:
Whom priestess Rhea to the realms of light
In secret glades of Aventine brought forth,
Begot when, after Geryon overcome,
Tirynthius visited Laurentian fields
And bathed in Tyber his Iberian kine. 740
His troop the pike and heavy pilum wield,
And Sabine darts with steely rounded edge
Himself like Hercules in horrid guise
Enters the royal hall; a lion's hide
With grinning teeth and savage mane uncomb'd
Hangs from his head and o'er the shoulder falls.
  Catillus next and Coras, Argive twins,
Leaving the walls of their fraternal seat,
Ausonian Tibur, from Tiburtus named,
Lead mighty numbers, marching in the van: 750
As when two cloudborn Centaurs from the top
Of Othrys or the snow-clad Omole
With rapid pace descend, o'er bush and brake
They stride along, the crashing woods give way.
  Nor stay'd the founder of Præneste's town,
Whom all tradition knows as Vulcan's child
Found on the hearth amid the flocks and herds,
King Cæculus. A pastoral multitude
Attend him; who in high Præneste dwell,
Gabinian Juno's fields, cool Anio's vale, 760
And river-moisten'd rocks of Hernic land;

Whom father Amasenus or the rich
Anagnia feeds. Among them nor the clang
Of armour nor the rattling car is heard,
But balls of livid lead they mostly sling,
Nor pairs of darts are wanting in their grasp,
Nor beavers on their head, the spoil of wolves;
The left foot naked to the ground they press,
A shoe of undrest hide protects the right.
  Messapus, valiant horseman, Neptune's son, 770
To fire and steel invulnerable born,
A peaceful people long unused to war
Arousing musters, and the sword resumes:
Some from Flavinian fields or Fescennine,
Falisci or Soracte's height, he leads,
Some from Capena's grove, or from the mount
And lake of Ciminus. In even rank
Singing their Prince they march, like snowy swans,
That up from pasture soaring to the sky
Stretch their long necks, and pour a tuneful strain 780
Whose echoes round the pool of Asius ring:
Who heard them, not the brazen files would deem
Of order'd warriors, but a cloud of birds
Borne with hoarse cry from ocean to the shore.
  Clausus, from Sabine ancient blood derived,
Leads a great host; a host himself is he;
From whom the Claudian family and clan
O'er Latium spread, since equal share in Rome
The Sabines gain'd. A legion vast he brings
From Amiternum, all th' Eretian troop, 790
The old Quirites, and thy citizens,
Nomentum, and the men of Foruli;
And whom Casperia bred, or Nursia cold,
Velinian dewy meads, Himella's bank,
Or olive-clad Metusca; mountaineers
Inhabiting Severus or rough rocks
Of Tetrica, with them that Fabaris

And Tyber drink; the Latin people, those
In Horta class'd, and whom the stream divides
Of Allia, mournful name: innumerable 800
As waves, that on the shore of Afric roll,
When sinks Orion in the wintry sea,
As ears that ripen on the Lycian glebe
Or sands of Hermus. Dreadful was the din
Of clattering shields; earth trembled at their tread.
And now Halesus, Agamemnon's kin,
Foe to the Trojan name, his chariot yokes,
And hastes to Turnus with his friendly powers,
Some, tillers of the viny Massic soil,
Some from their hills whom sires Auruncan send; 810
Many from Cales, or thy shoaly fords,
Vulturnus; many from the champaign fair
Of Sidicinum, with the Oscan bands
And fierce Saticulan: whose demispears
With leathern thong are fasten'd to the wrist;
A moony buckler for defence they bear,
With scymitars provoke the standing fight.
Nor Œbalus my verse shall leave unsung,
To Telon whom the nymph Sebethis bore,
When full of years in Capreæ he reign'd 820
O'er tribes Teleboan. Th' ambitious heir
His realm extending had with power subdued
Sarrastian nations, lands by Sarnus laved,
Celenna, Rufæ, Batulus, and fields
That rich with apple-bloom Abella views.
His people are in Teuton manner taught
To whirl enormous missilery of stone;
Their headpiece roughly fashion'd is of cork,
But brass adorns the target and the sword.
Thee Nersa's mountain-land to battle gave, 830
Ufens, for valour and success renown'd;
The tribe of fierce Æquicolæ was thine,
To forest chase and stubborn glebes inured;

In arms they till the ground, and never cease
To gather booty and by rapine live.
  Intrepid Umbro, Marsian priest, a wreath
Of cheerful olive wearing on his helm,
Was sent by king Archippus to the field:
The viper and the venom-breathing snake
By touch or incantation he had skill 840
Asleep to lay, their fierceness to assuage,
Their bite relieve: but stroke of Dardan spear
He could not heal; his life nor sleepy charm
Could save, nor herbs on Marsian mountains cull'd;
Him did thy glassy waters, Fucinus,
Angitia's grove and liquid lakes bewail.
  And Virbius in his pride of beauty came,
Whom in Egeria's grove his mother nurst,
The fair Aricia, by the humid coast
Where victims bleed on Cynthia's altar mild; 850
Hippolytus his sire, who (story tells)
By wrath of Theseus and a stepdame's guile
Was doom'd to perish dragg'd by horses wild,
But back to realms of light and air recall'd
By medicinal herbs and Cynthia's love;
Then Jupiter, indignant that to life
From nether shades a mortal should return,
Apollo's child for such invented art
Drove thunderstricken to the Stygian pool;
Kind Cynthia in a woody glade conceal'd 860
Hippolytus, to Nymph Egeria's care
Consigning him, in solitude to pass
A life obscure, his name to Virbius changed:
Hence from Diana's grove horn-footed steeds
Are kept aloof, since to sea-monsters they
Affrighted cast their driver on the shore.
Nathless the Son his chariot-coursers now
Unfearing drives, and rushes to the war.
  Turnus among the Chiefs preeminent

In arms and figure moves, his head o'er all 870
High towering; on his triple-crested helm
A huge Chimæra sits, with open jaws
Belching Ætnean flame, that fiercer still
Outblazes into wrath, as hotter grows
The strife of battle and the thirst of blood.
His shield with glorious argument portray'd
Shone brilliant; Io imaged there in gold
Stood in her heifer shape, with hairy hide
And branching horns; her keeper Argus near,
And Father Inachus, from urn emboss'd 880
Pouring the crystal stream. A cloud of foot
His standards follow, over all the plain
Thronging with serried shields in thick array;
Rutulians, Argives, and Labician ranks,
Whose painted bucklers glitter in the sun;
Th' Aurunean levies to the Sacran join'd,
The warlike old Sicani; they that plough
Thy holy shore, Numicus, or on hills
Circeian or in glades of Tyber dwell,
Or where the beardless Jove his Anxur guards, 890
Or in the green retreats that best of all
Feronia loves, where Satura's black swamp
Infection breeds, or where thro' lowly dales
Cold Ufens makes a passage to the sea.
Last with her Volscian horsemen, all equipt
In panoply of brass, Camilla comes,
A warrior virgin; distaff or the neeld,
Feminine toil, she loved not, but to brave
The battle's peril and the winds outrun:
Over the level of the corny field 900
She without pressure of the blade could fly,
Over the wavy bosom of the deep
Pace with dry footing buoyant on her way.
Whom youths and matrons pouring to behold
From every house and field, before their eyes

She passes like a vision of delight;
Her snowy neck the royal purple clothes
With majesty; her hair a clasp confines
In golden braid; a Lycian quiver hangs
Graceful behind; and in her hand she wields 910
Tipt with bright steel a pastoral myrtle spear.

ÆNEID VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas is alarmed at the preparations for war in Italy; but, while he is reposing on the bank of the Tyber, is encouraged by a vision of the River-God, who directs him to seek the assistance of King Evander. This Prince was the leader of an Arcadian colony, who had settled on the Palatine Hill. His city, Pallanteum, was in fact the site of the future Rome; of whose antiquities the Poet makes incidental mention. Æneas ascends the river with two ships, and arriving at the city, after a voyage of about a day and a half, finds Evander and his people engaged in a sacrifice to Hercules, an annual commemoration of their deliverance by that hero from the robber Cacus. Evander receives the Trojans with hospitality, and relates the story of Cacus, which is powerfully told. He accepts the proffered alliance of Æneas, and engages to assist him with a small body of horse; but to render more effectual service, informs him that a large force of Etrurians were at that very time preparing to invade the Latian territory, and were only waiting for a foreign general, promised them by an oracle. Their object was to compel the delivery up of their banished King Mezentius, who had taken refuge at the court of Ardea, and was now levying partizans for Turnus. Æneas, with a chosen body of horse, and accompanied by Pallas, Evander's Son, sets out to join the Etrurian army, who are encamped in the neighbourhood of Agylla, and have a fleet on the coast ready to transport them to Latium. Meanwhile Vulcan, at the request of Venus, has made a suit of armour for Æneas, which his Mother brings him. On the shield are portrayed some of the most memorable events of Roman history; in the centre of all, the battle of Actium, and the triumph of Augustus Cæsar. With the description of this the book concludes.

When Turnus planted on Laurentum's wall
His standard, and the trumpets hoarsely bray'd,
He prick'd his gallant steeds, and clash'd his arms;
All hearts were stirr'd, in tumult Latium rose

Unanimous for war, and fiery rage
Inflamed her youth. Mezentius, atheist King,
Messapus, Ufens, mighty levies raise,
Dispeopling far and wide the rural fields.
Then to the city of great Diomed
Is Venulus despatch'd, to pray for aid, 10
To carry tidings of the Trojan fleet,
And how Æneas had to Latium brought
His vanquish'd household Gods, proclaim'd himself
A destin'd King, and now by many tribes
Was join'd, and spreading o'er the land his name:
What meant th' invader, his intent and aim,
Should fortune prosper, sooner might the Greek
Than Turnus or Latinus understand.
Such warlike movement when the Dardan saw,
A sea of trouble in his bosom rose; 20
This way and that his rapid thoughts revolve
In restless agitation without end:
As light that glances from a cauldron's brim,
Reflected by the sun or lunar ray,
Now tremulously flits from side to side,
Now darts in air and on the ceiling plays.
'Twas night, and weary creatures o'er the earth,
Cattle and feather'd tribes, deep slumber held:
On Tyber's bank beneath the chilly sky
Æneas wakeful with his sorrows lay, 30
And not till midnight found a brief repose;
When from the bosom of his placid stream
Between the poplars lo the River-god,
A venerable form, appear'd to rise;
Around him was an azure filmy veil,
A wreath of shadowy reeds conceal'd his hair;
Who thus began and words of comfort spake:
Offspring of heaven, who bringest back to us,
Saved from the foe, imperishable Troy,
Prince long expected on Laurentian soil 40

And Latin fields; thy heritage and home,
Thy Pergamus is here: hold fast thy place
Among us, and regard not threats of war;
The wrath of jealous powers hath all subsided.
And lest for idle fancies of a dream
This vision thou mistake, before thine eyes
Under the hollies of my shore shall lie
A huge white sow, with thirty litter'd young,
White as the dam, her udders hanging round.
Here shall thy city be and place of rest: 50
Ascanius here, when thrice ten years have run
Their destin'd course, shall build illustrious Alba:
Time shall accomplish all: but now to speed
Thy pressing wants, hear brief what I advise.
A people of Arcadia, sprung of old
From Pallas, by their king Evander led,
Came lately to our coast, and on the hills
A station choosing Pallanteum's town
(Thus naming from their ancestor) have built.
They with the Latins wage incessant war: 60
With them make league, and reinforce thy camp.
I up the stream will guide thee, and thine oars
Assist to overcome the adverse tide.
Rise, Son of Venus; when the stars grow pale,
To Juno's power thy just devotions pay,
With suppliant vows her enmity subdue:
Me thou shalt honour after victory won.
The River best beloved of Heaven am I,
Cerulean Tyber, whom along these banks
Pouring my rich abundance thou beholdest, 70
Cutting the fruitful meads. My chosen seat,
City of cities to become, is here.
Which said, the River plunging to his depths
Had vanish'd; night and sleep Æneas left.
He rises, to the orient streaks of dawn
Devoutly turns him, and with hollow palm

Scooping a jet of water from the stream,
His orison pronounces loud and clear:
Ye Nymphs, from whom the Streams their increase take,
Laurentian Nymphs, and holy Tyber, thou, 80
Receive Æneas and his troubles end.
Oh, in what fount soe'er thy watery bed
Detains thee, Father, pitying my distress,
Wherever in thy beauty thou dost rise,
Still gifts and honour I will bring to thee,
Thou horned Monarch of Italian Floods:
Now aid me, and thy prophet words confirm!
Forthwith a pair of galleys from the fleet
Two-deck'd he chose, equipt and arm'd his crew;
When lo, a sudden marvel, on the bank 90
A huge white sow with litter white as she
Among the trees reclining is beheld:
Them to great Juno at the altar-side
With sacrificial pomp the Dardan slew.
All the night long Tyber his onward course
Check'd, and the swelling of his waves composed,
Till without motion glassy as a lake
And easy to the sliding oar they stood:
And now upon their enterprise afloat
The keels make cheerful music as they meet 100
The rippling waters; grove and stream admire
The apparition of a painted fleet
And radiant sheen of arms; all day and night
The steady oar they persevere to ply,
And winding up the river fenced with trees
And sheltering verdure cut their pleasant way.
The fiery sun was in meridian height,
When towers from far and battlements they see,
And houses thinly spread; which Roman pride
Hath lifted since to heaven; Evander then 110
A scanty kingdom ruled. To shore the prows
Are pointed, and approach the little town:

It was a festal morn; th' Arcadian king
Was in a grove suburban solemn rites
Paying to great Alcides and the Gods;
His son, the princely Pallas, at his side,
With all his humble senators and lords,
Sprinkling the holy incense; blood yet warm
Upon the altar smoked; but when tall ships
With soft impulsion of the silent oar 120
Gliding amid the greenwood they beheld,
All started in confusion and alarm
The tables quitting; Pallas, of the feast
Forbidding interruption, snatcht a sword
And hasten'd to confront the cause of fear:
Mounting a hillock—Strangers—he exclaim'd:
What purpose brings ye to a foreign coast?
Who are ye? of what country? friends or foes?
Æneas answers from the lofty stern,
And holds the peaceful olive up to view: 130
Children of Troy and warriors thou beholdest
Against the Latins arm'd, whose cruel war
Hath driven us fugitive: we seek Evander:
Carry our message, tell him, chiefs of Troy
Come to implore his fellowship in arms.
Awe-struck was Pallas at so great a name:
Land, whosoe'er thou be, and face to face
Speak with my Sire, and welcome to our roof:
He said, and from the vessel took his hand
Pressing with kind salute: together both 140
Pass to the grove and leave the river-side.
  Æneas frankly thus addrest the king:
Best of the Greeks, to whom at fate's behest
These emblems of a supplicant I bring;
I fear'd not, tho' Arcadian born wert thou,
An Argive prince and kin to Agamemnon:
Me mine own conscious worth and thy renown,
Our common sires and oracles divine

Unite to thee, and urged me nothing loth
The call of glorious fortune to obey. 150
Our Dardanus, who founded Ilium's walls,
Born of Electra (so the Greeks declare),
Came to the Teucrian people over sea;
Electra was the child of mighty Atlas,
Whose shoulders the celestial sphere uphold:
Your sire is Mercury, whom Maia fair
On the cold summit of Cyllene bore;
But her, if credence we may give to fame,
Atlas begot, the same who bears the sky:
Thus from a common source we both descend: 160
Therefore without conditions, caring not
To ask safe conduct or bespeak thy favour,
Hither mine own ambassador I come,
Trusting myself a suppliant at thy gates.
Our foes are thine: the Daunians us pursue
With ruthless war, and think, expelling us,
Full soon shall all of Italy subdued
From th' upper to the lower sea be theirs.
Accept our proffer'd faith and pledge thine own;
Brave souls have we, and youth in hardships tried. 170
  Evander all this time the speaker's face,
Features and form with curious gaze perused,
And thus in few replied: Illustrious prince,
Thrice welcome to our hearth! How strong in thee
I trace the features of thy sire Anchises,
His very voice and language I recall!
For I remember in my youthful prime
King Priam and the Teucrian lords I saw;
He from a visit to his sister's court—
(In rocky Salamis thou know'st she reign'd 180
The consort of renowned Telamon)—
Returning thence his journey he pursued
To our bleak mountain-land of Arcady;
The downy bloom was mantling on my cheek;

And much the Trojan chieftains I admired,
And Priam too; but taller stood than all
Thy sire Anchises, and an ardent wish
Rose in my youthful heart to speak with him
And press his hand in mine; and I advanced
And him with much entreaty to the walls 190
Of Pheneus brought. He gave me, ere he left,
A handsome quiver and some Lycian arrows,
A mantle richly broider'd, and a pair
Of golden bits, which Pallas yet retains.
Therefore the hand thou seekest is in league
Already join'd, and when the morrow dawns,
I send thee hence with succour and supplies.
Meanwhile, as ye are friends, these annual rites,
Which must not be delay'd, partake with us,
And learn our hospitality to know. 200
Straight he commands the goblets and the cheer
To be replaced, and on a turfy seat
Ranging the Trojans, to a maple throne
And cushion of a shaggy lion-skin,
The seat of honour, he invites the Chief:
Anon the priestly minister and youths
In flower of age, officious at the board,
With roasted flesh of beeves and labour'd gifts
Of Ceres heap'd in canisters attend,
And crown with Bacchus the capacious bowls. 210
Æneas and his comrades of the chine
And lustral inwards take their fill with glee.
Soon as their craving hunger was appeas'd,
Thus to his honour'd guest Evander spake:
Trojan, these rites, this customary feast,
This altar of a mighty Deity
Not superstition vain or ignorance
Of ancient Gods prescribed; but grateful thanks,
From peril dire preserv'd, we thus renew.
Look first at yonder cliff that hangs in air, 220

And the rock-dwelling that in ruin lies
With masses of the shatter'd mountain strewn;
Here was a cavern in a deep recess,
Where Cacus, monster semihuman, dwelt,
By sunlight unapproach'd; the floor was aye
With recent slaughter reeking, heads of men
Hung foul and ghastly rotting on the door.
His sire was Mulciber, whose smoky flame
His mouth disgorging vast in bulk he moved.
Time to our wishes a deliverance brought, 230
A great avenger: Hercules with spoils
Of triple Geryon vanquish'd by his hand
Triumphant hither came; his captive bulls,
A stately herd, thro' Tyber's valley stray'd.
Cacus with fury blind, that fraud or crime
None he might leave unventur'd or untried,
Four bulls, four heifers from the pasture drove,
Choicest of all the herd; which by the tail
He dragg'd, the footmarks of his theft to hide,
And thrust with heels inverted in his den; 240
Search to the cavern thus no trace could lead:
But when Alcides for departure hence
Collected in the meads his full-fed kine,
The bulls reluctant bellow'd, and their plaint
Went echoing o'er the hills; from underground
One heifer low'd responsive, and the hope
Of Cacus baffled: Hercules (his gall
Was blackening into fury) snatcht his arms,
And brandishing aloft a knotty club
Up to the mountain ran: then first dismay'd 250
Cacus was seen, and trouble in his eye;
Fear gave him wings, and like the wind he fled,
Plunged in the cavern's mouth, and closed the door,
A rib of solid rock, with iron chain
By Vulcan's art suspended; this, the chain
Tearing, he dropt, and bolted firm within;

Tirynthius was at hand, and all th' approach
Exploring, glancing quickly to and fro,
Gnashing his teeth; thrice furious paced he round
The hill of Aventine, thrice vainly tried 260
The mountain-door, thrice rested in the vale:
Above the craggy ridge there rose aloft
A cliff of granite sharpening to a peak,
Fit haunt and nestling-place for birds of prey;
This, leftward o'er the river as it hung,
The God incumbent shook with all his main,
Tore from the rocky roots and push'd it headlong,
Groan'd ether at the shock, asunder leapt
Th' affrighted shores, and backward roll'd the stream:
Then was the creature's den exposed to view, 270
And all the spacious mansion dusk and drear;
As if some mighty power should rend the earth,
The nether world and kingdoms pale disclose
By Gods abhorr'd, and sunlight thro' th' abyss
Intrusive shining scare the ghostly Shades.
Cacus, in unexpected light surprised,
Pent in the hollow rock, bray'd horribly,
That like was never heard, Alcides him
Assailing from above with all his arms
And missilery of trunks and mountain-stones; 280
Shut out from all escape and in despair,
He belches from his jaws a flood of smoke,
Wondrous to tell, and wraps the cave in night,
A blinding mass, increasing as it rolls
In stifling volumes, darkness flaked with fire:
The wrathful hero headlong in the midst
Leaps, where the clouds are thickest, and the tide
Of burning blast intolerable pours;
On Cacus vomiting his bootless flame
He fastens, double-bending him, his neck 290
Squeezing in dreadful grapple, till the eyes
Out from their sockets burst, and breath is gone:

The entrance broken, all the dark abode,
The ravish'd bulls, and many a theft disclaim'd
Were shown to heaven, the shapeless carcase dragg'd
Forth by the feet; and none could gaze enough
Upon that savage bulk and countenance,
The chest with bristles thick, the dreadful eyes,
The jaws now breathless, and extinguish'd fires.
From that time forth Alcides' festive day 300
We celebrate with joy. Potitius first
And the Pinarian house, that guard the rites,
This altar built, that ever will by us
Mighty be call'd, and ever mighty be.
Then come, on this commemorative day
The leafy garlands on your temples bind,
Upraise the goblet, call our common God,
And pour the cheerful offering of your wine!
He ended: the Herculean poplar twined
With shade of double foliage veils his hair, 310
The festal chalice sparkles in his hand;
Then one and all upon the table pour
Their flowing tribute, and the Gods invoke.
Meanwhile the day declines, and eve draws near:
The priests with grave Potitius at their head
In customary manner girt with skins
And bearing torches in procession come,
With welcome presents of a second course
Renew the feast, and on the altar lay
Their loaden chargers; from the hearth ascends 320
The blaze rekindled, and around it wreath'd
With poplar boughs the Salii, young and old,
Arranged in double choir their voices blend
In hymns of praise to great Alcmena's son:
How first the snakes of Juno, frightful pair,
He strangled; mighty cities he o'erthrew,
Troy and Œchalia; thousand tasks imposed
By king Eurystheus and Saturnia's will

Toiling he overcame: Invincible!
Thou Pholus and Hylæus, double-form'd 330
Offspring of clouds, didst immolate; thine hand
Slew Cretan monsters and the lion huge
Under the Nemean rock: thee Stygian lakes,
Thee Cerberus crouching in his gory den
O'er bones half-eaten trembled to behold:
No sight appall'd thee; not with giant bulk
Typhœus arm'd, nor hundred circling heads
Of Lerna's dragon could thy courage quell!
All hail, thou genuine progeny of Jove,
New glory of Olympus! still be nigh 340
To bless our worship and accept our prayer!
These lofty themes of praise, and last of all
Fire-breathing Cacus and his cave they sing;
The groves and hills in concert echo round.
  The worship ended, to the city all
Retrace their steps; the monarch full of years
Between the Trojan and his princely son
Walks leisurely, beguiling all the way
With various talk; Æneas casts his eye
Curious around, delighted with the spot, 350
About the monuments of ancient men
Inquiring, hearing all: when thus to him
The founder of young Rome, Evander, spake:
These woodlands native Fauns and Nymphs possest,
And men who took their birth from rugged trees,
Uncouth and wild, untaught to yoke the plough
Or wealth accumulate or gains preserve;
Boughs and the chase coarse nourishment supplied;
Till Saturn hither came from high Olympus
Dethroned and outcast by usurping Jove: 360
He civilised the scatter'd mountaineers,
And gave them laws, and Latium call'd the realm
Where latent in security he dwelt:
Under his reign it was the golden age,

While he in tranquil peace the people ruled;
Discolour'd and corrupt in time it grew,
And strife succeeded, and the lust of gain;
Then came Ausonian and Sicanian tribes,
Who changed the name of the Saturnian land;
And then a race of kings; huge Tyber held 370
A savage sway, from whom our river got
His name renown'd; 'twas Albula before.
Me over distant seas an exile driven
All-ruling Fortune brought to settle here;
The nymph Carmenta, she who gave me birth,
Foreknowledge of the fates from Phœbus drew
To guide my wanderings and to fix my home.
  Another instant brought him to the gate
By Romans call'd Carmental, and he show'd
His mother's altar, whose prophetic voice 380
Already had the future glory sung
Of Pallanteum and th' Ænean line.
The spacious wood, thereafter to become
Th' asylum of intrepid Romulus,
And further on the Lupercal they pass,
(Thus in the fashion of old Arcady
Was named the temple of Lycæan Pan,)
Which lying underneath a chilly rock
Evander points to view; nor he omits
The grove of Argiletum, sacred spot, 390
Of Argus there inhospitably slain
The tale recounting, and the place itself
Invoking to attest his innocence:
Thence to the steep Tarpeian lay their course,
And mount Capitoline, now bright with gold,
Then dusk with horrid shades; but even then
Religious awe the place environing
Made rustics tremble at the grove and hill.
This forest—saith Evander—and the hill
With verdure waving some mysterious Power 400

We know not who, inhabits; Jove himself
Th' Arcadians think to have seen, when he hath shook
His Ægis black and call'd his thunderclouds.
Those ruins yonder were two flourishing towns
By father Saturn and by Janus built;
The relics of their glory all in heaps
Lie scatter'd; this Janiculum was hight,
And that Saturnia from the founder's name.
Thus pleasantly discoursing they had reach'd
Evander's lowly mansion; all around 410
Were lowing kine, herds traversing at large
The forum and the streets of gorgeous Rome.
Before the gate they stood, and thus the king:
This threshold once the great Alcides pass'd,
This humble roof received the conquering hero:
Be bold, my friend, to emulate a God,
Esteem not earthly pomp and empty grandeur,
Nor spurn what homely fare my house bestows.
He said, and thro' the mansion's narrow hall
The Trojan chieftain to his chamber led; 420
There on a couch of leaves he laid him down,
The skin supporting of a Libyan bear.
Night fell, embracing earth with dusky wings;
When Venus, her maternal fears arous'd
By Latium's gathering and threats of war,
Addresses Vulcan in his golden bed
Breathing in every word celestial love:
Whilst Grecian powers were urging to their fall
The heaven-devoted towers of Pergamus,
Nor succour for the doom'd, nor arms I pray'd 430
Of thine immortal workmanship, unwilling
To task in vain the labours of my lord,
Much to the house of Priam as I ow'd
And for the sorrows of Æneas wept.
He now upon Rutulian soil his foot
Hath planted by the Thunderer's command,

And therefore of the God whom I revere
Armour I beg, a Mother for a son.
Aurora, Thetis, by their tearful suit
Could melt thee: look, what people are combined, 440
What cities bar their gates and whet the sword
'Gainst me and mine, for their destruction leagued!
She spake, and him yet unresolv'd enfolds
With snowy arms caressing; he at once
Caught the familiar flame, that thrillant ran
All thro' his marrow and his melting bones,
As when the lightning thro' its cloudy rift
Bursts on the welkin with a flood of fire:
She felt the snare succeed, and knew her charms;
He smitten with eternal love replies: 450
What need of far-sought argument? and why
Of me distrustful? Then could I have arm'd
The Trojans, had thy wish been then the same;
Nor Fate nor Jupiter forbade thy Troy
Ten further years with Priam to survive.
And now, wouldst thou accomplish feats of war,
All that my art can promise, whatsoe'er
Of steel or mingled metal can be made,
What wind and fire can execute, is thine.
Desist from prayer, nor doubt thy power with me. 460
He said, and clasp'd her in his warm embrace,
Then on her bosom sank in soft repose.
But soon as Night had half her journey run,
Impatient from the couch of early sleep
He rose; what time the housewife, who by thrift
Of needle and of loom hard life sustains,
Her gather'd embers kindling, by the lamp
Sets to their task her maidens, night to day
Laborious adding, that her husband's bed
Chaste she may keep, and rear her little sons: 470
Not less the Fire-god briskly and betimes
From the soft pillow hies him to the forge.

Between Trinacria's coast and Lipare
An island rises up with smoking rocks;
From whose womb hollow'd by Cyclopian stoves
Ætnæan thunders and the groans resound
Of batter'd anvils, with the mingled noise
Of sparks Chalybean hissing as they fly,
And panting furnaces and roaring flame:
'Tis Vulcan's house, the land Vulcanian call'd: 480
And hither now the God from heaven descends.
All in a spacious cave the Cyclop crew
Hard at their work with naked limbs he found;
Pyracmon, Brontes, Steropes were there;
Under whose moulding hands a thunderbolt,
(What kind th' eternal Father on the earth
From every quarter of Olympus hurls,)
One part was finish'd, half unwrought remain'd;
Three rays of hail and three of watery cloud,
Three of red fire and winged wind were mixt; 490
Terrific blazes they were adding now,
And sound and fear and instant flashing rage:
Others for Mars were hasting to complete
A chariot and the madding wheels that rouse
Armies and nations; others polishing
The dreadful Ægis, which Minerva wields
To wrath awaken'd, with the serpent-scales,
And wreathed snakes, and sever'd Gorgon's head
Whose eyeball on the Virgin's bosom glares.
Away with all! he cries: put off your tasks, 500
Ætnæan Cyclops, and attend to me:
Arms for a valiant hero must be made:
Up, and begin; quick hands and master-skill
And all your strength are needed!—At the word
They fall to work, and share alike the toil:
Copper and golden ore in rivers flow,
In a vast furnace deadly iron melts;
An ample shield they frame, with sevenfold orbs,

Meet all the Latin weapons to withstand.
Some with wide bellows catch and blow the wind, 510
Some in the lake dip hissing bars; the cave
Groans loud with hammerstrokes. They without pause
Their brawny arms in measur'd cadence ply,
And with tenacious tongs the metal turn.
Whilst Vulcan thus th' Æolian isle employs,
Refreshing dawn and song of matin birds
Under his lowly roof Evander wake:
He rises, with a tunic girds his waist,
And ties th' Etruscan sandals to his heels,
Hangs from the belt a Tegeæan sword, 520
O'er the left shoulder throws a panther's hide;
Two faithful dogs, that watch'd beside his door,
Precede their master and his steps attend:
He to the private chamber of his guest,
Remembering his word and promis'd boon,
Was hasting; not less early from the couch
Æneas had bestirr'd him, and they meet,
Achates at the Trojan chieftain's side,
And Pallas with his sire: exchanging hands
With friendly greeting, in the middle hall 530
The four sit down, free converse to enjoy;
And thus Evander: Mighty Teucrian Prince,
Who living, never shall I deem subdued
The state and realm of Troy, to aid thy war
Small means have we, unworthy of our name;
For here the Tuscan river shuts us in,
While there Rutulian arms infest our wall:
Yet puissant hosts and nations in thy cause
To join I purpose; unexpected chance
Their succour brings, and at the call of fate 540
Thou comest opportune. Not far from hence
High on a rock Agylla's city stands,
By Lydians built, a race of old renown,
Who came to dwell among th' Etrurian hills:

Long time it flourish'd, till in evil hour
Mezentius got the sceptre in his grasp:
That tyrant's impious deeds and cruel murders
'Twere useless to relate: ye Gods, requite
Him and his race! The living to the dead
He used to fasten, hands and faces link'd 550
In foul embrace, till dropping fetid gore
In lingering agony his victims died:
At length his weary subjects, arms in hand,
Assail the madman, and his house besiege,
Massacre his retainers, fire the roof;
Scarce thro' the carnage he to Ardea fled,
Where Turnus shelters him with friendly power;
But all Etruria rose for just revenge,
And threatening instant war demand their King
For punishment. Of these embattled hosts 560
The leadership, Æneas, shall be thine.
Their gallies crowd the shore, and ardently
They call for battle; but an ancient seer
Their ardour with his prophecy restrains:
Ye brave Mæonians, flower of noble breed,
Whom generous wrath against a tyrant arms,
Your legions no Italian may command;
Choose ye a leader from a foreign clime.
Affrighted by this warning of the Gods,
Th' Etrurians pitch'd their tents in my domain; 570
Envoys to me from Tarchon with the crown
And royal ensigns came, beseeching me
To join their camp, their sceptre to assume;
But years, which damp my spirit and my strength,
For high command or enterprise of arms
Unfit me: I had thought to urge my son;
But Pallas, of a Sabine mother born,
Is half a native. Thee thine age, thy birth
Mark for the fates: go, heaven-call'd Chieftain, go,
Lead on the force of Italy and Troy! 580

Pallas, the hope and comfort of my age,
Accompanies thy march, of thee to learn
The rudiments of war, thy glorious deeds
From earliest years to witness and admire.
To him two hundred horsemen I assign,
The flower of our Arcadian chivalry;
He the like number in his own name leads.
  The Monarch ended; when with downcast looks
His guests their deep solicitude betray'd,
And each upon a train of gloomy thought 590
Was entering, had not Venus to her son
A sign that instant given; a sudden blaze
Flash'd from an open window of the sky,
With shock of thunder, all the roof of heaven
Came falling, and a bellowing noise was heard
Of Tuscan trumpets; every eye look'd up;
Again it thunder'd and again, and lo,
Thro' the transparent texture of a cloud
Bright arms were gleaming, and a clash of steel
Resounded: in amazement mute they sat, 600
All but the Trojan Chief; he knew the sign
His Parent's word fulfilling: Fear ye not
What the celestial prodigy portends;
The warning is for me, and me alone;
My Goddess Mother, on approach of war,
Such signal promis'd, and Vulcanian arms
To bring from high Olympus to my aid.
What scourge of slaughter over Latium hangs!
What vengeance o'er the head of guilty Turnus!
What heaps beneath his wave shall Tyber roll, 610
Helmets and shields and bodies of the brave!
Now let them raise their powers and break the league!
  He spake, and rising from his rustic throne
First the Herculean altar reillumes
With pious hand, the hearth of yester eve
And the Penates of the humble house

With joy saluting, while his royal host
Assisted by the Teucrians offers up
The bleating victims chosen from the fold:
Those ceremonies done, the Dardan Prince 620
Back to his galleys and their crew returns,
From whose whole number to attend his march
The bravest he selects; those left aboard
Gliding with easy motion down the stream
Bear to Ascanius tidings of his Sire.
Steeds for the Trojan escort are assign'd,
And one of matchless beauty for the Chief,
Whose back a lion's tawny hide enfolds
With golden paws that glittering hang before.
Soon thro' the little city rumour spreads 630
The march of horsemen for the Tuscan court:
Mothers their vows more fervently renew,
Increasing their devotion in their fears,
As War his horrid image to their view
Presents more nearly. At the parting hour
Fast to the hand of his beloved son
Evander clings; insatiable tears
Choke for a while the utterance of his grief:
  Oh, my past years could Jupiter recall!
Such were I now, as when the foremost rank 640
Before Præneste's wall I struck to earth,
And cast their bucklers on the burning pile;
King Herilus in single fight I slew,
To whom Feronia when she bore him gave
(Monstrous to tell) three lives, arms thrice to wield,
And triple death to die; yet thrice did I
Of life bereave him and of arms despoil;
Such were I now, I never had been torn
From thine embrace, my Son; Mezentius ne'er
Had trampled on my kingdom and mine honour, 650
Ravaged my fields and spill'd my people's blood!
Ye Powers immortal, and thou Jove supreme,

Look down with pity on th' Arcadian king
And hear a father's prayer! If your high will
Protects my Pallas, if the fates allow
That I shall see him with these eyes again,
For life I ask, no suffering I decline;
But if some dire misfortune threatens him,
This very moment let me end my days,
While fear is doubtful and while hope survives, 660
While my dear boy, my last and sole delight,
I hold embracing! Spare an aged father
The tidings of a grief too great to bear!
After these accents of his last farewell,
The servants bore him fainting to his couch.
And now the horsemen issued from the gate,
Æneas and Achates in the front,
Behind them rode the other Chiefs of Troy;
Conspicuous in the centre of his troop
Young Pallas in a military vest 670
Of purple and with painted armour shone,
Bright as when Lucifer, of all the stars
To Venus dearest, from his ocean bed
Repair'd in beauty rises, with his glance
Scattering the dark in heaven. Upon the wall
Stand fearful matrons, following with their eyes
The dusty cloud and brazen-glittering band:
They thro' a wood the nearest path pursue;
The cheer of quickening march, as off they file,
Runs thro' the long array, their clattering pace 680
Sounds in the distance as it tears the ground.
A grove there was by Cære's chilly stream
Extending in a cavity of hills,
Dark with the gloom of pines, a far-famed spot,
And hallow'd by traditionary faith:
Pelasgian colonists in olden time
To Sylvan, guardian of their flocks and fields,
The sacred forest vow'd, and eke the day

That made a Latin boundary their own:
Near this th' Etrurian host of Tarchon lay; 690
All from the hills their numbers were descried,
A tented army spreading o'er the plain:
Æneas and his chosen band approach,
And horse and man from toilsome march repose.
  Eftsoon from high Olympus with her gifts
Fair Venus folded in a cloud descends,
And spying on the bank of Cære's flood
Æneas all alone, before his eyes
Revealing her celestial form she stands:
Behold the boon I promis'd thee, my Son, 700
By Vulcan's art accomplish'd! laugh to scorn
The proud Laurentines; fear not after this
To challenge valiant Turnus to the field!
And Cytherea seeking his embrace
Under an oak the dazzling armour laid;
Which he rejoicing in the glorious sight
Thankful receives, and gazing o'er and o'er
With eager scrutiny inspects, admires,
Holds in his hand and poises with his arm;
The crested helm terrific, breathing fire; 710
The falchion, fatal instrument of death;
The broad habergeon, all of brass compact,
And sanguine as a cloud, whose azure folds
Are glowing in the radiance of the sun;
The spear he clasps, the greaves of metal fine
Temper'd with gold; but lost in wonder views
Th' incomparable fabric of the shield.
  There Vulcan, of futurity and fate
Not uninform'd, Italian story carv'd,
The lineage of Ascanius yet unborn, 720
Triumphs of Rome and wars in order waged.
Recumbent in the grassy cave of Mars
A wolf with milky dugs the Firegod wrought;
Twin playful boys were hanging at her breast,

Licking the mother fearless; she her neck
Bends fondly down, caressing both by turns
And shaping with her tongue. Not far from hence
Rome he had placed, and Sabine dames by force
Torn from their seat at great Circensian games;
Then sudden war; old Tatius leads the race 730
Of hardy Cures 'gainst the sons of Rome;
But soon the Kings, their quarrel laid aside,
Are standing at the altar-hearth of Jove,
Yet sheath'd in armour, but with bowls in hand,
And with a slaughter'd porket joining league.
Next Metius, punish'd for his broken vows,
Mendacious Alban; chariots limb from limb
Had torn him quarter'd; Tullus thro' a wood
Was dragging the dismember'd corpse along,
Sprinkling the bushes with a bloody dew. 740
There was Porsenna pressing with blockade
The city, and commanding to restore
The banish'd Tarquin; Romans to the fight
Were rushing on for freedom; he like one
Indignant might be seen and menacing,
While Cocles broke the bridge, and Clœlia swam
The floods of Tyber scaping from her bonds.
Brave Manlius on the cliff Tarpeian stood
To guard the Capitol, whose recent dome
Yet bristled with the straw of Romulus; 750
Before the gilded porch a silver goose
Was fluttering, and with timely cackle warn'd,
The Gauls were at the gate; in silence they
By night and darkness favour'd thro' the glades
Had crept, and all but gain'd the citadel;
Whom auburn locks distinguish, yellow vest,
And cloaks with gaudy stripe; their snowy necks
Are twined with gold; each brandishes in hand
An Alpine lance, and wears a length of shield.
The dancing Salii here and naked priests 760

Lupercan are display'd, the caps of wool,
And marvellous ancilia dropt from heaven;
There the chaste matrons with their sacred gear
In easy litters thro' the city ride:
At distance the domain of Tartarus,
The gates of Dis, and tortures of the damn'd;
Hung on a steep was impious Catiline
And trembling at the frown of hellish fiends;
The spirits of the just were ranged apart,
With venerable Cato giving laws. 770
  Between all these a picture of the sea,
Aureate of hue, yet white with foamy waves;
A shoal of silvery dolphins in a ring
Sport with their tails and lash the billowy brine:
All in the centre was a martial scene,
The brazen galleys of the Actian war,
Leucate glowing with the proud array;
High on the stern Augustus Cæsar stands,
Leading the Roman battle, senate, people,
Protecting gods of Italy and home; 780
A double flame about his forehead plays,
Right o'er his head the Julian star expands
Her ample beam: conspicuous to the charge
Agrippa with impulsive gale bears down,
The rostrum on his coronetted brow
The conquering sea-lord shows: to them opposed,
Triumphant from the Nile and Red-sea coast,
Antonius, with a mixt barbaric power,
Children of Bactra, people of the Morn
And farthest Orient; in his train (O shame!) 790
Th' Egyptian paramour: together all
Rush, and with straining oars and trident beaks
Convuls'd the waters foam; ye might believe
That Cyclad isles uptorn were floating huge,
Or mountains meeting mountains in the deep:
The lofty decks are throng'd with battle; darts

In vollies fly, and showers of hempen flame;
A sanguine stream the field of Neptune dyes:
The Queen with Pharian timbrel calls her host,
And doth not see a pair of snakes behind; 800
The dog Anubis and a demon herd
Lifting their hideous figures, Neptune, Venus,
Minerva to assail; the slaughterer Mars
Emboss'd in steel, and all the Fury band
Are raging, Discord with her rended robe,
And grim Bellona with a bloody scourge;
But from the heights of air his conquering bow
Actian Apollo bends, whereat dismay'd
All Egypt, Arab, Indian, turn to flight:
The Queen, as if the winds invoking, seems 810
To spread her sail and loosen every cord,
Amidst the rout already pale with death
Borne by the tide and Iapygian gale;
Nile opposite, his mighty form in grief,
With open lap and robe the vanquish'd crew
Calls to the bosom of his dark-blue stream.
  Cæsar, with triple triumph entering Rome,
A votive offering to th' Italian Gods,
Three-hundred fanes immortal, consecrates;
With joy the roads, with game and plaudit ring, 820
In every temple matron-choirs attend,
Bulls at each altar fall in sacrifice;
Enthroned before Apollo's marble porch,
His people's grateful presents he reviews,
Aloft upon the gorgeous pillars hung;
A train of conquer'd nations march along,
Diverse in tongue, habiliment, and arms;
Numidians here and Afric's loose-robed sons,
There Scythian archers, Thracian, Carian tribes:
Euphrates now and Rhine with gentler stream 830
And he that scorn'd a bridge, Araxes, flow'd;
Indomitable races bow'd their pride,

The Dahans and remotest Morini.
  Such scenes upon the bright Vulcanian orb
Æneas, ignorant of their wondrous tale,
Admiring view'd, and on his shoulder bore
The glorious fates of his posterity.

ÆNEID IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus marches with a part of his army to surprise the Trojan camp in the absence of Æneas. The camp has by this time assumed the form of a town, fortified externally with a trench and rampart, in the manner of a Roman encampment, with a few dwelling houses constructed within. The Trojans not stirring out of their walls, Turnus attempts to burn the ships in the Tyber, which are transformed by a miracle into Sea-nymphs. Night coming on, he defers the assault till the next morning, and surrounds the town with his force. The Trojan leaders, anxious to inform Æneas of their danger, are at a loss how to convey the intelligence; when Nisus and Euryalus volunteer to pass the blockading camp and make their way to Pallanteum, where they suppose Æneas still to be. They set out in the dead of night and pass safely through the camp, after killing many of the sleeping enemy; but are at length captured and slain by a troop of cavalry, who had been sent to join the besiegers. At break of day the attack begins. The Trojans successfully repel all the efforts of the Latins; but having attempted a sally, are driven back into the town by Turnus, who rushes in after them, and makes great slaughter; till finding himself alone and overwhelmed by numbers, he leaps into the Tyber and escapes. The episode (as it is called) of Nisus and Euryalus occupies a large portion of the book, and has been deservedly admired. The action of the siege is vividly described; the operations are borrowed by the Poet from the practice of Roman warfare.

Such work in distant quarters was begun:
Meanwhile to Turnus, in the sacred grove
Of sire Pilumnus where he sat retired,
Celestial Iris with her rosy lip
The message of Saturnian Juno bears:
Turnus, what no Immortal to thy wish
Could promise, time and accident have wrought;

Æneas from his town, his fleet and crew,
To Palatine Evander's coast hath sail'd,
And not content with this, hath push'd his way 10
Far up the land as Tuscan Corythus,
Rousing the Lydian countrymen to arms:
The moment is thine own; be bold, be sudden;
Muster the steeds and chariots of thy war,
And seize upon the panic-stricken town!
She spake, and soaring up with levell'd wings
Described a beamy rainbow in the clouds;
Then Turnus knew the messenger of heaven,
With lifted hands and voice pursued her flight:
Who sent thee on thy cloudy path to me, 20
Thou glory of Olympus? and from whence
This sudden brightness in the firmament?
I see the mid sky open and the stars
Careering in their course. Th' auspicious call,
Whose'er it be, I follow!—Saying which,
Devoutly to the stream he turn'd his step,
And scooping water from the crystal marge
Fill'd with his wafted vows th' Olympian hall.
And soon the army pour'd along the plain,
A formidable muster, horse and foot, 30
In all th' array of military pride;
In front Messapus, in the rear the sons
Of Tyrrheus, Turnus in the centre rides,
With spear in hand, majestic: on they move
Like seven-arm'd Ganges, where in silence flows
His mighty breadth of stream, or fruitful Nile,
When ebbing to his channel he subsides.
The Trojans see the dust of their approach
Gathering from far, and darkening all the plain:
What cloud is yonder rolling dense and dark? 40
Caicus from the nearest rampart calls:
Up, townsmen, to the wall with dart and steel!
The enemy! holla! With clamour loud

They close the gates, and man the battlements:
For thus Æneas politic in arms
Had charged them ere he left, whate'er might hap,
Not to march out or venture in the field,
But safe within their lines intrench'd to bide;
Therefore their fiery valour they restrain,
Obedient to command, and close the gates, 50
And in their hollow towers await the foe.
Turnus had flown before his tardy host
With twenty horse, the choicest of the land;
A pyeball'd Thracian charger he bestrid,
A crimson crest upon his helmet waved:
Bursting upon the city—Lo! he cried:
Who shares with me the honour of the day?
And dashing forward lofty on his steed
A javelin, signal of attack, he hurls
In empty air; his comrades close behind 60
Answer with mighty cheers, disdaining much
Their sluggish opposites, who dare not forth
To trial fair of arms, but hug the camp.
Impetuous round and round the chieftain rides,
A pass, an entrance seeks, but none can find:
As round the fleecy pen a famish'd wolf
At midnight prowls, enduring wind and rain;
Under their dams the bleating young lie safe,
He howls excluded, raging to appease
His ravenous hunger and bloodthirsty jaws: 70
So the Rutulian gazing on the wall
Burns with impatience, puzzled and perplext,
Which way should he approach, how from their height
Dislodge the foes and force them to the plain.
Spying the fleet, which cover'd by redoubts
Between the rampart and the river lay,
Fire, fire!—with threatening purpose he exclaims,
And seizes in his grasp a kindled pine;
The Chief's example animates his troop,

The torch already waves in every hand, 80
The bonfires blaze, and brands Vulcanian shoot
Their streams of smoke and ashes to the sky.
  What God from flame and conflagration dire
The Trojan ships preserv'd? Ye Muses tell:
The tale is old, eternal the renown.
When first a fleet in Phrygian Ida's wood
Æneas built, to bear him o'er the main,
Thus Berecynthia, Mother of the Gods,
Accosted Jove: My Son, thy Parent asks
This recompense of thee for heaven subdued: 90
A grove of maples and of dusky pines
For many a year on Ida's mountain stood,
Devoted to my worship, dear to me:
To build th' Æneas fleet I gave them freely.
But now with fond solicitude am prest;
Relieve my fears, and grant a Mother's prayer,
That these my mountain-children, for my sake,
Nor tempest shatter nor the seas impair.
To whom the mover of the spheres replied:
What would'st thou, Mother? How the fates revoke? 100
Can ships by mortal framed immortal stand?
Æneas danger unendanger'd meet?
What God can such a privilege enjoy?
Yet this will I concede thee; when thy navy
Hath brought the Dardans to their Latin port,
Each ship that hath escaped the stormy main
Transforming from the perishable wood
A Goddess of the ocean I will make,
Like Nereid Galatea to the view,
Or Doto, when she breasts the foamy wave. 110
He said, and swearing by the Stygian gulf
And pitchy torrent flood, his mighty oath
Nodding affirm'd, and shook th' Olympian realm.
The promis'd day was come, fulfill'd the time
Due to the fates, when Cybele alarm'd

Hastes from Rutulian fire her ships to save:
Sudden a light shone radiant from her eyes,
A rack of clouds came sailing from the east
With cymbal music of th' Idæan choir,
An awful voice descended from above 120
And pealing either army fill'd with dread:
Be still, ye Teucrians, fear not for the ships,
Nor arm in their defence; as soon the ocean
Shall Turnus burn as these my sacred pines:
Away, my children; ye are Sea-nymphs now;
Plunge from your moorings to your watery home!
Straight from the bank each galley breaks her cord,
And (wondrous) in the wave with sunken beak
Dives dolphin-like; and swimming there appear
As many virgin forms beneath the main 130
As whilome brazen vessels faced the shore.
Amazement held th' assailants, back recoil'd
With frighted steeds Messapus, and the floods
Of roaring Tyber halted on their way:
But nothing checks the Daunian's fiery soul;
Cheering his men with valorous haughty words—
These prodigies—he cried—the Trojans threaten;
Their guardian Jove abandons them, their doom
Anticipates our sword, the ocean closed
Against them, intercepted their escape, 140
And half their world destroy'd: the land is ours,
Italian nations gather to our aid:
I reck not of their vaunted oracles;
To Venus and the fates it shall suffice
That Phrygian barks have touch'd th' Ausonian shore;
To me too are reserv'd my destinies,
To extirpate a race of impious people,
Robb'd like the son of Atreus of my bride;
His wrong is mine, and so shall my revenge
Resemble his. Once punish'd were enough, 150
Had they but once offended: well, methinks,

Might Trojans have abjured all womankind!
Fools! on their ditch and ramparts they rely,
Slight barriers, brief and impotent defence!
Did they not see their old Neptunian walls
In ashes laid? Come on, my trusty men,
Cut down their wall, assault their coward camp!
I need no thousand ships nor arms of Vulcan
Against the Teucrians, aided tho' they be
By all Etruria: stratagems of night, 160
Palladium stolen, or slaughter'd sentinels
They need not fear; nor will we hide ourselves
Within a horse's paunch, but in full day
Their city gird with flames, and let them know
'Tis no affair of Greeks, whose puny siege
A single Hector could for years prolong.
But come, the day 's far spent; my gallant comrades,
Well have ye sped; this night refresh your limbs,
And cheerful for the morrow's fight prepare.
The city now with sentries to blockade, 170
Surround with fires, Messapus hath the charge:
Twice seven Rutulian captains keep the watch,
A hundred youths attending upon each,
Glittering in golden lace and purple crests,
Who hasting to and fro relieve the guard,
Or stretcht upon the turf in brisk carouse
Their brimming cups replenish, cheerful fires
Beside them gleaming, as the wakeful night
They give to play. The Teucrians from above
Not unobservant keep their post in arms, 180
Explore the gates with caution, tower to tower
With bridges join, and missiles bear aloft:
Menestheus and Serestus urge them on,
Deputed by the Chief, should need befall,
To take command and conduct of the war:
By just allotment the defenders all
Divide the toil, and watch and rest by turns:

A gate to valiant Nisus was assign'd,
The son of Hyrtacus, a hunter erst
In Ida's wood, expert with bow and spear; 190
With whom the fair Euryalus was join'd,
(A fairer none the Trojan camp could boast,)
His cheek just blooming with a youthful down:
The twain were friends, and ever side by side
To battle rush'd: together at the gate
They now kept watch, and thus the elder spake:
Euryalus, do Gods this ardour prompt,
Or Gods to us become our strong desires?
My soul is restless, and for battle burns
Or some great enterprise. Dost thou perceive 200
The confidence supine of those besiegers?
Their watchfires thinly burn; by sleep and wine
Relax'd they lie, and all is silence round.
Now mark what purpose rises to my thought:
Leaders and men desire our Chief's recall,
And message to apprise him of our need;
If they will promise thee what I demand,
(The fame is ample recompense for me,)
Under the slope of yonder hill methinks
A way to Pallanteum I could find. 210
Euryalus with emulation fired
Thus met the generous ardour of his friend:
Am I unworthy, Nisus, to partake
Thy feats of glory? could I send thee forth
Alone and aidless on a risk like this?
Not such the lessons from my sire Opheltes
Amid the horrors of beleaguer'd Troy
Training my youth to soldiership I learn'd;
Not such my deeds in company with thee,
Following Æneas and our slender hopes. 220
I have a soul like thine, which life contemns,
And holds it cheaply barter'd for renown.
Hyrtacides replied: no thought was mine

(Shame if it were) unworthy of thine honour:
No, as I hope that Gods and favouring Jove
May bring me to Euryalus again!
But (for this venture is of hazard full,)
Should I be stricken by some evil chance,
Thee would I wish to live; thy youthful years
Of life are worthier: let me leave behind 230
One who may rescue or for price redeem
My poor remains, and bury them in earth,
Or, if that may not be, at least may render
A pious honour to my empty tomb.
Oh, let me not afflict thy wretched mother,
Her who alone of all the Trojan dames
Left great Acesta's town to follow thee!
Vain are thy pleas: Euryalus exclaim'd:
Thou canst not change the bent of my resolve,
And time is precious; come! The sleeping guard 240
They waken, and, the turn of watch exchanged,
Forth to the captain's tent they both repair.
All other creatures now reposed in sleep,
Forgetting sorrow and reliev'd from toil;
The Trojan leaders and a chosen band
Held counsel, what for safety could be done,
What envoy to Æneas they could send:
Grasping their shields, and leaning on their spears,
Full in the centre of the camp they stood:
Euryalus and Nisus come in haste, 250
And pray admittance, on a matter grave
And pressing to be heard; Ascanius them
At once receives, and bids the elder speak,
Who thus began: Ye Trojans, lend your ears,
And not our age, but what we say, regard:
Buried in wine and slumber lie the foes;
A secret passage by the branching road,
Close by the river-gate, we have espied;
Their fires are interrupted, and their fumes

Blacken the midnight air. Let us embrace 260
Th' occasion; Pallanteum we shall find,
And soon our great Æneas red with slaughter
And laden rich with booty will be here.
We cannot miss the road; for hunting oft
Thro' the dark valley glimpses of the town
We both have caught, and all the stream explored.
Ye Guardians of my country, Gods of Troy!
Alethes grave in years and wisdom cried:
Ye could not mean to extirpate our race,
When ye created brave young hearts like these! 270
And both their shoulders and right hands he clasp'd,
While tears were rolling down his aged cheek:
A recompense to match your high deserts
Where could we find? the noblest and the best
Your own approving hearts and Heaven will give;
Yet other tribute to your worth ere long
Our pious Chief will render, and Iulus
Treasure his lasting thanks to future times.
Yes, Nisus, yes: the young Ascanius cries:
My only safety is my sire's return; 280
And thus by our ancestral Gods I swear,
By old Assaracus and hoary Vesta;
In you and in your bosoms I repose
My fortunes and my hopes: recall my father,
Restore him to my sight, and all is well:
A noble guerdon, Nisus, shall be thine;
Two silver goblets rich with sculpture wrought,
Spoil which Æneas at Arisba won,
A pair of tripods, talents twain of gold,
An antique bowl, Sidonian Dido's gift; 290
And when, the sceptre of Hesperia won,
Our prizes we allot—beheldest thou
The charger by Rutulian Turnus prest,
His armour golden bright?—that very steed,
That shield and crimson plumes from all the spoil

This moment I except and give to thee;
Yet more, of Latin dames the fairest twelve
My sire shall give, twelve captives with their arms,
And all the rich demesne of King Latinus.
But thee whose years are nearer to mine own, 300
Heroic youth, thee henceforth I will make
My trusty comrade and my bosom friend:
No glory will I seek in peace or war
From thee divided; thee for life I choose
To share my dangers and my counsels guide.
To him Euryalus: whate'er my fortune,
Prosperous or adverse, my future life
Still to its brave beginning shall be true:
One boon I ask of thee, one kindness only:
I have a mother of old Priam's line, 310
Who Ilium's land and King Acestes' town
Gave up to follow me; whom unapprised
Of this my peril, whatsoe'er it be,
I leave without embrace, without farewell:
I call thy hand and conscious night to witness,
My mother's parting tears I could not bear:
Console her thou, support her age forlorn;
Give me this hope, and bolder I shall go
To meet all danger. Smitten by his words
The Dardans wept, Iulus more than all, 320
Touch'd by the sight of filial piety:
The full reward of this great enterprise
I promise thee; my mother she shall be;
Creusa's name alone will not be hers;
Well she deserves, who bore so brave a son.
Whate'er the issue, by this head I swear,
(My Father's ancient oath,) what now to thee
I promise if in triumph thou returnest,
Shall to thy Mother and thy race belong.
Weeping he said, and from his shoulder took 330
A falchion rich with gold and ivory sheath,

Lycaon's cunning work of Gnossian art;
Mnestheus to Nisus gave a lion's hide,
Alethes doff'd his casque, a friendly gift
Exchanging: forth in arms array'd they go
The leaders young and old with anxious prayer
Attend them to the gates; the youthful Prince,
In prudent counsel wise beyond his years,
Sent numerous mandates to his Sire, but them
Winds frustrate bear and scatter to the clouds. 340
They pass the trench, and toward the umber'd camp
On that their fatal errand, fatal first
To many a slumbering foe, their steps advance:
In sleep and drunken stupor on the turf
The scatter'd army lay; a medley scene,
Cups, weapons, in confusion heap'd they find,
Chariots with upright poles upon the shore,
And men between the traces and the wheels;
Here Nisus in a whisper: I must nerve
My arm to courage, for occasion presses; 350
This way our path is; keep a watchful eye,
That no attack surprise us from behind;
I'll make a lane of slaughter all along,
A clearance for thy passage. Saying which,
The stately Rhamnes with the sword he smites,
Who rested on a cushion snoring off
The surfeit of his yesternight's carouse,
Augur and warrior he, by Turnus loved,
Yet could he not with all his auguries
Avert destruction; three attendant grooms 360
Stretcht careless by the armour share his fate.
The squire of Remus and the charioteer
Under the steeds were found; their hanging necks
The Dardan sever'd, and their master's too,
The trunk left gurgling, bed and ground bedrench'd
With gory streams. Next Lamus, Lamyrus,
And fair Serranus perish'd, who to play

Had given the midnight hour, till all his sense
Was steep'd in conquering wine; better for him,
Had he prolong'd his gaming to the morn. 370
As when a lion rushes thro' the fold,
And mangles and devours the helpless flock
In terror mute; him urges hungry rage;
So Nisus foraged in Rutulian blood:
Like deeds the younger homicide enacts
Unsparing; in the midst a nameless crowd,
Hebesus, Fadus, Abaris he slew,
Them sleeping; Rhœtus woke and saw it all,
But slinking hid himself behind a bowl;
As he essay'd to rise, the Teucrian glaive 380
Plunged in his coward bosom, instant thence
Reeking return'd and crimson to the hilt.
While he is vomiting his purple life,
Mixture of wine and blood, th' adventurous youth
Flush'd with his dark achievement hastens on;
And quarters of Messapus he had reach'd,
Where the last fires were dwindling, tether'd steeds
Cropping the sward; when Nisus, for he felt
The lust of slaughter urging them too far,
In few admonish'd: Come, the path is clear; 390
We've done enough of bloody execution,
And dawn will soon betray us; let's begone.
Heaps there they leave of massive silver carv'd,
Goblets and arms and curious tapestry;
But the gay trappings and gold-studded belt
Of Rhamnes—(which by Cædicus the rich
As presents for Tiburtian Remulus,
Confirming bonds of amity, were sent;
He left them in succession to his heir,
Who dying, they became Rutulian prize;) 400
Euryalus must snatch th' unlucky spoil
And fit them to his shoulders; then puts on
The helmet of Messapus bright with plumes:

Both quit the camp and gain the open ground.
  Meanwhile a squadron of Laurentian horse
To Turnus bearing answers from the king,
(Whose legionary power was yet behind,)
Three hundred cavaliers by Volscens led,
Approach'd the walls, and, as they wound along,
Descried the Trojans turning to the left; 410
His helm the rash Euryalus betray'd,
As in the glimmering of the moon it shone:
The leader shouted, deeming they were spies:
Stand there! who are ye, men, and whither bent,
And why in arms? No answer they return,
But hie them to the darkness of a wood;
The horsemen gallop round on every side,
The outlets and the passes to belay.
It was a forest thick with dusky holms,
With thorny brakes and bushes overgrown; 420
The paths were few, and led by narrow tracks;
Euryalus dark boughs and heavy spoil
Encumber on his way, and fear misleads,
Unknown to Nisus, who had pass'd the lakes
(Since Alban from the town of Alba call'd,
Where King Latinus then his pastures kept,)
And baffled all pursuit; when looking back,
And seeing not his friend—Ah me! he cried:
Where did I leave thee, dear Euryalus?
Where shall I find thee? Back again he trod 430
The woody maze, retracing every step,
And winding thro' the forest signals heard
Of men pursuing and the tramp of steeds;
The sound approach'd, and suddenly he views
Euryalus in ignorance of his road
O'ertaken and surprised by all the band;
Resistance was in vain, they soon surround
And drag him captive: what can Nisus do?
How rescue him? how succour? in the midst

Was he to rush and seek a soldier's death? 440
Poising a lance, and looking to the moon
Then high in heaven, a silent prayer he breath'd:
Queen of the stars and guardian of the groves,
If e'er my father Hyrtacus with gifts
Thine altar has enrich'd, if I myself
Have brought my sylvan prizes to thy porch,
Or hung them on thy ceiling, help me now;
Let me confound this troop, direct my steel!
He straining with his body hurl'd the spear;
The weapon flying cut the shades of night, 450
And pierced the back of Sulmo, there it broke,
And in his vitals left the splinter'd wood;
Down Sulmo falls, death-cold; a purple stream
Wells forth, and sobs convulsive shake his loins;
While all were looking in amazement round,
Another weapon from the Dardan's ear
Hissing with fury flew, the temples cleft
Of Tagus, and stuck warm within his brain:
Volscens inflamed with rage—the murderous hand
Was nowhere to be seen, nor other mark 460
For vengeance near him—thou at least—he cried—
Thou with thy lifeblood shalt for both atone!
And with drawn sword upon Euryalus
Instant he flies: then Nisus, wild with fear,
Exclaims aloud, unable to remain
In ambush longer or that sight to bear:
Me, me, 'twas I; behold me; turn your weapons
On me, Rutulians; all the guilt was mine;
He durst not, could not harm ye; heaven is witness,
He only loved too well his wretched friend! 470
Vain words; the falchion's unremorseful stroke
Pierces the side, and rends the snowy breast;
Welters in death Euryalus, his neck
Drooping upon the shoulder, his fair limbs
Dyed with a sanguine flood: so sinks to earth

A tender flowret stricken by the plough;
So poppies hang their heads o'ercharged with rain:
But Nisus rushes furious on the crowd,
Volscens he marks, he singles for his aim;
The soldiers round him close, but stab nor thrust 480
Can force him back; he presses on, he whirls
His lightning blade aloft, in Volscens' mouth
Plunging it deep, and hearing, ere he falls,
The foeman's dying clamour; gash'd and gored
Over the lifeless body of his friend
He threw himself, and found his last repose.
O happy pair, if aught my verse can do,
Famous your names shall live for evermore,
While by the Capitol's enduring rock
Th' Ænean house shall dwell, and conquer'd worlds 490
Adore the sceptre of Quirinal Jove.
Their spoils recover'd, the Rutulian band
Bear Volscens' body weeping to the camp,
Where sadder grief awaits them, to behold
Serranus, Rhamnes, Numa's mangled limbs,
And all that slaughter of the midnight hour;
Some gasping yet in agony, the ground
Floating with pools of blood yet fresh and warm:
Crowds gather round, and recognise the spoils,
The brilliant helmet that Messapus wore, 500
The costly trappings with such toil regain'd.
And now Aurora from her saffron couch
Uprising sprinkled earth with orient light;
The Sun shone forth, and all things dark reveal'd;
Turnus to arms, himself in arms array'd,
Summons the host; each chief his brazen files
For action musters, and with fierce harangue
Their ardour kindles. Then with clamour loud
On spears erect they fix, a woful sight,
The heads of Nisus and Euryalus. 510
The Trojan powers defensive on the left

Discreetly ranged, (their right the stream protects),
They man the trenches, occupy with force
The ramparts and the towers, from which beneath
Casting a mournful look, too well they knew
The gory faces that before them glared.
  Meanwhile thro' all the city rumour flew,
And reach'd the mother of Euryalus;
An icy chill benumbs her, from her hand
Down falls the shuttle, and the web unwinds: 520
Tearing her hair and shrieking forth she rush'd,
Ran to the wall and to the nearest group,
(Men, weapons, danger, what are they to her?)
Sobbing and wailing all the air she fills:
Is this Euryalus I see before me?
Oh cruel, thus to leave thy helpless mother,
Thou the last hope and comfort of my age!
And thus to send thee to the jaws of death
Without the solace of a last farewell!
Ah! on a soil unknown a prey thou liest 530
To Latin dogs and fowls: no funeral rite
Thy mother hath perform'd, nor closed thine eyes,
Nor bathed thy wounds, nor wrapt them in the robe
Which toiling day and night I wove for thee,
And with the task my wretchedness beguiled.
Where shall I seek thee now? what land contains
Thy corpse and mangled trunk? Can this be all
That of my child returns? Is't this I follow'd
On land and sea? Rutulians, oh, if pity
Can touch your bosoms, hurl on me, on me 540
The fury of your steel! or thou, great Father,
Since other means to end my wretched life
There are not, let thy bolt in mercy fall
And thrust this hateful head to Tartarus!
Moved by her cries, the men with groans reply,
Their souls are shaken and their courage melts:
Her Actor and Idæus (else her grief

Infectious thro' the Dardan host had run),
By order of the Prince and elder chiefs,
Snatch in their arms and to her house convey. 550
  Anon the trumpet gave a brazen peal,
Loud cheers responded, and the welkin rang:
The Volscians cover'd by a roof of shields
Advance to fill the ditch, to storm the wall,
Some seek approaches, or the heights to scale,
Where not so close compact the ring of men
An opening shows: the Teucrians from above
Their missiles in promiscuous volleys fling,
Or thrust the climbers back with sturdy poles;
(Long siege had used them to defend a town;) 560
Or roll down massy rocks, of weight to crush
The texture of the solid shell below,
Whose brave upholders manfully awhile
Sustain the pressure, but they cannot long;
For where th' assault is thickest, on their heads
The Trojans an enormous mass roll over,
Which breaks the shed of arms, and scatters wide
The falling ranks; nor more will they attempt
Blind battle, but with missiles from their post
To drive the townsmen. Terrible to view 570
Mezentius in the front of battle strode,
Wielding a Tuscan pine and smoking flame;
Messapus calls for engines, cries aloud
To mount the wall and tear the bulwarks down.
  Ye Muses, aid my song, whilst I record
The havoc made by Turnus with his lance,
The feats perform'd, the slayers and the slain,
And all the compass of the war unfold:
Ye Goddesses know all, and best can tell.
A tower of height stupendous, bridged in air, 580
Frown'd o'er the rampart and the field without
Commanded; which to raze and overthrow
With all the means and instruments of war

Th' Italians labour, the besieged a shower
Of stones and javelins thro' the loopholes hurl;
Turnus advanced, and threw a ball of flame,
Which to the wooden pile adhesive clung,
And spreading with the wind from plank to plank,
From stage to stage ascended; all within
Was panic and dismay; the Trojans flying 590
In wild confusion from the fiery plague,
Crowding into a corner of the tower,
The balance oversetting, down it came
Tumbling with hideous crash that rent the sky;
The brave defenders pierced with broken beams,
Or on the points of their own weapons fallen,
Wrapt in the ruin lay; not one escaped
But Lycus and Helenor, hardly they;
A youth Helenor, whom to Lydia's king
The slave Licymnia bore, and sent to Troy,
Maugre his birth, among the light-arm'd crew 600
With naked rapier and unblazon'd shield:
Now, when he sees himself on every side
Impaled by clustering thousands of the foe,
As the surrounded panther in despair
Over the pikes upon the huntsmen springs,
So in the thickest of the Latin throng
Helenor rushes resolute to die.
Lycus, of foot more nimble, thro' the midst
Of foes and weapons to the rampart flies, 610
Struggles to grasp the top and reach his friends;
But Turnus and his dart with equal speed
O'ertake the flyer. Thoughtest thou to 'scape?
Thou fool! he cried, and seiz'd him where he hung,
And tore with him a fragment of the wall:
Thus on a cygnet or a crouching hare
The soaring eagle pounces with his claws;
Thus bears the wolf a youngling from the fold
Mourn'd by the bleating dam. Now louder grew

The shouts of onslaught, nor the trench they cease 620
With heaps to fill and toss their blazing brands.
Lucetius rushing on to fire the gates,
Smit by the massy fragment of a rock,
Confest the prowess of Ilioneus:
Emathion, Chorinæus, proved the might
Of Liger's javelin and Asylas' bow;
Ortygius by the hand of Cæneus bled,
But soon in Turnus an avenger found;
Otys by him and Clonius, Promulus,
Dioxippus and Sagaris were slain, 630
And Idas, while he stood to guard a tower:
The archer Capys lays Privernus low,
Whom first Themilla's javelin lightly grazed,
He rashly dropt his buckler, to the wound
His hand applying, when the winged steel
Nails hand and side together, forcing on
A deadly passage to the fount of breath.
The son of Arcens in bright armour stood
And dark embroider'd scarf of Spanish dye,
Fair Youth, bred up in his maternal grove 640
By waters of Simæthus, where the mild
Palician altar sets the bondsman free:
Mezentius quits the javelin, takes the sling,
In circle o'er his head he swings it thrice;
The Dardan reck'd not of the staggering stroke,
Till the warm bullet flattens in his skull.
Then first Ascanius drew the martial bow,
(Beasts of the chase had been his mark before),
And stretcht the proud Numanus on the ground,
Numanus, hight by surname Remulus, 650
Who late the younger sister had espous'd
Of Turnus, and of this alliance vain
Stalk'd now before the host, in scoffs and jeers
Venting the noisy folly of his tongue:
Twice vanquish'd Phrygians, are ye not ashamed

To skulk behind your craven walls again?
Fine folk to come a wooing with the sword!
What could possess ye, fools, to travel here?
No Agamemnon on Italian soil
Nor subtle-tongued Ulysses ye will find: 660
We from our cradle are a hardy race;
Our infants to the river-side we bring,
In water plunge, invigorate with cold;
Our boys are hunters, taught the woods to range,
To shoot for pastime and to rein the steed;
Our youths to toil and scanty fare inured,
Tillage or battle is the same to them;
We pass our life in arms, our ploughing steers
Prick thro' the furrow with inverted lance;
Age cannot weaken nor abate our courage, 670
The hoary head in helmet we encase,
Subsist on plunder and in spoil delight;
But ye in saffron vest and purple shine,
Ye love the dance and sloth and indolence,
Sleeves on the tunic, coifs with ribbon tied,
Women, not men! Go back to Dindymus,
Amuse ye with the double-tuned pipe,
The timbrel and the flute of Cybele;
But leave the warrior's trade to men like us.
Indignant at the braggart's taunting words 680
Ascanius notch'd his arrow, wide he pulls
The horsehair string and takes a deadly aim,
After short vows and prayer addrest to Jove:
Great Jupiter, assist my bold emprise;
A solemn gift I promise to thine altar,
A bullock snowy-white with gilded brow,
That bears his head not lower than the dam
And pushes with his horn and spurns the sand.
The Father heard, and thro' a cloud serene
Thunder'd upon the left; the fatal bow 690
Twang'd, and an arrow hissing in his brain,

The boaster in the pangs of death had fallen.
Go, vain Rutulian, mock the brave again!
Ascanius cried—Such answer to our foes
We the twice vanquish'd Phrygians deign to send.
The Trojans with a peal of joy respond,
And lift their haughty courage to the skies.
Apollo, viewing from a cloudy height
The plain of battle and beleaguer'd town,
From midst his seat of glory thus exclaim'd: 700
Grow, princely boy, in valour as in years!
'Tis thus that immortality is won;
Thou son and future ancestor of Gods!
Under the children of Assaracus
War shall in justice end. Thy native Troy
Contains not thee!—Descending at the word
And shooting like a sunbeam through the air,
He sought Ascanius, to the likeness changed
Of ancient Butes: (trusty chamberlain
And armourer to Anchises once was he; 710
Æneas had committed to his care
Ascanius:) his white hair and voice and mien
And heavy sounding arms the God assumes,
Greeting his pupil with monition sage:
Son of Æneas, thus far all is well;
The proud Numanus unavenged hath fallen;
Let this content thee; Phœbus envies not
Thy rival archery and maiden laurels;
But tempt not fortune further. Ere the words
Had parted from his lips, the mortal shape 720
Had melted into ether and was gone:
The Dardan leaders knew him, heard the quiver
And shafts Phœbean rattling as he flew;
They in Apollo's name th' impetuous youth
Force to retire, but undismay'd themselves
Stand to their post and all the peril brave:
Their bold shouts ring along the battlements;

The bow is bended and the sling is whirl'd,
Strewn all the ground with weapons, loud the din
Of batter'd helm and buckler, fierce the strife: 730
As in the west when rise the showery kids,
Rain beats the earth, or hail upon the floods
Tempestuous falls, when Jove with southwinds arm'd
Drives winter-storm and bursts the clouds in heaven.
Here Pandarus and Bitias, mountain-bred
Sons of Alcanor, (whom Hiera nurst
In sacred woodlands of Idæan Jove,
Tall as the pines upon their native hill,)
A gate committed to their charge unbar,
In overweening confidence of strength 740
Daring the foe to enter, while themselves
Flanking the passage to the right and left
Brilliant in plumes and panoply they stand,
Like two aerial oaks, that on the bank
Of Padus or of pleasant Athesis
In fellowship have grown, their unshorn tops
Lifting to heaven and waving to the breeze:
Lured by the challenge the Rutulian host
Pour to the gaping pass their tide of war,
Equicolus and Tmarus at their head 750
And gallant Hæmon; to that gorge of death
With wild impetuosity they rush;
Their foremost soon were gasping on the sand,
The rest in fear recoiling fled amain,
Not unmolested, for a gather'd force
Of Teucrians press upon their routed rear,
And plunge into the tumult of the field
Glutting their thirsty swords. The tidings quick
To Turnus carried—he in other parts
Was quelling with his might the bravest hopes, 760
When messengers announced th' unlook'd for news
Of Latin rout, Troy sallying from her town—
His post he quits, and hurries to chastise

Those daring brothers and assault the gate;
And first the bold excursion he confronts
Of young Antiphates, the base-born Son
Of king Sarpedon by a Theban slave;
Whose throat th' Italian cornel forceful thrown
Transfixes, in his lungs the steel grows warm,
The wound's deep cavern spouts a foamy stream; 770
Aphidnus, Merops, Erymas, their lives
Surrender'd next, and raging where he stood
The fire-eyed Bitias; him no vulgar dart
Could e'er have vanquish'd; a falaric flung
With lightning force and noise of whirlwind came,
Nor two bull-hides, nor cuirass firm with gold
And double scales that fury could withstand;
Down sink his giant limbs, earth gives a groan,
The shield with thunder-crash falls over him:
As when on Baian shores some rocky mole 780
Built up with strong foundations in the sea
Gives way; the whole mass tumbling from its height
Prone on the deep a sunken ruin lies;
The seas are mingled, and black sands uproll;
Shook to the base all Prochyta resounds,
And broad Inarime, the bed of pain
Cast on the Titan by avenging Jove.
Now Mars with strength and bold encouragement
The Latin host inspired, black fear and flight
Among the Trojan sent; and now again 790
The pass invited, and the floods of siege
Were threatening inroad, had not Pandarus,
Dishearten'd when he saw his brother's fall,
The fortune of their battle how it swerv'd,
With all his shoulder's effort push'd the gate
Swinging it on its hinge; and many a friend
Abandon'd to unequal fight he leaves,
Some flying he receives within the walls;
Rash man, he sees not Turnus with the crowd

Forcing his way, but shuts him in the town, 800
As one might pen a tiger in a fold;
Whose eye flash'd fire, the waving of his crest,
The clangor of his arms was terrible,
The shield shot lightning rays. A panic seized
The Trojans, when they knew those giant limbs
And hateful features; Pandarus alone,
His grief fraternal burning for revenge,
Springs forward and with speech provokes the fight:
No bridal palace this of queen Amata,
No Ardea, Turnus, to protect thee here, 810
The hostile camp thou seest, and no escape!
To whom thus Turnus with a placid smile:
Come on, if thou hast mettle in thy soul;
Turnus shall send thee with a tale to Priam,
How Latium rais'd ye up a new Achilles!
The doughty Phrygian answer'd with his spear;
'Twas rough with rind and knotty, but the force
Was lost in air; Saturnia turn'd aside
The hurtling steel, and fixt it in the gate:
Not so my trenchant blade escapest thou, 820
An abler weapon aim'd by surer hand:
Turnus rejoin'd, and rising to the stroke
With lifted sabre dealt a hideous wound
That shore the temples to the beardless chin;
Pandarus fell, his falling shook the earth,
His armour dabbled all with brains and blood,
A carcase huge he lay; the cloven head
In equal parts on either shoulder hung:
The Trojans in disorder scattering fled,
And had the victor been with forethought prompt 830
To burst the gates and let his comrades in,
The war was ended, nor had day again
Dawn'd on a Teucrian people; but the lust
Of chase and slaughter drove him reckless on.
First Phalaris and Gyges he o'ertook,

(Hamstrung was Gyges;) on the flying crowd
He launch'd their ravish'd spears; by Juno still
With strength supplied, he numbers with the dead
Halys, and Phegeus, wounded thro' the targe,
Alcander, Halius, and Noemon next, 840
And Prytanis, incautious at the wall
Who stood defending; Lynceus bravely turn'd,
And call'd his comrades, but the Daunian sword
Prevenient, glancing from the rampart's edge,
His head and helmet severs at a blow,
That off to distance fly. And Amycus,
Hunter of beasts, whom none surpass'd in skill
The deadly steel with venom to anoint,
And Clytius and the poet Creteus fall;
Creteus, the Muse's friend, who lov'd to join 850
Harmonious verse, to strike the tuneful lyre,
Of war and steeds and battling hosts to sing.
At length the Chiefs these dismal tidings hear;
Serestus, Mnestheus, hasten to the spot,
Perceive their routed troops, th' insulting foe;
And whither fly ye, cowards? Mnestheus cried:
What other bulwark or defence remains?
For shame, companions! Shall a single man,
Pent in the city, slay our noblest youth
And make this havoc with impunity? 860
For great Æneas have ye no regard,
None for your country and your ancient Gods?
Rous'd by his words they rally to the fight
Their numbers; Turnus toward the weaker wall
Defended by the stream betakes him slow;
Th' embolden'd Trojans menace his retreat,
With shouts pursuing: as when hunters close
Around a lion, he with countenance grim
Half wavering recedes; to turn his back
Nor wrath nor courage suffers him; advance 870
He would, but cannot, thro' the men and spears;

So the Rutulian his reluctant step
Still measures back, yet burns with fierce disdain.
Twice even then he charged the banded host,
Twice chased them in confusion to their walls;
Till all the townsmen gather in a mass,
And longer to sustain his mortal powers
Saturnia dares not, for the Sire despatcht
Aerial Iris down with stern command
That Turnus from the city she recall: 880
And now with myriad weapons overwhelm'd
Scarce upright he can stand with arm or shield;
His hollow temples rattle with the sound
Of batter'd brass, his crest-shorn burgonet
Is hack'd and hewn with stones, the buckler's orb
Too narrow for the blows, which thick and fast
The Trojans pour, while Mnestheus at their head
Like thunder rushes on; a clammy sweat
Oozes from every pore, he gasps for breath,
His weary limbs sink under him; at length 890
Into the yellow stream with all his arms
He plunges headlong; him the gentle flood
Falling receives, and wafts upon the wave,
And cleans'd from slaughter to his camp restores.

ÆNEID X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jupiter calls a council of the Gods, and declares his will that none of them shall interfere in the Italian war. Æneas, having been elected general of the Etrurian army, embarks his forces, and sails for the coast of Latium. The fleet and army are described. Meanwhile the assault on the Trojan town has been renewed by Turnus; but, on the appearance of a Tuscan fleet sailing up the Tyber, he marches with the greater part of his force to attack the new enemy. Æneas effects his landing, and a general battle ensues. The Arcadian auxiliaries are routed, and Pallas, their leader, slain by Turnus, who carries off his belt as a trophy. Turnus himself is soon afterwards removed from the field by a device of Juno, who has received permission from Jupiter to save his life for that day. Æneas is victorious in his part of the field, and the Trojans seize the proper moment to sally from the town. For some time, however, the allied Princes of the Latin army sustain the fortune of the day; and Mezentius makes great slaughter among the Tuscans, till at length, encountering Æneas, both he and his son Lausus are slain. The death of Mezentius forms the most interesting portion of this book, which is occupied chiefly with fighting of the Homeric kind. The affection of that Monarch for a virtuous Son; his remorse and grief on learning the fate of Lausus, who falls in the attempt to succour him; and his regard for his horse, whom he pathetically addresses before he makes his last charge; exhibit a pleasing contrast to the general ferocity of his character. The battle terminates in the total defeat of the Latins.

Meanwhile th' Olympian mansion open stands,
And Jupiter a council of the Gods
Calls to the starry throne, whence all the earth,
The Dardan camp and Latin host he views;
In his transparent hall the heavenly Powers

Assembled, and the Monarch thus began:
Immortals, wherefore are your counsels changed?
What mean ye by these factious jarring feuds?
I had forbidden Italy and Troy
To meet in arms: then wherefore disobey'd? 10
What fear on either side provoked the quarrel?
A battle-day shall come, and soon enough,
When Carthage on the Roman citadel
Destruction dire and open Alps will pour;
Then strife and licens'd rapine shall have way;
But now forbear, and ratify the peace.
Thus briefly Jupiter; to whom not brief
The Queen of love replied—Almighty King,
(For to none other can I pray, but thee,)
Seest thou th' insulting Daunians, and where Turnus 20
Among them rides conspicuous in his car
Elate with triumph? Trojans in closed walls
Are safe no longer, in the very streets
And on the ramparts fighting for their town;
The moat is overflowing with their blood,
Æneas all in ignorance far away.
From sieges nevermore shall they be free?
New foes, new armies menace infant Troy;
Tydides from Ætolian Arpi rises
To smite her sons again, perchance once more 30
To violate thy daughter with the steel.
If without thy permission and behest
The Trojans to Italian shores have sail'd,
Let them atone their crime; refuse thy succour;
But if by frequent oracles impell'd
Of the celestial and infernal Powers,
Who shall pretend to thwart thy sovereign will
Or novel schemes of destiny to found?
Need'st thou be told of ships at Eryx burn'd,
Of blustering Æolus and winds evoked 40
From subterranean dungeons, or the flight

Of Iris from the clouds? She now hath dared
(This was reserv'd for her) from depths of Orcus
To summon aid, and send Alecto forth
To madden all Hesperia with her fury.
No thought of empire moves me, once my hope
While fortune smiled. Give victory how thou wilt;
But if no spot on earth thy cruel Spouse
Leaves to the Teucrians, this at least, O Father,
By Troy's yet smoking ruins I implore; 50
Remove Ascanius from the scene of strife,
Preserve my grandson; let his father roam
From sea to sea, and be the sport of fortune;
Him let me carry out of danger's reach:
A pleasant home in Amathus is mine,
In Paphos or Cythera's lofty isle;
There he may live inglorious and obscure.
Bid Carthage overwhelm with mighty sway
Ausonia: nothing from the helpless boy
Have Tyrian realms to fear. Alas, what boots 60
Escape from slaughter and Pelasgian fire,
Long travel over land and perilous waves
In search of Latium and a second Troy?
Better had Ilium's children lain among
Her smouldering ashes! Give, oh give them back
Xanthus and Simois; give them to renew
Their ancient woes, my Father!—Deeply stirr'd
Was royal Juno's anger—Must I then
Break silence and declare my griefs?—she cried:
What being, mortal or immortal, drove 70
Æneas into war with King Latinus?
Fate sent him to Italia: rather say,
Cassandra's madness urged. Was't my advice
To leave his camp, commit him to the winds,
Entrust his town and fortune to a boy,
Seek Tuscan aid and peaceful nations rouse?
What power malignant or what craft of mine

Ensnared him? How is Juno here to blame,
Or Juno's messenger? 'Tis hard forsooth,
If Latin fires besiege the new-born Troy, 80
If Turnus on his native ground set foot,
Whose grandsire is Pilumnus, and whose mother
The Nymph Venilia. What then? is it nought
That Trojans light the torch in Italy,
Strange lands for conquest and for spoil invade,
Steal promis'd brides, demand alliances,
Advance with peace in hand and vessels arm'd?
Thou from an Argive sword canst snatch thy Son
And substitute a cloud and empty air;
Yea, turn his ships to Nereids; but to help 90
The poor Rutulians is a crime in Juno.
Æneas is in ignorance far away:
In ignorance let him be. A pleasant home
In Paphos and in Amathus is thine:
Why meddlest thou with cities of the brave?
Was't I that overturn'd the Phrygian empire?
I, or the man who rous'd the Greeks to vengeance?
Whose perfidy the peaceful union broke,
And brought in conflict two opposing worlds?
Did I from Sparta for adulterous Paris 100
Procure his lovely prize? Did I supply
Food for his passion, weapons for his war?
Then was the time to fear for thy beloved;
'Tis now too late to rail about the past,
And vent the spleenful venom of thy tongue.
She ceas'd, and thro' the heavenly synod ran
Discordant murmurs, like the sullen gusts
That rise in the confinement of a wood,
To mariners presaging stormy gales:
Then spake the high supremacy of Jove; 110
Serene was all the sky, as he began,
Mute in attention the Olympian dome,
Earth trembled to her centre and was still,

Hush'd was the tumult of the wind and sea:
Hear my commands, and fix them in your breasts:
Since nor the warring powers to reconcile
Permitted seems, nor hath your strife an end,
Whate'er their fortunes or their hopes to-day,
Rutulian, Trojan, are the same to me:
Whether this siege of Troy the fates contrived, 120
Or lack of wisdom and her own misdeeds,
Nor Troy nor Latium mean I to absolve
From war's just issue, be it weal or woe;
Aloof I stand, indifferent to all;
The fates their way shall find. Pronouncing thus,
By the black gulf and pitchy floods of Styx
His mighty oath he swore, and with a nod,
That shook heaven's vast circumference, confirm'd.
The session ended, from his golden throne
The Monarch rises; whom on either side 130
The Gods attending to his threshold lead.
Meanwhile around Troy-gates the Latin host
Renew their onslaught and their deadly fires;
The garrison, a melancholy band,
Defensive scarce and desperate of relief,
But thinly man the ramparts and the towers:
Still in the front of danger boldly stand
A chosen few, Thymœtes, and the might
Of Clarus and of Themon, Lycian twins
Of the same mother with Sarpedon born; 140
Castor and Thymbris, unimpair'd by age,
Two namesakes of Assaracus with these,
And Asius, valiant son of Imbrasus;
Lyrnessian Acmon, rivalling in strength
His brother Mnestheus, grasp'd a rib of rock,
That like a mountain seem'd, as swung in air
It fell terrific on the ranks below:
Nor ceas'd the twanging bowshot from the walls,
Nor stony shower, nor darts of fire and steel:

There was the darling of the Cyprian queen 150
Bare-headed in the midst, his artless face
Irradiant with the loveliness of youth,
Like some illustrious jewel set in gold
To form a necklace or a diadem,
Like ivory chased in ebon or in box;
His auburn locks encircled with a ring
Profuse upon the snowy shoulders hang.
Nor Ismarus inactive was beheld
Envenoming his shafts and dealing death,
A lord of fruitful Lydia, where the glebes 160
Pactolus washes with his wealthy sand:
Mnestheus was there, exalted in renown
Since the repulse of Turnus from the walls;
And Capys, who to Capua gave his name.
  Whilst these in toilsome battle are engaged,
Æneas on the midnight ocean sails.
He to the leader of th' Etrurian camp
Evander's mission carrying had announced
His name and country, what relief he sought,
What forces he could bring; the adverse league 170
Of Turnus and Mezentius he exposed,
Their musters, and the purpose of their arms;
Much on the fickleness of human chance
Discours'd he, blending argument with prayer;
Tarchon (it took not long) declares his choice,
Accepts the proffer'd terms and joins his power;
Free to embark the Lydians haste aboard,
Submit them to a foreign chieftain's lead,
Th' elect of heaven acknowledge: first from port
Their admiral, th' Ænean galley, rides; 180
Insculptur'd Phrygian lions on her prow
With Ida's hill impendent, welcome sight
To wanderers of Ilium, are display'd:
There sits the pious Chief, and in his mind
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of war,

While Pallas at his side is asking much
About the course of night, the guiding stars,
The sufferings of his friend on land and sea.
  Ye Goddesses, now open Helicon;
What hosts Æneas from Etruria led, 190
Their names, their nations, and their numbers tell.
Foremost the brazen Tiger spreading sail
The levies of brave Massicus conveys,
From Cosæ's town, from Clusium, archers all,
Bearing a thousand quivers on their backs.
Abreast was Abas, on whose gilded stern
Apollo guardian of the seamen stood;
Six hundred chosen veterans he leads
From Populonia, sheath'd in glittering steel,
Three hundred more from Ilva, mineral isle, 200
Exhaustless teeming with Chalybean ore.
Asylas next, interpreter of heaven,
Whom victim fibres and the tongues of birds,
Prophetic lightnings and the stars obey'd,
A thousand spearmen bristling in array
From Pisa leads, Alphean city, built
On Tuscan soil. Fair Astur follows them
Proud of his horse and armour's varied hue;
Three hundred like in courage he commands,
Whom ancient Pyrgi sent, and Minio's field, 210
And Cære, and Gravisca's noisome clime.
Nor thee can I forget, brave Cinyras,
Ligurian Chieftain, nor Cupavo, thee,
Albeit thy train were scanty, on whose helm
A cygnet rises with expanded wing:
Love was thy Parent's crime, and thy device
His figure shows; for Cycnus, they relate,
While mourning for lost Phaeton he sat
Under the sister-trees, a poplar grove,
And solaced his unhappy love with song, 220
Wax'd old with downy plumage overgrown,

And up from earth rose singing to the stars:
The youth Cupavo with a youthful crew
Urges the stately Centaur thro' the deep;
The Centaur at the bow projecting stands,
And lifts a mountain in his hand aloft
Threatening to hurl it at the angry surge.
Nor Ocnus fail'd his countrymen to arm,
Old Tyber's child, of priestess Manto born,
Who Mantua built and from his mother named, 230
Thee, Mantua, rich in ancestry renown'd:
A triple race is theirs, and every race
Can boast four people; thou, their common head,
Thy strength derivest from Etrurian blood.
And hence five hundred foes Mezentius rous'd,
Whom Mincius, cover'd with blue reedy veil,
From sire Benacus carries to the main;
Auletes at their head, whose hundred oars
Rise in a moment, in a moment fall,
Marking the ocean with a track of foam; 240
Whom the huge Triton bears, a monster shape,
Man to the waist, but ending in a fish
Of bulk enormous; with his shell he seems
A dread alarm to sound; his shaggy breast
Divides the billows that beneath it roar.
Such champions on their way for Troy's relief
Furrow'd with thirty barks the briny field.
  The day was ended, and aloft in heaven
The queen of night her silent chariot wheel'd:
Æneas, all too sorrowful to rest, 250
Himself directs the helm, and tends the sail:
Half way upon his course, to meet him lo
A choir of nymphs came floating on the tide,
His old companions they, to sea-nymphs changed,
Who, knowing him from far, around his bark
Press to salute him dancing in a ring;
The most expert of tongue, Cymodoce,

Lifting to view her silvery bosom, clasps
With dexter hand the stern, the other glides
With oar-like easy motion through the wave; 260
And thus his ear astonishing she spake:
Wakest thou, son of Venus? Yea, 'tis time
To wake and spread thy canvass to the breeze.
The sacred pines of Ida, once thy fleet,
Now Goddesses, are we: the cruel Turnus
Assail'd us with his fire, and we were lost;
Thy moorings then unwillingly we broke
Hastening in quest of thee; th' Idæan Mother
Compassionately changed our forms to these,
And gave us life immortal in the deep. 270
But hear: the prince, thy son, in close blockade
With horrent Latin arms enrounded lies:
Th' Arcadian horse to those of Tarchon join'd
Hold their appointed post, but Turnus means
By hasty march to cut them from thy camp:
Rise with the dawn, and let thy wakening voice
Summon to arms thy comrades; on thee gird
The shield invincible, which Vulcan framed,
Edging with broad circumference of gold.
To-morrow (trust my word) thy Trojan field 280
Shall soon be reeking with Rutulian carnage.
The sea-nymph ended, and with parting hand,
Her nature not forgetting, push'd the stern:
Th' Ænean galley shooting like a dart,
The others making up with quicken'd sail,
Before the wind they flew; the Trojan prince,
In wonder wrapt, but by the vision cheer'd,
His eyes with supplication lifts to heaven:
O queen of Ida, parent of the Gods,
Whom Dindymus and tower'd cities please 290
And lions double-harness'd to thy car,
Confirm thine omen, lead us to the field,
Be near thy Phrygians in the hour of danger!

Clear broke the dawn and scatter'd darkness fled;
Æneas gives the watchword to his troop,
Exhorts them to attend their leader's call
With willing spirit and with strenuous hand:
And now the Trojans and his camp in view,
He stood upon the stern, and rais'd aloft
His ample blazing shield: a mighty cheer 300
Burst from the brave defenders, and with fresh
Alacrity and courage from the walls
Their storm of missiles flew; such cheer it was,
As when a legion of Strymonian cranes
Fly from the blackening tempest of the south,
Screaming their notes of joy; surprisal strange
To those besieging, till they look'd, and lo
An armament was riding o'er the waves
And pushing them to shore with press of sail;
The helmet of Æneas over all 310
Soaring in flames, illumining the sky;
The golden orb of that Vulcanian shield
Fierce as a comet burn'd, whose sanguine glare
Shoots fearfully athwart the realms of light,
Or rising Sirius, when on human kind
Disease and drought calamitous he sheds,
And dreariment on all the face of heaven.
But valiant Turnus undismay'd prepares
To seize the shore, prohibit the descent:
Soldiers—he cried—your wishes are fulfill'd; 320
Combat and conquest to your hands are given:
Remember every man his wife and home,
And emulate the valour of your sires:
Come, let us meet those strangers on the wave,
While in disorder and with staggering feet
To land they struggle: Fortune aids the bold!
As thus he spake, and ponder'd for a while
What force to lead assailant, what in guard
To post around the walls, Æneas plants

His bridges, disembarks his warlike power; 330
Some watching for the moment, jumping down
Or sliding with assistance of the oars,
Wade thro' the rear of the retreating flood;
Tarchon, the coast observing, where 'twas safe
From hissing flats or breakers, and the tide
Came placidly and freely flowing in,
Thither he steers and animates his crew:
Rise to your oars, my gallants, pull your ships,
Lift them in water, carry them along,
Cleave the unfriendly beach, and let your keels 340
Furrow a way; I fear not on the spot
My bark to shatter, so I gain the land:
He said; his comrades straining every nerve,
Urging their galleys to invade the strand,
The beaks are push'd aground, till on the dry
They all stand firm, save, Tarchon, only thine,
Which dash'd upon a sand-bank hung awhile
In balance doubtful swaying to and fro,
Then broken by the shock to pieces fell
Casting the seamen over in a heap, 350
Who floundering in the wreck of planks and oars,
Struggling to find their footing in the ebb,
That moment peal'd the trumpet, and with full
Battalia the Rutulian chief bears down,
But not in time the omen to forestall
Of victory; for on the rustic band
Already had his prompter rival fallen,
Piercing their deep array, and laying low
Their champion Theron, whom not slow to join
The dread encounter, thro' his plates of brass 360
And mailed tunic smitten to the ribs,
The Dardan sword sent staggering; Lycus next,
Who from his mother's lifeless body ripp'd
To Phœbus had been sacred, saved thus young
From the sharp edge of steel: nor better fared

Gyas and hardy Cisseus, who with clubs
Whole ranks were felling, but their brawny strength
Could stay not death, nor them Herculean arms
Avail'd, nor sire Melampus, comrade once
Of great Alcides while on earth he toil'd. 370
  Pharus aloud was vaunting, when his mouth
Was stopt for ever by an entering lance:
Cydon with ardour of no martial kind
Had follow'd to the field his latest joy,
The blooming Clytius; Dardan steel had cured
His lawless passion, but the seven sons
Of Phorcus in a body rush'd between,
Their seven javelins hurling; part of these
Rebounded from th' impenetrable arms,
Some glancing all too near the watchful care 380
Of heavenly Venus wafted from her son:
Give me the weapons that on Greeks were flesh'd
In Ilium's field; not one shall fly in vain:
The hero thus invoked Achates' aid,
From whom receiving straight the wish'd-for dart
He throws; the missile springing from his hand
And shattering Mæon's targe and linked mail
Tore thro' his bosom with a ghastly wound,
Nor stay'd, but holding on its bloody course,
Just as Alcanor caught his brother's fall, 390
Pierced the supporting arm, and by the nerves
His right hand quivering with remains of life
Hung from the shoulder: Numitor incens'd
The weapon from his brother's body torn
Cast at Æneas, but to hit the mark
Forbid by fate, it grazed Achates' thigh.
  In pride of youth Quiritian Clausus came,
And aim'd at Dryopes a distant spear,
Yet not so distant but with weight it fell
Under the Teucrian's chin, descending thence 400
It cleft the windpipe, stopt the issuing voice

And passage of his breath; he falling prone
Butts the hard earth and vomits clotted blood.
Three sons of Boreas born in Thracia's clime,
Three whom the vales of Ismarus had rear'd,
In various battle to the Sabine yield.
Halesus now brings up th' Auruncan bands,
Messapus charges with his fiery steeds;
This way and that the tide of onslaught rolls,
Ausonia's threshold is the ground to win. 410
As when from adverse quarters in mid air
Encountering winds for mastery contend,
They with each other, sea and clouds with them,
In stubborn opposition, each and all
Threatening a perpetuity of strife;
So met the Trojan and Ausonian hosts
Conflicting, foot with foot, and man with man.
Th' Arcadian horse advancing, where the ground
Was strewn with bushes and with broken rock,
The sweepings of a torrent from the hills, 420
Embarrass'd and compell'd to quit their steeds,
Untaught the movements of pedestrian fight,
And Latium with her banners close at hand,
They turn, they flee; discomfiture was nigh
And foul disgrace; but Pallas in the midst
Beseeching and reproaching calls them back,
Revives their courage and dispels their fears:
Oh, whither fly ye, comrades? To yourselves,
Your ancient deeds and victories I appeal,
To King Evander's name, to all the hopes 430
That urge me now to emulate my Sire;
Trust not your feet, but, where that pressing crowd
Is thickest, cleave a passage with your steel:
There lies our way, and there our country calls:
No God assails us, but a mortal foe,
With hands no more nor better than our own.
Behind ye are the waves without a shore;

Flight there is none, your choice, the sea, or Troy.
He said, and in the storm of battle plunged.
First Lagus met him, led by evil fate; 440
Whom stooping, an imbedded rock from earth
To loosen, Pallas with a javelin strikes
Just where the ribs are parted by the spine,
And wrenches from the bone the clinging steel,
Too quick for Hisbon, who was hasting up
With vengeful purpose, when the glaive unsheath'd
Flashing in air descended in his lungs.
Then Sthenelus, and who his noble birth
By crime had tarnish'd, daring to profane
A stepdame's honour'd bed, Anchemolus, 450
And Thymber and Larides he assails,
Twin sons of Daucus, whom, so like in mien,
Their parents, not discerning, each for each
With fond delight mistook; but Pallas made
A cruel difference; for Thymber's head
His falchion sever'd, and Larides' hand;
The hand, its master seeking, throbs in death,
The fingers open start and clutch the sword.
Arcadia, stung with shame and self-reproach,
Had answer'd to her gallant prince's call: 460
Fired by his bold example, on the foe
She pours her rallying force; the leader's dart
Strikes Rhœteus, past him in a chariot flying;
Ilus had else been slain, at whom the spear
Was aim'd, but intercepted in its course
By Rhœteus, while with other fear he fled
Chased by the hot pursuit of brothers twain,
Teuthras and Tyres; headlong from his car
Rolling in death he spurns the Latin soil.
As when a shepherd over stubble sends, 470
Blown by an autumn breeze, contagious fire,
Which first the centre catching sudden pours
A force of dire combustion all around;

He sits aloft to view the conquering flames;
Thus bounds the heart of Pallas to behold
Arcadian valour charging on the foe:
Halesus comes, collected in his arms,
To check the fiery onset: Ladon first,
Then Pheres and Demodocus he slays,
The hand which to his neck Strymonius rais'd 480
Lops with the sword, and shatters with a stone
The face of Thoas, bones and gory brain
Dispersing wide. His Father had conceal'd
Halesus in the woods, foreboding fate;
But, when the old man's pallid eye was closed,
The fatal Sisters on the child laid hands,
Devoting him to King Evander's lance:
Pallas, while yet he meditates the blow,
Addresses to the River-god his vow:
O father Tiberinus, grant thine aid, 490
Strength to my lance, and fortune to my throw;
Thine oak the spoils and armour shall receive.
The prayer acceptance found; th' Auruncan chief
A thoughtless generosity betray'd,
Who stretcht an arm Imaon to protect,
His breast exposing to Arcadian steel.
The men were daunted by their leader's fall;
But Lausus, no small portion of the war,
Forbids despair, and rushing in the midst
The stubborn might of valiant Abas quell'd. 500
'Twas now Arcadia, now Etruria's turn
To mourn her falling sons, and Troja, thine,
Whom Greeks could never conquer, perish here.
From either side continuously flows
The stream of combatants, th' advancing rear
Close up the foreward ranks, permitting scarce
The sway of hands and weapons; odds were none
In conduct or in courage, Pallas these
Exhorting and inflaming, Lausus those,

Alike in years and nobleness of mien, 510
Alike the doom of each, to see no more
His home and country: but th' Olympian Sire
Forbids their conflict, and for each reserves
The deadly trial of a mightier arm.
  Turnus meanwhile his Naiad Sister warns
To succour Lausus: thro' the middle crowd
His car he drove, and shouted to his friends:
Desist ye from your labours; I with Pallas
Will combat singly; Pallas is my prize;
Would that his Sire were present to behold! 520
He spake, and the Rutulians clear'd the plain;
Much marvell'd Pallas at their quick retire,
Yet more at their commander's proud behest;
His gaze he fixes on that stately form,
Over it rolls his eyes, with stern aspect
Perusing every limb, and words for words
Thus fearlessly retorts:—I mean to win
A princely trophy, or a glorious death;
Equal to either fortune is my Sire;
Spare empty threats:—then strides into the midst; 530
In all Arcadian hearts the blood ran cold;
Turnus, to meet him, from the chariot springs;
As when a lion rushes on a bull,
Whom from a lofty station he espies
Low in the valley meditating fight,
With such mien Turnus to the battle comes:
Whom within distance of his flying spear
Advancing Pallas eager to attack,
And set his life upon th' unequal chance,
Invokes the succour of immortal power: 540
Help me Alcides, by my father's board
Whose hospitable welcome once thou sharedst,
Prosper my bold aspirings with success;
Let me from Turnus tear the bleeding spoil,
And let his dying eyes endure my conquest!

Alcides heard, and in his heart represt
The rising groan, and fruitless tears let fall:
Him Jupiter with friendly speech consoles:
Each mortal hath his last allotted hour,
And fast th' irrevocable moments fly; 550
By deeds to win renown belongs to virtue.
At Troy what heroes bled! Sarpedon there,
Mine own Son, perish'd: Turnus, too, hath reach'd
His goal of life; fate summons him away.
He spake, and turn'd his eye from Latium's field.
Pallas with youthful vigour hurl'd his lance,
His glittering falchion from the scabbard drew;
The missile erring from the mortal part
Straight for the shoulder of the Daunian sped,
Rent the shield's upper marge, and razed the skin: 560
Then Turnus takes his aim, the steel-tipt ash
Poising awhile, and threatening ere he throws:
See if my shaft hath greater force than thine!
True to the mark it came, with thrillant blow
Smote the shield's centre, and thro' folds of hide,
Thro' triple plates of iron and of brass
And all the stiff impediment of mail,
A passage to the noble bosom found:
The stricken warrior vainly wrenches forth
The barbed point; it issues with his life; 570
He staggers to the earth, and o'er his limbs
The falling armour gives a dismal clang.
Turnus bestrode the corse: Arcadians hear me;
Carry this message to your King Evander;
Such as he merits, Pallas I restore;
The solace of a tomb and burial-rites
I freely grant: his Dardan guest, methinks,
Hath cost him dear! So saying, with left foot
He stamp'd upon the dead, and seiz'd the belt,
Of massy weight and thick emboss'd with gold; 580
(Eurytion, cunning artist, there had wrought

That tale of crime, the chamber-massacre
Of youthful bridegrooms on their nuptial night;)
Turnus the prize in triumph carries now.
  Blind to his future destiny is man,
And knows not how to bear prosperity.
The day shall come when Turnus will repent
That spoil so proudly worn, and all he hath
Would gladly for the life of Pallas change.
A crowd of comrades Pallas on a shield 590
Extended bear away with groans and tears:
O sad return, yet glorious to thy Sire!
This thy first battle-field hath been thy last;
Yet there thy valour's monument thou leavest,
Yon gory field with Latin carnage strewn.
  Soon was the rumour to Æneas borne,
And follow'd by a message of alarm:
Rescue, or all is lost! The Trojans flee!
He mows whate'er is nearest with the sword,
And sweeping him a pathway thro' the ranks 600
Thee, Turnus, in thy flush of victory seeks:
A thousand memories rush upon his soul,
Evander, Pallas, all that they had done
To help and cheer him in a foreign land,
Their friendly threshold and their social board
And pledge of hands. Then seizes he alive
Four youths by Sulmo, four by Ufens bred,
Victims the ghost of Pallas to appease
And sprinkle with their blood his funeral pyre.
At Magus from a distance he had thrown, 610
Who bent his head to shun the flying fate,
And cast him suppliant at the Dardan's knee:
Oh, by the spirit of the blest Anchises,
I pray thee, by thy hopes in young Iulus,
Restore me to my father and my son!
I have a lofty mansion, buried talents
Of silver carv'd, and massy bars of gold

Wrought and unwrought; one miserable life
Is nothing in the total of the day.
So pray'd he, and Æneas made reply: 620
The talents thou hast stored of gold and silver
Keep for thy children; Turnus cut away
All terms of ransom, Pallas when he slew.
So feels Anchises' ghost, so feels Iulus.
Then grasping with left hand the suppliant's helm,
And twisting it aside, his ruthless blade
Deep in the flexure of the neck he plunged.
Hæmonides was nigh, the turban'd priest
Of Phœbus and of Trivia, rich his robe,
And brilliant his caparison of arms; 630
The Trojan chief not daring to resist,
He skipp'd away, but stumbling in his flight,
The foe stood o'er him, darkening him in death
With dreadful shade; Serestus carried off
The choicest arms, a trophy, Mars, to thee.
The fight restore Vulcanian Cæculus
And Umbro, Chieftain of the Marsian hills;
Yet could not they the Dardan's fury tame;
Who now on Anxur falls, his potent charms
Dissolving, sabring the sinister arm, 640
That with his ringing buckler dropt to earth:
Anxur had mutter'd spells, and in their force
Believ'd, fond man, and rashly to himself
Had promis'd length of life and hoary hairs.
Then Tarquitus, resplendent in attire,
(Whom bore to Faunus Dryope the nymph,)
Affronts the victor; soon in sorry plight,
His ample buckler and his frock of mail
Pinn'd by the Teucrian dart, for mercy crying,
While yet the prayer is quivering on his lip, 650
Æneas rolls to earth the headless trunk,
And thus exclaims insulting o'er the fallen:
Lie there, redoubted warrior; thee no mother

In native soil shall bury or entomb;
Wild birds shall tear thee, or the billowy wave
O'erwhelm, and greedy fishes lick thy wounds!
Antæus, Lucas, from the van he chas'd
With fell pursuit, and valiant Numa next,
And brown-hair'd Camers, heir to Volscens born,
Who in the silent town Amyclæ reign'd, 660
The richest owner of Italian soil.
As when Ægæon, monster hundred-arm'd,
From fifty mouths and breasts pour'd hideous fire,
So many blades at once, so many shields
Resounding rais'd against the Thunderer:
Thus raged Æneas, when his steel grew warm,
And reeking o'er Rutulian lives he ran:
His very step, his voice, and furious mien
Appall'd his opposites: behold, four steeds,
Who brought the proud Niphæus in his view, 670
Back starting in affright, o'erthrow their lord
And drag his flying chariot to the shore.
In the mid battle with a milk-white pair
Comes Lucagus, and waves a naked sword;
His brother Liger guides the chariot reins:
Their bold advance incens'd the Dardan Chief,
Who stood in might before them, and opposed
His ponderous lance; to whom the charioteer:
No Phrygia, no Ætolian car thou seest,
Nor Achillean steeds; of war and life 680
This field shall give thee quittance! Liger thus
Let loose his braggart tongue; to chaffer words
The Hero deigning not his javelin threw;
The swordsman, who had bent to prick the steeds,
Was even then with left protended foot
Commencing battle, when the javelin tearing
His buckler's lowest border pierced his groin;
Shook from the car he falls, to rise no more;
Æneas him with bitter speech derides:

No flying steeds betray'd thee, Lucagus, 690
No empty shadows turn'd them from the foe;
Thyself thou leapest from the chariot wheels!
He spake, and seiz'd the reins: down Liger slips
And humbly stretching his defenceless palms:
Oh, by thy parent's valour and thine own,
Pity me, spare me! More he would have said
Entreating, but Æneas cut him short:
Thy tone is alter'd; share thy brother's fate,
As brother it becomes! The falchion's point
Deep entering found the dwelling of the soul. 700
So swept the slaughterous Dardan o'er the field,
Like a black whirlwind or a torrent flood;
And now the brave defenders of the town
Out from the gates with young Ascanius pour.
Meanwhile in Heaven great Jove accosts his Queen:
My Sister and my Consort best-beloved,
The aid of Venus, thou didst rightly judge,
Sustains the Trojan power; what valiant souls
The men display, what strength and hardihood!
To whom the Queen submissive: Dearest Lord, 710
Why troublest thou my heart, so ill at ease,
And dreading thy severity of tongue?
Were such the love of Jupiter, as once
I deem'd it was, and as it should be still,
This would not his omnipotence refuse,
That Turnus from the field I might withdraw,
And safe restore him to his father Daunus.
Now, to glut Trojan vengeance, he must perish,
The man whose life has flow'd in heavenly veins,
Whose grandsire is Pilumnus, and whose gifts 720
Steam with such costly savour on thine altars.
To whom thus briefly the Olympian Sire:
If but a respite for the doom'd thou seekest,
And know'st the true conditions of the grace,
Receive it, snatch thy prince from instant peril;

Thus far thy wish is lawful to indulge;
But lurks there in the prayer a further meaning,
Think'st thou to change the fortune of the war
Or overrule the fates, thy hopes are idle.
Juno in tears replied: What, if the boon 730
Thy words refuse to grant thine heart intends,
And life to Turnus yet may be prolong'd!
Now, or my sad foreboding heart deceives me,
A cruel end awaits him undeserving:
Oh that my fears were vain, and Jupiter,
Who can do all, would change his harsh decrees!
So saying, in a cloud she wrapt her limbs,
And shooting in a whirlwind thro' the air
Alighted on the battlefield of Troy;
There in the likeness of Æneas forms 740
An airy phantom, wondrous to behold,
A crested chieftain like the Dardan arm'd;
His gait and mien, his voice she simulates,
A sound without reality of words:
Such after death do flitting ghosts appear,
Such the vain dreams that mock the slumbering sense.
The spectre stalks exulting in the van,
With weapons and with speech defying Turnus,
Who answering to the challenge with his dart,
The counterfeit Æneas turns to flight; 750
Turnus already victor in his hope
Pursues the skipping image—Whither runs
The Trojan bridegroom leaving his betrothed?
Stop, coward, stop; the land that o'er the wave,
Thou'st long been seeking I will give thee here!
Thus with vain ardour he pursued the chase,
And knew not shouting to the empty wind.
It happ'd that underneath a coign of rock,
Her ladder in position for ascent,
A vessel stood, which late from Clusium's coast 760
Had brought the King Osinius: hither fled

The airy form, and under hatches dived;
The Chieftain following overleapt the bridge,
But scarce had set his foot upon the prow,
When from her anchor by Saturnia torn
The ship ran drifting with the tide to sea;
Then from its lurking hole the phantom rose
Mingling with dusky air; and where is Turnus?
His name is yet resounding on the field,
His rival calling, seeking him in vain, 770
His friends before the proud destroyer fall,
He far away by wind and water borne
Looks back bewilder'd, thankless for escape,
With lifted hand and voice accusing heaven:
Olympian Father, how have I deserv'd
Thus to be punish'd, thus to be disgraced?
Whence am I borne, and whither? when and what
Shall I return? and how can I behold
The Latin camp again, to be their scorn,
Whom fighting in my quarrel I abandon 780
To rout and ruin? Hear I not their groans?
Where can I hide me? in what yawning chasm
Bury the foul reproach? Ye winds, have pity,
On rocks, shoals, Syrtes dash the ship and me,
Where nor Rutulian eye nor conscious fame
Can ever follow! Madly while he spake,
His soul distracted fluctuates to and fro:
Should he the naked sword, for such disgrace,
Sheath in his side, or leap into the waves
And swim ashore, the battle to renew? 790
Thrice he attempted both; Saturnia thrice
Check'd the wild purpose, pitying his despair:
Urged by the tide the vessel cuts her way,
And bears him to his Father's ancient town.

Meanwhile Mezentius, at th' impulse of Jove,
Lest to the conquering Trojans all give way,
Invades their battle; but th' Etrurian ranks

Oppress him thronging, pouring on his head
The storm of their rebellion and revenge:
Firm as a rock of ocean, that contemns 800
The force of billows and assailant winds,
Surrounded by the surging war he stood;
There Hebrus, Latagus, and Palmus bled;
Brave Latagus a rocky fragment's flight
His jawbone smashing stopt in full career;
Palmus had turn'd his heels, when down he dropt
Hamstrung and impotent, the fallen crest
Was seiz'd by Lausus to adorn his helm.
Next Phrygian Evas fell; next Mimas, thou,
The friend of Paris, and Theano's child, 810
To Amycus the self-same night brought forth
When the fire-pregnant Queen her Paris bore;
But Paris fell upon his native soil;
Thou, Mimas, liest on Latin ground unknown.
As when a boar, whom piny Vesulus
Or rush of the Laurentian marsh hath fed,
By dogs and huntsmen driven to the toils,
Stands sullenly at bay; none dare too near
His tusks and bristling shoulders to assail,
But all with darts and noise at distance ply, 820
He turns from side to side, gnashing his teeth,
And shaking off the javelins from his hide:
Against their tyrant thus the rebel powers
A righteous wrath impels, but fear holds back;
Aloof they stand provoking him with shouts
And all their light artillery of war.
Acron, a Greek of Corythus, had join'd
Th' insurgent bands, and left a bride espous'd:
The Tuscan spied him, as with purple plume
And bridal favors thro' the ranks he dash'd 830
Martial in air and mien: as when a lion,
After long roaming round the guarded pen,
Descries a gamesome goat or beamy stag,

With mane erect and open mouth he springs,
He fastens on the prey, with fierce delight
Bathing his cheeks and revelling in blood;
So to the gory feast Mezentius flew,
And hurl'd unhappy Acron to the ground,
Staining his broken arms with crimson dye.
Orodes flying he disdain'd to strike, 840
Or a blind weapon at his back to cast,
But challenged overtaking front to front,
In prowess, not in wiles, superior proved,
His foot and spear he planted on the slain:
Comrades, behold where proud Orodes lies,
The stay and pillar of the fight was he.
So cried Mezentius, and his troop respond,
Their joyful pæan startles all the field;
Orodes mutters in the pangs of death:
Insulting man, thy triumph will be short; 850
Thee the same doom awaits; on this cold ground
Soon shalt thou lie the neighbour of Orodes.
Mezentius with a wrathful smile replied:
First perish thou; the Gods will look to me:
Then drew the weapon from the bleeding wound;
The warrior sank to darkness and repose,
His eyelids in eternal slumber seal'd.
In other parts by Cædicus o'ercome
Alcathous bites the ground, Sacrator worsts
Hydaspes, by the lance of Rapo fall 860
Parthenius and the weight of Orses' limbs;
Unhappy Clonius, from a restive steed
Cast to the ground, Messapus made his prey;
Nor Ericetes could in standing fight
Resist the force of the Neptunian spear:
The Lycian Agis rued his bold advance,
With Valerus in evil contact brought,
In whom the courage of his fathers burn'd;
And Salius lays Atronius in the dust,

And him Nealces, famous for his darts 870
And archer skill that gall'd the distant field.
Mars balanced evenly the scales of war;
Victors and vanquish'd smite and fall by turns,
As yet no wavering thought nor fragile fear
Inclining either to retreat or yield;
Th' Olympian Gods with pitying eye regard
The toil and empty rivalry of man;
Here Juno sits spectatress, Venus there;
Tisiphone went ranging thro' the hosts,
Goading their hearts to superhuman rage. 880
Mezentius brandishing a ponderous lance
Strides thro' the battle giant-like to view;
As when Orion treads his ocean path
With shoulders o'er the wave, or pine in hand
Over the mountain when he moves along
Heaving his starry head into the clouds;
Thus vast in stature seem'd th' Etrurian King;
Whom spying in the long embattled line
Æneas to the combat hastes from far,
Nor he his great-soul'd adversary shunn'd, 890
But waits him in the consciousness of strength,
Measuring with his eye the lance's throw:
Aid me this hand and weapon which I poise!
No other Gods I call; and here I vow,
Thou, Lausus, in the Pirate's armour clad
Shalt be my living trophy! Saying this
He rais'd the dart, which flying hiss'd in air,
But glancing from th' Ænean buckler struck
Anthores 'twixt the stomach and the side,
Anthores, Argive born, Alcides' friend, 900
Who in Evander's town had fixt his home;
The stroke intended for another smote
This hapless exile; up to heaven he looks,
Remembering dear Argos ere he dies.
'Twas now the pious Chieftain's turn to throw,

Whose stronger missile, breaking the defence
Of brass and linen folds and woven hide,
Enter'd the groin, but entering spent its force;
A sanguine flood came streaming, and the foe
With sword in hand and triumph in his eye 910
Was rushing on, when Lausus—who can tell
Thine anguish at that sight, thy heart-felt groans
And bitter tears? How worthily of thee
To wondering after-times shall I recount
Thy brave devotion and thy piteous fall?
Mezentius cumber'd, helpless from the fight
Was drawing back, and dragging on his shield
The weapon; Lausus to the rescue sprang,
As the Vulcanian falchion flamed on high,
Sustaining all the shock of its descent; 920
And while the father shielded by the son
Retires in safety, all his troop collect
Whelming with missiles, scaring with their shouts
The single Chief, who patient of the storm
Stood firm in his invincible array.
As oft when clouds in pelting hail descend,
The shepherds and the ploughmen scattering flee,
The traveller under shelter keeps him close
Beneath some river-bank or arched cliff,
Awaiting every one the sun's return 930
To ply their daily toil; Æneas thus
Waits till the iron storm hath overblown,
Chastising with the menace of his wrath
Th' imprudent Lausus: Wherefore tempt thy fate,
Daring impossibilities? rash youth,
Thy piety betrays thee! All his threats
The haughty courage of the youth defies,
Unweeting that his latest threads of life
Were nearly spun: and now the Dardan's ire
Had kindled into fury, and again 940
He lifts a stroke on high, whose mortal dint

Pierces the fragile texture of the shield,
Rends the light tunic that with golden lace
A mother wove, and opes the bleeding heart:
There lay a mangled carcase, but the life
That once was Lausus to the shades had fled.
  Æneas, when the fallen Warrior's face
Changing to ghastly paleness he beheld,
Touch'd with the sight of filial piety
And groaning with compassion, clasp'd his hands: 950
Unhappy Boy, what honours can I pay
To worth like thine? These arms, thy pride, retain;
Thee to the ghosts and ashes of thy Sires,
If that may aught concern thee, I restore.
Yet even in death be solaced with the thought,
By great Æneas thou wert overcome.
Then to the wavering troop he calls aloud,
And raises up the Dead, whose neat-comb'd locks
Were dew'd with bloody stain. Meanwhile the Sire
On Tyber's bank against a tree reclines, 960
Easing his limbs, and staunching with the stream
His gush of blood; the helmet on a bough,
The heavy armour rested on the field;
A chosen few stood round; gasping and faint
He sits, his neck supporting, his long beard
Over the bosom dropt: about his Son
He oft enquires, and many a mandate sends
To quit the field; in vain; behold, the Son
Laid on a shield his weeping comrades bear,
A mighty body, gash'd with mighty wound. 970
The wretched Father heard their moans from far;
His heart divined the cause; with dust he soil'd
His hoary hair, and clasp'd his hands aloft,
And clinging to the Dead—My Son! he cried:
So covetous of mortal life was I,
To let mine own begotten in my stead
Brave the foe's ruthless arm? My murder'd Lausus!

He bled to save me, died that I might live!
This is the bitterness of exile, this
The wound that pierces deep! My son's fair name 980
I tarnish'd by my crimes; oppressor, tyrant,
My sceptre by my cruelties I lost,
Driven by an outraged people from the realm:
I should myself have given to thousand deaths
My guilty soul: I live, I still abide
Among mankind, and see the light of day;
But will not long! With that he rais'd himself
On his weak thigh, and crippled by the wound,
But not dejected, for his horse he calls,
His pride and solace, who from every field 990
Had carried him a victor: the brave horse
Stood sorrowful, while thus his master spake:
Rhœbus, we long have lived, if anything
Be long to mortals. Or with me to-day
The Dardan's head and all those bloody spoils
Thou shalt bring back in triumph, and avenge
My hapless Child; or, if no force avail
To win success, together we will fall:
For sure, my bravest, thou wilt ne'er submit
To new command, nor Trojan lords endure! 1000
He said, and on the charger's willing back
Placed his familiar limbs, and both his hands
With javelins arm'd; a brazen helmet shone
High on his head and waved a shaggy plume,
As to the battle rode he; shame and grief,
Pride, wrath, and fury all his soul inflame.
Thrice on Æneas with loud voice he call'd;
Æneas heard, and answer'd him with joy;
May Jupiter and Phœbus give thee heart
To try this venture! and with brandish'd lance 1010
Approaches. Cruel man! Mezentius cried:
Thy threats are idle; thou hast slain my Lausus;
This was the only way to conquer me:

Nor death I fear, nor any Gods regard:
Forbear: I come to die, but first these gifts
I bring to thee! A weapon at the foe
He darted, then another and another,
Still flying round him in a spacious ring,
Drives in the shield; the shield sustains them all:
Thrice in a circle to the left he rode 1020
Hurling his darts; as oft Æneas turn'd,
His brazen orb opposing, plucking off
A wood of javelins, watching to let 'scape
No glimpse of vantage, till th' unequal fight
No longer brooking at a thought he sprang
And smote the charger's forehead with his lance;
Who rearing upright, tossing heels in air,
Plunged with his rider sprawling to the ground,
Crushing him with his shoulders where he lay;
A cry from either army rent the skies; 1030
Æneas rushes on, and from the sheath
His falchion snatching—Where is now (he cries)
The fierce Mezentius, and his haughty soul?
To whom the Tuscan, upward as he look'd
With half recover'd sense and quaff'd the air:
Why taunt me, cruel foe, and threaten death?
'Tis no disgrace to die: nor I myself
Came with such thought to battle, nor my Son
Bargain'd with thee for mercy to his Sire.
And yet, if any pity be reserv'd 1040
For vanquish'd enemies; 'tis all I ask;
Let me in earth be buried. Well I know,
My people's bitter hatred craves revenge;
But oh, avert their fury; grant that I
In the same tomb with Lausus may repose!
He spake, and in his neck receives the sword,
The life-blood gushing o'er his armour streams.

ÆNEID XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas erects a trophy of King Mezentius, and pays funeral honours to Pallas, whose body is sent in state to his father Evander. The Latins solicit a truce to bury the dead; which is granted by Æneas. He at the same time proposes to the envoys to decide the war by single combat with his rival. At the expiration of the truce he marches with his whole army against Laurentum. Meanwhile Latinus convenes a council of nobles. The ambassadors, who had been sent to Arpi, to request the assistance of Diomed, report his answer, refusing to engage in the war. Latinus recommends peace with the Trojans; and is seconded by Drances, who, after bitterly inveighing against Turnus for his selfish ambition, urges him to accept the challenge of Æneas. Turnus replies, charging Drances with cowardice, and advising the continuance of the war. But the council is suddenly broken up by intelligence of the enemy's approach. Their cavalry, which had been sent forward, was almost in view of the town; the main body were at some distance behind, marching over the hills. Turnus hastens to occupy a narrow pass, which lay in their route; and orders Camilla in the mean time to engage the horse. Here the Poet digresses into the early history of Camilla. It is related by the Goddess Diana, who predicts her approaching death, and charges the Nymph Opis to avenge her. Camilla, after enacting wonderful feats of valour, is slain, and her troops are routed by the Tuscans, who pursue them to the city gates. Turnus, informed of their defeat, quits his ambuscade, and marches back to the relief of the town. Æneas follows close upon his heels, and night only prevents a battle. Both armies encamp round the walls. This book is full of spirit and animation. The speeches at the council, the adventures of Camilla, and the whole description of the cavalry action, are among the masterpieces of Virgil.

The Morn from ocean rose: the pious Chief,
Prest with his duty to inter the fallen,

And sadden'd by the neighbourhood of death,
Yet to the Gods at morning-break perform'd
A victor's vow. An ancient oak he bared
Of all her boughs, and fixt upon a mound,
Clad in bright spoils from King Mezentius won;
To thee, great Mars, a trophy; bloody crests
And broken staves, the cuirass of the King
Pierced thro' and thro', the shield upon the left 10
He hangs, and from the neck an ivory sword;
Then the full crowd of warriors, who around
In triumph stood, exhorting he began:
Comrades, the hardest labour is achieved;
Fear not for what remains. Behold these spoils,
The first fruits ravish'd from the haughty foe;
Here is Mezentius vanquish'd by this arm.
Now 'gainst Latinus and his capital
We march: prepare your arms, in heart and hope
Anticipate the war; and when the Gods 20
Bid raise our standards and advance our power,
Not unadmonish'd plead ye not surprise,
Nor foster idle thought suggesting fear.
Meanwhile the lost companions of our toil
Consign we to the earth; for only thus
Can honour find them in the realms below:
With sorrow let us decorate the brave
Who this our second country bled to win.
And first to King Evander's city bear
Arcadian Pallas, whom th' untimely hour 30
Hath in his prime of glory snatcht away.
He spake with tears, and to the house return'd,
Where lay th' unburied Pallas in the charge
Of old Acœtes, armour-bearer once
To King Evander, late upon the Prince
Sent with less happy fortune to attend:
About him throng'd the servants, men of Troy,
And dames as mourners with dishevell'd hair:

They, when Æneas pass'd the lofty door,
Beating their breasts with lamentation loud, 40
The palace with their coronach resounds:
When he survey'd his comrade's last remains,
The propt-up head, the cheek sepulchral pale,
The spear-wound gaping on the marble breast,
Again the tear came starting from his eye:
Oh, why hath Fortune dash'd my hour of joy
With bitterness, and envied me, dear youth,
That thou shouldst live my glories to partake,
To see my kingdom, and to thine be drawn
Triumphant? Other promise to thy sire 50
I gave at parting, when to high command
He sent me, warning, as my hand he grasp'd,
What brave and hardy people were my foes.
He in fond hope is haply now indulging,
With vows and gifts propitiating heaven;
We our vain rites are offering to the dead,
Whose duties to celestial Powers are ended.
Stead of thy child a funeral thou wilt see,
Unhappy king; and this is our return
And look'd-for triumph, this the faith I keep: 60
Yet better this than with dishonest wounds
A fugitive, a dastard to receive,
And blushing for his life to loathe thine own.
Alas, how brave a champion hath been lost
To thee, Iulus, and Ausonia's land!
So spake he sorrowing, and bids the corpse
Be duly rais'd, a thousand of the camp
Selects the sad procession to attend
And share a father's grief; to woe like his
A slender solace, but an honour due. 70
Others the bier of oak and sallow twigs
Were hastening to construct, and overspread
The close-pack'd leafy pile; on this rude couch
The youth is laid, still beautiful in death,

Like a soft hyacinth or violet-flower,
Which cropt by virgin finger hath not lost
All native gloss and brightness, but no more
From mother earth support or nurture draws.
Two mantles rich with purple, stiff with gold,
Æneas fetcht, Sidonian Dido's gift; 80
(She with her hands rejoicing in the task
Had wrought them, and with golden threads inwove;)
One on the body wraps, a last attire,
And one around the locks, with them to burn:
A heap of booty, prizes of the field,
He sends in solemn state, with steeds and arms
Won from the slain, and, manacled behind,
The wretched captives, whom his vengeance doom'd
For bloody offerings on his comrade's grave.
Trunks drest in armour he commands the chiefs 90
As trophies in the sacred pomp to rear
With names of vanquish'd enemies inscribed.
Acœtes forth is led opprest with grief
And weight of years; disfiguring his cheek
With ghastly scratches, buffeting his breast,
He casts himself to earth and grovelling lies:
The chariot crimson with Rutulian blood
To grace the mournful pageantry they bring,
Æthon the war-horse next, his trappings doff'd,
Big teardrops on his cheek: some bear the lance 100
And helmet of the dead; what else was his,
The spoiler Turnus hath. A soldier train
March in the rear majestically slow,
The flower of Tuscan valour, files of Troy,
And last Arcadians with their arms revers'd:
When all had pass'd along, Æneas halts
Breaking the solemn silence with a groan:
Farewell, brave Pallas; me a warrior's fortune
Summons to other offices of tears;
Farewell for ever!—Turning at the word 110

He to the camp and city bent his way.
  And now Laurentian legates had arrived
With olive boughs, soliciting a truce,
Praying the Chief for burial to restore
The bodies of their slaughter'd countrymen:
None war against the vanquish'd and the fallen,
And he should spare a monarch honour'd once
With titles of his father and his friend:
Thus gently their petition they preferr'd;
To which Æneas gave regardful ear 120
And gracious answer: Latins, what mischance
Committed ye with us in bloody quarrel,
Rejecting proffer'd amity and league?
Peace for the slain who strew the field ye ask;
Peace on the living I would fain bestow.
Nor hither came I but by fate's command
To seek a promis'd home, nor war I wage
Against the Latin race. Your king forsook
My friendship, and to join the standard chose
Of Turnus: better Turnus had alone 130
Maintain'd his quarrel: if the force of arms
He wishes yet to try and drive us hence,
Let our two lances arbitrate the strife,
His be the victory whose the stronger hand,
Or whom the Gods prefer. And now depart,
And kindle for your dead the funeral pyres.
  Th' ambassadors awhile in mute amaze
Stood with their faces to each other turn'd;
At length their elder, Drances, ever prompt
Against young Turnus with his tongue to rail, 140
Thus answer'd: Prince of Troy, whose warlike deeds
Transcend renown, thy praises how to speak
I know not; whether to exalt thee more
For valour or for justice. These thy words
We to our city grateful will report,
And labour hard, if any way be left,

To reconcile thy peace to King Latinus:
Let Turnus seek alliance where he may.
'Twould please us well to build thy destin'd walls,
And on our shoulders lift the stones of Troy. 150
He spake; his comrades murmur'd their applause:
Twelve days were granted, and in peace the while
Trojans and Latins wander o'er the hills
With friendly axes arm'd; the crashing woods
Bow to their strokes of steel; aerial pine
And ash and oak and scented cedar fall;
Shorn of its sylvan pride, with wedges cloven,
They pile the forest in their groaning wains.
  Already Fame, the messenger of woe,
Evander's house with other news had fill'd 160
Than late when she announced his gallant son
A conqueror: from their gates th' Arcadians rush
Snatching the funeral torches in their hands;
The roadway, as in order they advance,
Lengthens with light and shows the distant fields:
And lo, the Phrygian train approaching nigh,
Their griefs they mingle, and surrounding soon
The palace gates, their tidings of despair
Inflaming all the city far and wide
Are shriek'd by matrons in Evander's ear: 170
No force can hold him; running in the midst
He throws himself upon the low-laid herse
Clinging to Pallas, growing to the spot;
His agony of passion scarce to words
An utterance gave—O Pallas, and was this
Thy promise, rash adventure to eschew?
I fear'd the novelty of glory's charms
In thy first battlefield would lure thee on:
Sad fruits of youthful valour! fatal lesson
Of neighbour warfare! All my vows and prayers 180
Unheeded! Happy thou, my sacred Spouse,
For this reserv'd not! I have overlived

My destiny, am childless and alone.
Me should Rutulian swords have stricken down;
For I the Trojan fellowship espous'd;
And me, and not my son, the pomp should carry.
Yet not you, Trojans, nor our friendly pact
And brotherhood in arms am I accusing;
'Twas the condition of my lengthen'd years;
And if my Pallas was foredoom'd thus early, 190
Well hath he done so many of the Volsce
To send before him, showing my allies
The way to Latium. Honours to thy tomb
None worthier, Pallas, could I wish than these
Which the brave Phrygians and their pious Chief,
The hosts and captains of Etruria bring.
I see the glorious trophies of thy hand:
Turnus had been among them, here to-day
Standing a trunk in armour, had his age
No stronger been than thine. But I delay 200
These warriors with my grief. Go, tell Æneas;
A hateful life, since Pallas I have lost,
Expecting an avenger I endure:
He owes it to the father and the son:
No other kindness to the wretched father
Is left for him or fortune: living joy
I seek not (that were folly,) but to Pallas
To carry news of vengeance down below.
Meanwhile the morn to wretched mortals brought
With gentle light renewal of their toil: 210
The pious Chief and Tarchon by the shore
Raise funeral pyres, as ancient rites ordain'd,
Imposing each the bodies of his friends;
The kindled greenwood crackles into blaze,
That mounting upward shoots into the sky
Its dusky fumes. The mourners, horse and foot,
Refulgent in habiliments of war,
March thrice their funeral round, with gaze intent

Upon the dismal splendour of the pile,
Drowning the earth with tears, and with their howls 220
Bewailing the departed; cries of men
And trumpet-clangors tear the cheeks of heaven:
Some scatter o'er the heap Laurentine spoil,
Bridles and crested morions, glittering swords
And glowing wheels; some offer to the dead
Their own familiar weapons, which they bore
In luckless battle; beeves and bristled swine,
And sheep, the plunder of the country round,
They slaughter o'er the flames; then all along
The melancholy shore they stand to watch 230
The smouldering relics and the umber'd flame,
Nor can be torn away, till humid night
Inverting shows the starry spangled pole.
Elsewhere the Latins for their slain erect
Innumerable pyres, some in the sod
Interring, on whose gory breast they lay,
Some to the city or the bordering lands
Transporting, to their kindred and their home;
The rest, an undistinguish'd carrion heap,
Without account or honour they consume: 240
Two days th' ascending pyramids of fire
Illume the devastation of the fields;
When the third morn had shed her rosy light,
The mingled bones and ashes they collect,
And cover with a tepid mound of earth.
  But in the palace of Latinus reigns
The loudest tumult and the deepest woe:
Matrons and wretched wives and orphan boys
And broken-hearted sisters curse the war
And fatal Daunian marriage; him they urge 250
To end the contest with his single arm,
Him the aspirant, whose ambition grasp'd
The sceptre and the realm of Italy;
Drances inflames their clamour, and with spite

Proclaims the challenge of the Dardan prince:
Yet want there not whose voices in dispute
Are loud for Turnus; military feats
And signal trophies plead in his behoof,
His faults are shaded by Amata's name.
Amid their bickerings and factious feuds 260
The legates from great Diomed return
With tidings of discomfort: all their pains
Were fruitless, lost their labour; gold nor gifts
Nor prayer avail'd them; elsewhere they must look
For succour, or for peace the Dardan sue.
A load of anguish on Latinus prest;
The Gods with admonition of their wrath,
The tombs before his eyes too plainly told,
Æneas was th' elect of destiny:
A high and solemn council he convenes; 270
The nobles at his mandate gathering
Flock to the gates and fill the palace hall;
There in the midst preeminent in age
And royal state, but with uneasy brow,
The Monarch sits; the envoys, what success,
What answer from th' Ætolian court they bring,
He orders to declare; and Venulus,
While all attend in silence, thus begins:
My countrymen, Tydides and the camp
Of Argives we have seen, surmounted all 280
The perils of the way, and touch'd the hand
Which Ilium overthrew. A royal city,
Named from his fatherland Argyripa,
On Iapygian soil by Gargan's mount
Victorious he was building: introduced,
And audience granted, we our gifts present,
Our name and country tell, our embassy
What motive urged, what nation were our foes;
He with attention heard and answer'd mild:
Ye happy denizens of Saturn's realm, 290

Ausonian ancient people, what disturbs
Your peaceful state, and drives ye into strife
With whom ye know not, or in what to end?
All we who ravaged Ilium with the sword,
(I name not those who perish'd by her walls
Or welter'd on the streams of Simois,)
Unutterable penalties have paid
O'er all the earth, atoning for our crime,
That Priam e'en might pity us. I call
Minerva's baneful star, Eubœan cliffs 300
To witness, and Caphareus' vengeful shore.
Long siege for distant exile we exchanged;
To Proteus' pillars Menelaus wander'd,
Ulysses to th' Ætnæan Cyclop's den:
What need of Neoptolemus to speak,
The broken household of Idomeneus,
Or men of Locris peopling Libyan wilds?
Imperial Agamemnon, even him,
The leader of confederated Greece,
His consort murder'd on his threshold's verge, 310
And Asia's mighty victor, all his greatness
Sapp'd by a vile adulterer hath fallen.
Me to my spouse and pleasant Calydon
The Powers Olympian envied to restore,
E'en now terrific prodigies pursue;
My comrades torn from fellowship of man
Wander on wings beneath the open sky,
Screaming their story to the rocks and floods:
All, all to be expected from the time
When heavenly bodies madly I assail'd 320
And outraged lovely Venus with a wound.
Oh, urge me not to such a fight again!
Since Ilium's fall I war not with her sons,
Nor past misfortunes I recall with joy.
The gifts ye bring me from your native land
Give to Æneas. Hand to hand with him

Antagonist I stood, and I can speak,
For I have felt, how mighty o'er the shield
He rises, how he whirls the lightning spear.
Two more such men had Ida's land possest, 330
The Dardan 'gainst the walls of Inachus
Had march'd, and Argos met the fate of Troy.
Whate'er resistance in that stubborn siege
For ten long years our victory withstood,
To Hector and Æneas all was due;
For military prowess both renown'd,
Æneas in his piety more blest.
Then make what peace ye can; but oh, beware
Of meeting him in arms! Thus, honour'd King,
The answer of Tydides thou hast heard, 340
And his opinion of this arduous war.
He ceas'd: a multifarious clamour rose
From all th' assembly, as when rocks delay
A torrent flood, imprison'd waters roar,
And banks remurmur to the fretful surge:
At length the tumult and the buzz of tongues
Were hush'd; and king Latinus from his throne,
Invoking first the Gods, his thoughts declared:
Ye Peers of Latium, had I but resolv'd
On earlier measures for the public weal, 350
It had (methinks) been wiser than to call
A council now, when foes besiege the town.
Disastrous war and desperate we wage
Against a heaven-born race, unconquer'd people,
Whom battle never wearies, nor defeat
Can teach submission. In Ætolian aid
If once ye nourish'd hope, dismiss it now;
All hope is in yourselves; how scanty this,
I need not mind ye, when on every side
Panic and ruin and affliction huge 360
Your eyes behold. And no man I upbraid:
What valour could accomplish hath been done;

With all the kingdom's power have we contended:
But to what counsel my considerate thoughts
Incline me, listen while in brief I show.
An ancient tract of land far westward lies,
Beside the Tuscan river, and beyond
Sicanian boundaries: 'tis my domain;
Auruncans and Rutulians till the soil,
Ploughing the hilly slopes, whose roughest ground 370
Their herds depasture. All this territory
And piny mountain region let us cede
In friendship to the Trojans, and with them
Make terms of equal peace, inviting them
To share our kingdom; such if they desire,
Here they may settle and their city found:
But would they rather hence to other realms
And other people migrate, let us build
Full twenty gallies, if they need it, more,
Of Latin timber; by the stream it grows 380
Plenteous; the size and number of the ships
They shall prescribe; brass, labour, naval stores,
By us be furnish'd. Envoys let us choose,
A hundred of our chief nobility,
To bear our message and the peace confirm:
The olive let them carry in their hand,
And gifts from us of ivory and gold,
The ensigns of our state, our regal chair
And purple robe. Ye have what I advise:
Consult ye all, and save the sinking land. 390
Then Drances, deadly foe to Turnus, rose,
By envy of his fame to rancour stung:
A citizen of ample wealth was he,
Bold in the strife of words, tho' in the field
Demeaning him but coldly; much he sway'd
By policy approved, by faction more,
The public measures; on the mother's side
Of birth illustrious, on the sire's obscure:

Who now on Turnus foul reproaches threw:
My gracious liege, thy counsel plain to all 400
Lacks not my voice: what public weal requires,
All men confess to know, but fear to speak.
Let him abate his arrogance, and grant
Free liberty of tongue, thro' whose vain pride
And inauspicious conduct (speak I will
For all his haughty looks and threats of vengeance)
The mighty of our chivalry are fallen,
And all our city and our fatherland
In sorrow drown'd, whilst he the Trojan camp
To storm pretending, terrifying heaven 410
With noise of arms, seeks safety in his heels.
Thou best of princes, oh, let all the gifts
Thy bounty on the Dardan would bestow,
All the fair words thy courtesy would send,
Be crown'd with one thing more; and be deterr'd
By no man's violence, but to a hero
Worthy to be thine heir the royal maid
In spousal join, and make a lasting league.
If such a spell of fear hangs over ye,
Let me implore of this imperious man 420
That to a king and people he concede
The privilege of dealing with their own.
Why thus imperil and aggrieve our state,
Thou origin and source of all these evils?
The war is hopeless, and our wish for peace,
Peace, with its only certain guaranty;
For this are all petitioners to thee,
And I the foremost, whom thou deem'st thy foe,
(Nor I disown the name,) a suppliant come:
Quell thy proud spirit, Turnus; from the strife 430
Worsted retire, and spare thy countrymen.
Enow have they beheld of battles lost,
Depopulated towns and bleeding plains;
Yet if thy bravery must needs achieve

The meed of honour and a kingdom's dower,
Be bold to meet thy rival breast to breast.
Must we, to win a royal bride for Turnus,
Give our ignoble lives, and strew the plain
A worthless crowd unburied and unmourn'd?
If thou hast any spark of native worth, 440
Of that which makes the hero and the soldier,
Go, face the man who summons thee to arms.
  The wrath of Turnus kindled at these words;
He gave a groan, and all his heart outpour'd:
Drances, thy speech runs ever fluently,
When war hath need of hands; and still the first
In council thou appear'st, tho' little boot
The lofty-sounding words, that from thy mouth
Fly safely, whilst the enemy and us
Tall ramparts and a bloodless trench divide. 450
Then thunder with thy wonted eloquence,
And me with cowardice thou, Drances, charge,
Whose arm so many trophies hath achieved
And made such hills of slain! Wouldst thou assay
The mettle of thy valour? 'tis not far
To seek the foes; our city they surround.
Come, shall we forth to find the danger out?
Why laggeth Drances? or doth all his courage
Lie in a windy tongue and dastard feet?
I worsted? Miscreant! Who can prove me so? 460
Who dares to breathe the slander? Let him look
At Tyber streaming with the blood of Troy,
Evander's ruin'd house and blasted hopes,
Arcadia's battle put to rout and shame.
Not so great Pandarus and Bitias found,
And thousand others, whom in one brief day
Enclosed within their walls I sent to Orcus.
The war is hopeless! Preach thy brainsick follies
To Dardan ears and to thine own cabal;
Spread terror and confusion, magnify 470

The prowess of a people twice subdued,
Disparage King Latinus and his power.
Now Myrmidons at Phrygian valour tremble,
Tydides and Achilles are dismay'd,
And Aufidus flies back from Adria's tide.
The cunning malice that would feign alarm
At the expression of his calumny,
Envenoming the sting with show of fear!
Thy fears are idle; never shalt thou lose
Thy precious life by me; no, keep it still 480
An inmate of that breast! And now, great father,
To thee and to thy project I return;
If trust thou puttest in our arms no more,
If we are so forlorn, that, one field lost,
All else be lost and ne'er to be retrieved,
Submission tender we and sue for peace:
Yet oh, were ancient worth not all extinct,
Magnanimous and in affliction blest
Him would I deem, who, sooner than behold
This last dishonour, once for all would choose 490
To bite the ground and perish by the sword.
But if new levies, warlike youth intact,
And succour of Italian towns remain;
If Troy hath dearly purchas'd what she won,
Her losses equal ours, and over all
The tempest roll'd alike; why basely falter
On the first threshold of our enterprise?
Why tremble ere the trumpet's blast be heard?
Time and the hour can work us many a change;
Delusive fortune shifts from side to side, 500
And only casts us down to raise again.
Th' Ætolian prince will fight not in our cause;
Yet will Messapus, and (auspicious name)
Tolumnius, and a host of brave allies;
The Latins and Laurentines keep the field,
And nobly will exalt their country's fame;

Camilla from the Volsce brings mighty aid,
A power of horse and brazen glittering bands:
Yet if to single combat I am call'd,
If Troy demands it, and your voice approves, 510
And I remain sole obstacle to peace,
This arm is not to victory so unknown,
That aught I would refuse for hope so high
To venture; I will forth, and dare to meet
This champion; tho' Achilles he excel
And sheath him in the like Vulcanian arms,
I Turnus, whose progenitors ye know,
Second to none in titles of renown,
To you and to the father of my bride
Devote my life. Æneas challenges? 520
Heaven grant he may! Nor Drances in my stead,
Be't death or glory which the Gods design,
Their wrath shall expiate or their bounty win.
While thus debate to warm contention grew,
Æneas from the Teucrian camp had led
His files of battle: tidings of their march
A breathless message carried to the King,
And bustling rumour thro' the city spread
Painting with terrors; up from Tyber's vale
The banded powers of Tuscany and Troy 530
Were moving, an innumerable host,
Their flags and ensigns floating o'er the land:
The rabble crowd were struck with blank dismay,
The brave to warlike passion were arous'd;
To arms, to arms! from many a youthful lip
Resounded, while the elders wept, or stood
In moody silence: then from street to street
Dissentious clamour rose; as oft when birds
Settle in flocks upon some lofty grove,
Or cygnets on Padusa's fishy pool 540
Plunging and screaming deafen all the shore.
Turnus the moment seiz'd: 'Tis well! sit here

In conclave, citizens, declaim on peace,
While the invader's foot profanes your soil!
He spake disdainful, and the lofty hall
Abruptly quitting issued his commands:
Go, Volusus, and bid the Volscians arm,
Draw to their colours the Rutulian bands;
Messapus o'er the plain spread out his wings
Of horsemen, Coras and Catillus theirs; 550
Some the approaches guard, and man the towers;
The rest, as I shall order, march with me.
From all the city to the walls was run:
Latinus, (for the tide was grown too strong
For peaceful counsels or controlling sway,)
Push'd from his great design, dismiss'd the peers,
And sorely rues the folly which delay'd
The Dardan to receive as guest and son.
A press of hands are busy at the gates,
Sinking the trench or carrying stake and stone; 560
The brazen trumpet speaks the breath of war;
Matrons and boys upon the ramparts climb;
None can be idle in that trying hour.
The Queen with offerings to Minerva's fane,
Her dames in long procession following, rides:
The fair Lavinia, cause of all their woe,
Sits pensive at her side with eyes deject;
Arriving at the rock and lofty dome,
In supplication at the porch they stand,
And while the clouds of fragrant incense roll, 570
Groans mixt with prayer in saddest accents rise:
Armipotent, Tritonian Virgin, hear us!
Break with thine hand the Phrygian robber's lance,
Strike, hurl him headlong bleeding at our gates!
Turnus with ardour girds him for the field;
His buskins and his cuirass fitted on,
Horrent in brazen scales and gold he stands;
The sheathed falchion from the baldric hung;

His head uncover'd yet; accouter'd thus
As down from the acropolis he ran, 580
The sunlit armour shed a golden gleam,
His heart was buoyant, and his eager eye
Flashing as if in the presence of the foe:
Thus, when a steed hath broken from the stall
And gain'd his freedom o'er the fields to range,
Impatient to rejoin the pastures green
And herd of mares, or in th' accustom'd stream
His limbs to plunge, he tosses up his neck,
He neighs, he prances, rampant with delight,
His mane redundant o'er the shoulder plays. 590
Just as he reach'd the gates, the Volscian queen
Advancing with her gallant squadron rode,
And gracefully alighting (after whom
Each horseman to his feet dismounting sprang,)
Thus without preface she accosts the Chief:
Turnus, if confidence becomes the brave,
I promise, as I dare, to meet the war,
Alone I will assail th' Etrurian horse:
Leave the first venture of the field to me,
Thou with the foot remain, and guard the walls. 600
Pride of Italia! Turnus thus replied,
Fixing his eyes upon the martial maid:
What thanks thy generous ardour can repay?
I know that lofty soul, the breath of praise
As little heeding as the sound of fear:
But let me share thy toils. The wily Dardan
(So fame avouches and our spies confirm)
Hath sent light horsemen out to scour the plains,
While o'er the unfrequented hilly tract
His march upon the capital he bends: 610
I mean, where he must thread the mountain pass,
Its woody height with ambush to belay;
Wait thou the Tuscan horse, and give them check;
Messapus will be with thee, and the aid

Of brave Tiburtus, and the Latin power;
The joint command be thine. So spake the Chief,
Then with like words Messapus and the rest
Exhorting urged, and took his purpos'd way.
A valley form'd for stratagem and snare
Wound thro' the lofty hills, by shelving woods 620
Enclosed on either side; th' approach is dark,
Narrow the gorge and intricate with thorn;
Unseen upon the cliff is level ground,
Position for attack and safe retreat
Affording, whether on the flanks of march
A sudden onset ye design to pour,
Or rocky fragments from the top to roll:
Hither by well-known paths the Chieftain sped,
And took his crafty station on the hill.
Meanwhile in regions of the upper air 630
Latonia, calling from her virgin train
The fleet-wing'd Opis, thus her inward grief
Unburthen'd: Look, dear Opis; ah, what pity!
Camilla to a cruel war hath gone,
In vain protected by our sylvan arms;
Best loved of maidens, whom no sudden choice
Or new-born fancy to my soul endears:
Her father Metabus an angry people
Impatient of his tyranny dethroned,
And drove him from Privernum's ancient walls; 640
He flying from their rage an infant daughter
The sole companion of his exile bore,
Camilla calling her, the mother's name,
Casmilla, varying; to his bosom close
He laid the burden, and away he hies
Toward the lone mountains; hard upon his track
Were Volscian troopers hunting him to death,
And lo, the frothy floods of Amasene
Swollen above their banks with stormy rain
'pposed his passage; he was fain to swim, 650

But dared not, fearing for his precious charge,
And turning every scheme, on this at length
In the last moment of distress resolv'd:
Fast to the middle of a knotty spear,
(His own stout weapon of well-season'd oak)
He bound the infant handy for his throw,
With ligament of sylvan cork secure,
Then pois'd the shaft, addressing prayer to me:
Latonian Virgin, lover of the groves,
To thee a father dedicates his child; 660
This thy first weapon carrying thro' the air
She flies imploring refuge: Goddess kind,
Receive thine handmaid, to the doubtful winds
Committed now! With all his might and main
He hurl'd the missile; loud the billows roar'd,
As with the infant life upon its wing
Bridging the rapid Amasene it flew:
And soon the fell pursuers were at hand,
But Metabus had plunged into the stream,
And joyfully from out the grassy bank 670
The spear and maid, his gift to Trivia, rais'd:
No cities lent the shelter of their roofs
Nor oped their portals to the outcast man;
His nature fierce and rude had brook'd no laws;
A shepherd's life in mountain solitudes
Amid the lairs of savage beasts he pass'd,
And with the milk of mares his daughter fed
Squeezing the dugs into her tender lips:
No sooner on the ground she firmly trod
Than with a dart he fill'd her little palm, 680
A bow and quiver on her shoulders hung;
Nor flowing robe he gave, nor golden band
To tie her locks withal, but, stead of these,
A tiger-skin fell loosely to her feet:
Nor stood her weapons idle; soon she 'gan
To throw the javelin and to whirl the sling,

To strike the flying quarry from afar,
Bring down the cygnet or Strymonian crane:
Etrurian mothers woo'd her for their sons,
And woo'd in vain; Camilla true to me, 690
Unsoil'd with other passion, is content
Her armour and her maidenhood to love.
Would that her martial fire had ne'er been kindled
Against the unoffending race of Troy;
A favourite nymph of Dian she had been:
But since the fates are urgent for her fall,
Glide, Opis, from the sky to Latium's field,
Where evil-omen'd battle is begun;
Take these; from out the quiver draw thine arrow,
And who shall dare her sacred limbs to wound, 700
Be't Trojan or Italian, let his blood
The forfeit pay: the rest shall be my care,
The hapless maiden in a hollow cloud
Unspoil'd with all her arms to bear away
And lay her in her country's tomb to rest.
Thus bidden, Opis in a whirlwind wrapt
Sped thro' the air and sounded as she flew.
Meanwhile the bands of horsemen, those of Troy,
And squadrons of Etruria, ranged for fight,
Approach Laurentum's wall; each charger neighing, 710
And struggling with the tighten'd rein, his head
Tossing from side to side; the field all iron
Bristles with spears, and casts a blaze on high
Of glittering armour. Opposite in view
Messapus and the Latin host advance,
Catillus, Coras, and the Volscian wing.
And now protended spears and javelins pois'd
In deadly preparation give the sign
Of instant battle; in the lessening space
Louder and fiercer horse and man come on. 720
Yet within javelin's throw the adverse hosts
A moment halted, then from every rank

The cheer of onset bursts, their iron showers
Pour in the midst and intercept the sky:
Tyrrhenus and Aconteus, lance in hand,
Met full careering; dreadful was the sound
Of conflict, and the shock of rushing steeds
Breast against breast; Aconteus, like a stone
Shot from a brazen catapult, his life
Blown into middle air, at distance falls; 730
A panic seiz'd the Latins, all in haste
They turn to flight, their targes thrown behind;
The Trojans with Asylas at their head
Far as the gates pursue, the Latins there
Wheel sharply round and raise the battle-cry,
The Trojans flying give their steeds the rein:
As when alternate tides now roll to land,
Splashing the rocks and with their sinuous flow
Laving the farthest sand; now to their depths
As fast retiring, sucking back the stones, 740
The crowding waves and tripping shallows fly:
Twice the Rutulians to their ramparts chased
Twice on the Phrygians turn the tide of war.
But when, a third time charging, all were lock'd
In murderous embrace, man singling man,
Long was the struggle, horse and rider both
Were rolling on the field, on every side
It bled with carnage and it groan'd with death:
Orsilochus had smitten on the ear
With coward lance the steed of Remulus, 750
The master's valour fearing to provoke;
The steed curvetting furious with the smart
Shook Remulus to earth; beside him lay,
Gored by the steel of the Tiburtian chief,
Iolas and Herminius the strong,
In limbs not stronger than in spirit brave,
Whose auburn locks unhelmetted were shown,
As fearless to the battle he exposed

His ample bulk; but by a thrillant spear
Pierced thro' the neck and double-bent with pain 760
He falls; the carnage thickens all around,
Men rush on wounds and strive for glorious death.
  Exulting in the midst the Volscian maid,
One breast exerted for the combat, rides,
And now she hurls her javelins, now untired
A ponderous halberd snatches; Dian's bow
And rattling shafts upon her shoulders hang,
Which even in repulse her vengeance deal,
Quelling the victor's courage as she flies:
Larina, Tulla, skirmish at her side, 770
Tarpeia with a brazen axe attends,
Italian nymphs, her chosen ministers
In peace and war, her glory and her pride;
Like Amazons of Thrace, when mustering round
Hippolyte's proud banners, glittering all
In painted arms and brilliant in array,
Thermodon echoes to their tread of war,
Or when Penthesilea chariot-drawn
Returns in triumph, and the female host
Raise their wild cry and clash their moony shields. 780
  Whom first, whom last didst thou, dread Virgin, smite?
What numbers on that field of slaughter strew?
Eunæus first, whose bosom to the blow
Thy piny shaft found open; he unhors'd
Vomits a river of blood, and in death-pang
Bites the red dust and welters on his wound:
Next Pagasus and Liris; one, while thrown
Over his wounded horse he grasps the rein,
The other, as he lends th' unarmed hand
Stooping to save his falling comrade, both 790
Link'd in one ruin at thy feet expire:
Amastrus next was added to the slain;
Demophoon and Chromis in dismay
Broke from the ring of battle, whom in flight

With Tereus and Harpalycus thou drov'st
Before thee with thy long uplifted lance;
For every dart that issued from thy hand
A Phrygian horseman fell. Behold, in guise
Unseemly like a forester attired,
Not like a warrior, Ornytus was borne 800
Bestriding an Apulian lofty steed,
An oxhide on his ample shoulder thrown;
A wolf's capacious cheeks and grinning jaw
Serv'd for a helmet, in his hand he shakes
A rustic pike, as midmost of his troop
He rides impetuous, towering over all;
Him, for his troop dispers'd at her approach,
The maid surprising with a lance's thrust
Shouts with insulting clamour in his ear:
Etruscan, cam'st thou on a hunting bout 810
To kill thy savage game? A woman here
Another lesson teaches thee: but hence,
And tell thy fathers ('tis no vulgar boast),
Camilla's arm dismiss'd thee to the shades.
Orsilochus advanced, a Teucrian he
Of bulky limbs, with Butes at his side,
Nor shunn'd Camilla their united rage;
Butes with adverse javelin, where his neck
Between the cuirass and the helmet shone,
Eluding the dependent shield, she smote; 820
His comrade mocking with pretended flight,
And wheeling in a circle, round she turns
Pursuing the pursuer, and with axe
Uplifted him entreating her for life
Strikes, and repeats the stroke; her sturdy blade
Thro' helm and skull resistless forced its way,
The warm brain scatter'd all his cheek besmears.
A son of Aunus charging o'er the field,
Ere he was ware within her peril brought,
Just opposite the maiden check'd his rein, 830

Appall'd by her majestic amenance,
Not daring to attack, too near to fly:
A chieftain of the Apennine was he,
Not least among Ligurians, while on fraud
Th' indulgent fates permitted him to thrive:
Now (for the fearful moment was at hand,
Nor safety but in stratagem he saw,)
What honour this?—cries he—if woman-like
Thou trustest in thy steed? Abandon flight,
Venture on foot and even ground with me, 840
Then see whom fickle glory will prefer!
Incens'd with high disdain Camilla gives
The steed to her companion, leaping down
And offering equal battle on the plain
With naked glaive and unadorned shield;
The artful coward weening to have 'scaped
His bridle turns and gallops hard away,
Goading the courser with his iron heel:
Thou fool of a Ligurian, puff'd with pride,
'Tis useless thine hereditary tricks 850
To practise; never to the wily Aunus
Shall they restore thee living! Saying this,
The fiery-footed Amazon in chase
Outruns the flying steed, and grasps the rein,
And turning on the recreant face to face
Appeases with his life-blood her revenge.
Thus when a sacred falcon hath with ease
Pounced on a dove and stopt her cloudy course,
He gripes her in his claws and tears her flesh,
Down rains the plumage with a shower of blood. 860
But not with heedless eye th' Olympian King
Sitting in highest heaven the scene survey'd;
Etrurian Tarchon's valour he inflames,
And stimulates to feats of warlike rage:
Amid the rout of his disorder'd files
Rides Tarchon, every soldier calls by name,

Rallies their courage and rebukes their fear:
Shame, soldiers of Etruria! will ye never
Arouse from this dishonourable sloth?
What terror hath unnerv'd ye? lo, a woman 870
Discomfits and disperses all your host.
Why cumber then your hands with sword and spear?
No laggards at the midnight wars of Venus,
Or when the flute of Bacchus calls the dance
And festive cheer invites and flowing wine;
This is your joy, to wait th' auspicious hour,
When sacrifice the augur will announce,
And the plump victim summon to the grove.
  So saying, in the clustering battle rush'd
Th' Etrurian chief, and desperate of his life 880
With Venulus in strange encounter closed,
Tearing him sheer from off the courser's back,
And violently bearing him away
Clipping him to his breast: a pealing shout
Rose to the vault of heaven, and all at gaze
Stood the Laurentines, while their daring foe
Swept with his armed prisoner o'er the plain:
He breaking off the lance's iron head
Explores with fell intent th' uncover'd parts,
An opening for the mortal stroke to find, 890
While Venulus with equal force resists,
Defending from his throat the murderous hand.
As when an eagle snatches up in air
A serpent, fastening with his talons round;
The wounded snake in many a spiral fold
Writhes with her bristling scales and hissing mouth
Insurgent; rends the eagle with his beak
The struggling prey, and pinion-flaps the wind:
Thus from the midst of the Tiburtian line
Exulting Tarchon bears his captive prize; 900
The Lydians by their chief's example fired
With new incursions animate the war.

Then Aruns (for his destin'd hour was come)
Round the swift Virgin hovers, dart in hand,
At cautious distance, spying where to catch
A favouring chance of fortune; wheresoe'er
The storm of her impetuous onset rolls,
There doggedly he follows in her track;
When flush'd with conquest she retires to breathe,
Towards her in haste he bends his crafty rein, 910
Now this approach, now that, with stern resolve
Persisting tries, and shakes his deadly spear.
It happ'd, the Phrygian Chloreus (thus was hight
A votary, once a priest, of Cybele)
His foaming steed was pricking in her view;
The charger a defensive cuirass wore
With plume-like scales of brass; in gay attire
Magnificently deck'd the rider shone;
His bow was Lycian, Cretan were the shafts
That rattled on his shoulder, golden bright 920
His burgonet; and proudly he display'd
A saffron scarf, whose linen rustling folds
A golden knot comprest, barbaric hose,
A tunic richly broider'd, and a robe
Inpurpled with the deepest Tyrian dye:
Camilla, whether on the temple-porch
Those gaudy trophies purposing to hang
Or deck her as a huntress in the spoil,
Marks for her prize the glittering cavalier,
Him singling, him alone of all the field 930
Incautiously and blindly thro' the ranks
With woman's love of booty she pursues:
'Twas opportune for her insidious foe,
And Aruns for the stealthy javelin's cast
Prepares him, calling first celestial aid:
Apollo, guardian of Soracte's height,
To us of all divinities the prime,
For whom ascends aloft the piny blaze,

Whose worshippers in piety secure
Pass thro' the flame and tread the burning coal; 940
Hear me, great Father; give me to retrieve
Etruria's foul dishonour with my lance;
Nor spoil nor trophy of the vanquish'd maid
Nor prize of war I covet; other deeds
Shall make my name illustrious; grant me only
To rid the field of yon destructive pest,
And willing I return inglorious home!
Apollo heard the prayer, and in resolve
A part concedes, part scatters to the wind:
Camilla with a sudden mortal aim 950
To smite he grants, refuses a return,
And winds disperse the wish in empty air:
Immediate, as the hurtling weapon flew,
Turn'd to their princess every Volscian eye
In mute alarm; Camilla nor the spear
Nor whizzing sound nor wind of its approach
Regarded, till beneath her naked pap
Descending deep it drank her virgin blood;
Th' attendant maidens flocking to her aid
Support their falling queen, while Aruns wild 960
With fear and joy precipitately flies,
Not daring to pursue his lucky chance
Or meet the Virgin's ire: as when a wolf
Hath slain the shepherd or some stately bull,
And, ere avenging swains are on his quest,
Scared by his own audacity, with tail
Under the belly cowering, hies away
To dark concealment in the mountain glen;
Thus Aruns out of sight in terror fled
Content to 'scape, and mingled with the crowd. 970
Camilla from her side the javelin pulls,
But cleaving to the wound within her bones
The barb remains; and now the purple hue
Hath vanish'd from her cheek, and sinking faint

With countenance ashy-pale and death-cold eye
To Acca, the companion of her youth,
Her trusty friend and partner of her cares,
Scarce utterance to her dying wish she gave:
Sister, I can no more; my bitter wound
Consumes me, darkness blackens all around: 980
Fly, my beloved Acca, bear to Turnus
My last command, to bring his succouring power
And chase th' assaulting Trojan from the walls:
And now farewell! With that she quits the rein,
Down drooping, shivering in the chill of death;
The neck falls powerless, the head reclines,
Body and life must part; she loos'd her shield,
Gave a last groan, and forth the spirit flew.
Then rose a cry that smote the golden stars,
And hotter wax'd the fight, Camilla slain, 990
The Teucrians rushing on in thick array,
Etrurian leaders and Arcadian wings.
But Opis, all this while at Cynthia's hest
From the commanding prospect of a hill
Spectatress of the battle, when amidst
The fray of shouting horsemen she beheld
The dire fulfilment of Camilla's doom,
Forbore not from a groan, and words of grief
Thus from the bottom of her heart gush'd forth:
Cruel, too cruel is the punishment, 1000
Dear virgin, for thine enterprise of war
Against the Teucrians, nor avails thee aught
Diana's nymph in forests to have dwelt
And borne our sylvan bow upon thy shoulders:
Yet Cynthia's love remembers thee in death;
Fame to the nations of the earth shall tell
Of this thy fall; 'twas glorious, 'twas avenged:
Whoe'er thy flesh hath outraged with a wound,
Shall pay the price and die as he deserves!
Under the hill a monument there stood 1010

Of old Dercennus, a Laurentian king,
An earthy pile with shading hollies dark:
Here Opis, with a motion swift as thought
Alighting on the summit of the mound,
View'd where in glittering arms the victor sat
With pride elate: Why sneakest thou away?
Turn, coward, for the stroke thou canst not shun,
Take for Camilla's death thy just reward
From Cynthia's bow; too good a fate for thee!
She said, and from the quiver drawing forth 1020
Her instrument of vengeance, bends the horn
Stretching and stretching, till the distant ends
In contact, and her hands in line she brings,
The barbed iron touching with the left,
Her bosom with the dexter and the string:
Leapt the keen arrow from the twanging bow
Athirst for blood of Aruns; all at once
He heard the sound and felt it in his heart.
Him stretcht upon the dusty field unknown,
Groaning his last, oblivious comrades leave; 1030
Opis on rapid wing ascends the sky.
First fled Camilla's troop, their princess lost,
Atinas next and the Rutulian bands;
Ranks broken, scatter'd leaders, turning rein,
Dash for the city spurring for their lives,
Chased by the ruthless Teucrians, not a man
With heart to rally or to raise the sword;
Behind their weary backs the bows hang loose,
Their steeds with heavy trample shake the ground;
Before them to the city clouds of dust 1040
Roll darkly; matrons from the battlements
Beholding beat their breasts and shriek to heaven;
The foremost flyers at the open gates
In bursting 'scape not thus; pursuit and flight
Together throng; within their very walls,

On the safe ground and threshold of their homes,
Unhappy wretches broach'd on Teucrian spears
With grisly wounds expire: a cruel few
Closing the port of entrance 'gainst their friends,
Forgetting all their pity in their fears, 1050
A woful carnage follow'd, these with arms
Barring approach, those rushing on the steel,
And piteous wail of parents, as their sons
In the steep fosses driven from behind
In rout and ruin plunge, or on the gates,
Reckless of bar and bolt that stop the way,
Their unrein'd steeds (a fearful battery) drive.
The matrons all inspired with patriot zeal
(Who that had seen Camilla could be slack?)
Hurl missiles from the ramparts, club and stave 1060
And flaming firebrand imitating steel;
The weakest now the foremost, on the edge
Of grim destruction for their walls they stand.
  Meanwhile to Turnus was the cruel news
By Acca brought, that fill'd him with dismay;
The Volscians overthrown, Camilla slain,
The foes in full career of victory,
The capital besieged by flight and fear:
He full of rage (so adverse Jove decreed)
Forsakes his ambush on the woody steep; 1070
Yet scarce had reach'd the champaign out of view,
Ere to the woods Æneas wound his way,
Threaded the deep defile, and climbed the hill:
Both with their whole battalias to the town
March at full speed, nor long the space between;
At once Æneas thro' the dusty cloud
Had prospect of his rival's dense array,
And Turnus view'd the Teucrian numbers, heard
The tramp of infantry and breath of steeds:
Nor had they now forborne to try the chance 1080

Of final battle; but the weary sun
(His chariot dipt beneath Iberian waves)
Gave sign of parting day: before the town
Their camps they pitch, and round the wall repose.

ÆNEID XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus resolves to decide the war by single combat, and, in spite of the urgent entreaties of Latinus and his Queen, sends a challenge to Æneas; which being accepted, the conditions are arranged, and the lists prepared. Juturna, a Water-Nymph, and Sister of Turnus, at the instigation of Juno, stirs up the Rutulians to violate the treaty. Æneas is treacherously wounded, and forced to retire. A general battle ensues, in which Turnus prevails, until Æneas, miraculously cured, returns to the field. Juturna contrives for some time to keep her Brother at a distance from Æneas; but at length, hearing that the Trojans had assaulted the town, he hastens to its relief, and joins battle with his rival. The fight is described at great length, and with various incidents. During its progress, Jupiter strictly charges Juno to desist from all further interference; and reconciles her to the triumph of the Trojan race, by the assurance that their name and language shall be lost in those of Latium, that the Roman nation will be formed by the blending together of the two people, and that she herself will hereafter be the special object of devotion at Rome. Turnus, wounded and struck to the ground, prays for mercy; but Æneas, though at first inclined to grant it, is exasperated at seeing the belt of Pallas on the shoulder of his enemy. The death of Turnus terminates the poem. All further impediment to a general peace is removed by the death of Queen Amata, who, on the first news of the town being assaulted, had hanged herself in despair. Æneas, according to the received tradition, marries the daughter of Latinus, and builds a capital city, which, after his bride, is called Lavinium.

Amid the consternation of his camp
Unterrified the Daunian chieftain stood;
His promise challenged, and himself the mark
Of louring looks and murmurs when he saw,

His spirit mounting with th' occasion breathes
No thought but of defiance: as when oft
A wounded lion on the hunter turns,
Breaks with his teeth the javelin, rears his mane,
And shakes the Punic forest with his roar;
Not with less rage the Daunian's bosom burn'd, 10
And thus the tumult of his wrath outbroke
To king Latinus: Never in resolve
Hath Turnus falter'd: would the dastard foe
Retract his challenge or the terms refuse?
Forbid it heaven! I meet him! Thou, my father,
The sacrifice prepare, the compact draw:
Or I this Dardan, Asia's runaway,
Will send to Tartarus; the Latin host
Shall sit spectators, while my sword wipes out
The land's dishonour; or as conquering lord 20
Receive him, and Lavinia be his prize!
To whom Latinus with composure mild:
Brave youth, the more thy courage overshoots
The vulgar mark, the more becomes it me
With forethought grave each adverse chance to weigh.
The Daunian kingdom is thine heritage,
And many captur'd cities own thy sway;
A share of wealth and wisdom hath Latinus;
Within Laurentum and the Latin realm
Are other maids of lineage not obscure: 30
Now hearken, whilst unpalatable truths
I speak without disguise. Lavinia's hand
That any of our native lords should win,
Seers, oracles forbade: yet I, o'ercome
By force of consanguinity and love
And tears of Queen Amata, broke my faith,
Snatcht from the stranger his affianced bride,
And levied impious war. What troubles thence
Have plagued me, what calamities, thou seest;
No easy pastime hath it been to thee; 40

In two great battles vanquish'd, in our walls
We scarce maintain the hopes of Italy;
Warm with our blood the streams of Tyber flow,
And plains immense are whiten'd with our bones:
Why weakly waver I and change my purpose?
If, Turnus falling, I accept the league,
Why, Turnus living, not renounce the quarrel?
And what will thy Rutulian kinsmen say,
What all th' Ausonian people, if to death
(Heaven falsify the omen!) I abandon 50
The suitor of my child? But oh, regard
The crosses and the accidents of war!
Pity thy parent, who in Ardea mourns
Divided from the solace of his age!
Pacific words he spake, but could not soothe
The Daunian chieftain's rage, which frets and fumes
The worse for medecining, and after pause
The current of his fiery thought pursues:
Urge me not, gracious father; lay aside
The kind concern thou takest for my safety, 60
And suffer me with death to purchase honour.
I bear a weapon strong and sharp as his;
Blood follows from the wound which Turnus deals;
No Goddess will be there to veil in clouds
Her coward son and vanish into shade.
The Queen affrighted by his new resolve
Wept for her chosen son, and in despair
His frantic ardour struggles to restrain:
Oh, by these tears, if still Amata's name
With reverence thou regardest, hear me, Turnus, 70
Thou my last refuge and remaining hope!
On thee the fortune of Latinus hangs,
Thou proppest up his house, his throne and empire!
Refuse me not this one, this only prayer:
Relinquish thy design to meet the Dardan!
Whate'er miscarriage in the field be thine,

Amata shares it; yes; with thee she quits
The hateful sunlight: never will I live
In thraldom to Æneas, nor behold
His forcible espousal of my child! 80
The fair Lavinia to her mother's words
With tears responded, while the bashful red
Glow'd on her cheek and mantled o'er her face;
Like ivory with sanguine purple stain'd
Or lilies blent with clusters of the rose,
So temper'd was the blushing maiden's hue:
On whom the warrior passionately fixt
His gaze of love, and burning all the more
For battle to Amata thus replied:
O mother, I beseech thee, not with tears, 90
Not with ill omen send me to the strife
Of homicidal Mars! No choice hath Turnus
To shun or to prolong his destiny.
Go, Idmon, to the Phrygian King from me
Bear this, no welcome message: When the morn
Shall lift her purple chariot in the east,
Let him not set in motion his array;
Rutulian arms and Trojan be at rest;
We with our lives the quarrel will decide;
In yonder plain Lavinia's hand be won. 100
He spake, and to his roof in haste withdrew;
Calls for the steeds, whom gladly he beholds
Before him neighing, steeds, a noble gift,
Which Orithyia to Pilumnus gave,
Whiter than snow, and swifter than the wind:
Prompt come the charioteers, and stroke their chests,
With words of praise, and comb their flowing manes:
He dons his shining breastplate rough with scales
Of orichalc and gold; his buckler next,
And crimson branching plumes; beside him girds 110
The sword, which Vulcan had for Daunus forged,
And dipp'd it hissing in the Stygian wave.

A spear, Auruncan Actor's noble spoil,
Which in the hall against a pillar leant,
He grasps, and while it quivers in his hand,
Exclaims aloud: Thou spear, which at my call
Didst never fail me yet, the hour is come:
Thee once great Actor held, now Turnus wields:
Oh, grant that I this girlish Phrygian lord
May strike to earth; his cuirass with strong arm 120
Let me tear off, and in the dust besmear
Those tresses wet with myrrh, with iron curl'd!
Such fury goads him; all his countenance
Sparkles inflamed, his eyes flash angry fire.
So, when a bull for combat first prepares,
Loud bellowings mark his rage; a tree's firm trunk
Butting, he tries the prowess of his horn,
Assails the wind with blows, and with his foot
(Prelude to battle) tosses up the sand.
Nor less Æneas, clad in heavenly arms, 130
To martial temper rouses him, rejoiced
The challenge to accept and end the war:
His friends and sad Iulus he consoles,
The fates expounding, to the Latin sends
His answer and conditions of the fight.
Scarce had the Morning sprinkled with her beams
The mountain-tops, what time the sun-steeds lift
Their nostrils breathing daylight from the wave;
Marshals of either host are measuring lists
For combat under high Laurentum's wall, 140
Their grassy altars to the common Gods
Erecting in the midst; attendants veil'd
With linen hoods, their brows with vervain wreath'd,
Carry the living water and the fire;
Out from the gates th' Ausonian legion pours
In dense array, Etruria's force and Troy's
Advancing opposite, in various arms
And military guise, as they were call'd

To hosting deadly; leaders thro' the ranks
Busily moving, deck'd in purple and gold, 150
Menestheus, offspring of Assaracus,
Asylas, warrior bold, and Neptune-born
Messapus, famed for menage of the steed:
All at a signal to their posts withdraw,
Fix spears in earth and lay the shield at rest;
Th' unarmed vulgar, aged men and dames,
In eagerness of haste to view the scene
Clamber the roofs of houses and the towers,
While others gathering to the portals throng.
Meanwhile upon a mount since Alban call'd, 160
Then nameless without honour or renown,
Saturnia stood, and thence the field, the hosts
Of Troy and Latium, and the city view'd:
Anon the heavenly Deity addrest
The Goddess of the lakes and sounding streams,
Sister of Turnus, whom th' Olympian Sire,
Requiting her for lost virginity,
Endow'd with life immortal: O thou pride
Of rivers, fondly cherish'd by my soul,
Of all Italian nymphs that ever mounted 170
Th' ungrateful bed of Jupiter, thou knowest,
I have distinguish'd thee, and grudged thee not
A place in heaven; but hearken to my words,
Juturna, learn thy grief, and blame not Juno:
While fate allow'd and fortune gave success,
For Turnus and Laurentum I have striven:
Now he is match'd against unequal powers,
His evil hour, his hapless doom is nigh:
This combat or the treaty to behold
Never mine eyes can bear: thou wretched sister, 180
Dar'st thou to save him by some bold device,
About it quickly; 'twere a sister's part;
Haply may fortune second thy despair.
Juturna fell to weeping at the news,

And smote her comely bosom with her hand:
No time is there for tears! Saturnia cried:
Haste, snatch thy brother, if thou canst, from death,
Stir up the war anew, the truce confound:
'Tis Juno bids thee! So the Nymph she urged,
Then left her in suspense and trouble sore. 190
  Latinus to the lists in solemn state
Four chariot-coursers draw; twelve golden rays
A glory shed around the kingly brow,
Expressive of his ancestor the Sun;
A milk-white pair convey the Daunian Prince,
Two broad-edged lances quivering in his hand;
Æneas, author of the Roman race,
Blazing with starry shield and heavenly arms,
And near him, second hope of mighty Rome,
Ascanius, from the Trojan tents advance; 200
And when the flamen in white livery clad
Has brought his offerings to the kindled hearth,
An unshorn lamb and youngling of a boar,
They turning to the orient sun their eyes
The salt meal sprinkle, mark with clipping steel
Each victim's forehead, on the altar pour
Their wine-libations; then the pious Chief,
Unscabbarding his sword, invokes the Gods:
I call the Sun to witness, and this Earth,
Which I have toil'd so patiently to win; 210
To thee, great Father, and Saturnian Juno,
Now more propitious, I address my prayer;
To Mars, who sways the battle by his will,
Fountains and Rivers, and the Sanctities
In heaven above or in the azure deep:
Should fortune favour Turnus in the fight,
The vanquish'd to Evander's walls retire,
Iulus quits the land, nor ever more
Shall Troy disturb it with aggressive arms;
Such be our compact. If to my good sword 220

Victory incline, as rather I presage
And pray for confirmation of my hopes,
Nor Latin I to Trojan will subject,
Nor sovereign lordship claim: the nations both
Unconquer'd shall cement with equal laws
A league eternal: I will 'stablish here
The old religion of my fatherland;
Latinus, parent of my bride, may still
His kingly title and his empire hold;
The Teucrians will for me a city build, 230
And fair Lavinia grace it with her name.
  Thus he; and after him, with eyes and hands
Devoutly rais'd to heaven, Latinus spake:
By the same powers, Æneas, by the Stars,
By Tellus and Oceanus I swear,
Latona's children twain and two-brow'd Janus,
The Manes and the realm of gloomy Dis,
And him whose thunder ratifies our peace:
I touch the altar, and invoke the fires
That blaze between us and impartial Gods: 240
This treaty giving peace to Italy,
Whatever chance befall, no time shall break;
No power shall change my purpose, not tho' earth
Be whelm'd in sea and deluge both confound,
Tho' heaven in fragments fall to Tartarus;
Sure as my sceptre (in his hand he then
A sceptre held) shall never shoot again
With spray or verdure, since that once for all
By steel 'twas sever'd from the parent trunk
And stript of leafy honours; then a bough, 250
Now by the clever artist sheath'd in brass
And fashion'd for Ausonian kings to wield!
  They with such mutual oaths the treaty bind
Before th' assembled chiefs of either host;
Then slaughtering their victims o'er the flame
Tear the warm flesh from off the quivering limbs,

And loaden chargers on the altar lay.
But the Rutulians had already deem'd
The match unequal, and within their hearts
New thoughts were stirring; nor on nearer view 260
Less plain the disadvantage they descried,
As Turnus to the altar stepping slow
With silent reverence touch'd the sacred verge,
With downcast look and pallid sunken cheek:
Unmark'd not of Juturna was the talk
And sullen humour of the fickle crowd;
Clothing her in Camertes' noble form,
(A son of warlike ancestors was he,
Inheriting their virtue and renown,)
In his resemblance mingling with the troops 270
Among them she dispers'd her artful words:
Feel ye no shame, Rutulians, to expose
A single life for such a numerous host?
In strength or number are we overmatch'd?
Etruria's force and Troy's, ye see it there,
And all th' Arcadian: battle if we join,
Scarce every second man will meet his foe:
Our champion to the Gods, upon whose altars
His life he offers, will exalt his fame,
And live immortal in the mouths of men; 280
We, who sit idle here, must lose our country,
And bend to an imperious master's yoke.
She with such words the general discontent
Inflamed, and thro' the lines a murmur ran;
The Latins and Laurentians, who but late
Were praying for deliverance and repose,
Now call for arms and wish the peace unmade,
Deploring Turnus and his hapless fate.
Th' occasion to improve, Juturna show'd
A sign in air, a likelier could be none 290
Delusive hope in Latin breasts to rouse;
An eagle from their waters had alarm'd

A noisy flock of fowl, and on the wing
Was hovering o'er them, suddenly he stoop'd
And in his talons truss'd a noble swan
In view of all th' Italians; but their gaze
A marvel soon arrests; the birds from flight
With clamour turning, rising in a cloud
And darkening ether with their mass of plumes,
Assail the kingly ravisher, till whelm'd 300
By all their weight and pressure in the flood
He dropt his prey, and soar'd into the clouds:
The Latins toss their hands and raise a shout
In salutation of the augury:
My prayer is heard! the seer Tolumnius cried:
Thanksgiving for the signal! grasp your arms
And follow me, ye miserable men,
Whom now the fell invader panic-strikes
Like helpless birds, and desolates your land:
Soon shall he spread his canvass far away: 310
Close up your ranks, and all with one accord
Rush to the rescue of your native king!
  He running at the foes a javelin hurl'd,
Which hissing on his treacherous errand flew;
At the same instant rose a startling cry,
A tumult and a stir along the ranks:
Nine gallant brothers opposite there stood,
Whom to Gylippus her Arcadian spouse
A Tuscan mother bore; of these a youth
Distinguish'd by his mien and brilliant arms 320
The cornel struck, and piercing thro' his ribs,
Just where a clasp constrain'd the sutile belt
And prest the stomach, stretcht him on the sand:
His band of brothers eager for revenge,
Drawing their swords or seizing missile steel,
Rush blindly on th' advancing Latin host,
Pours to their aid the Trojan stream of war,
Agylla's might, Arcadia's proud array:

Impatient for decisive action all,
The altars overturning, while the air 330
Rains with the iron tempest of their darts,
They seize the fire, the bowls; Latinus flies,
His holy purpose foil'd, and bears away
Th' insulted Gods; some vault upon their steeds,
Some rein the car or wave the naked sword;
Messapus, eager to confound the truce,
Spurring against Auletes, Tuscan king
With ensigns of his royalty adorn'd,
He back in terror springing over an altar
Pitches on head and shoulders, luckless man, 340
Implacable Messapus was at hand
Goring him and transfixing where he lay
With all the weight of the descending lance;
Thou hast it! shouted he: lie there, Etruscan,
A fitter victim for the heavenly Powers!
Italians flock to strip the yet warm limbs.
With levell'd weapon Ebusus came nigh
And threaten'd Chorinæus with his aim,
Who Ebusus forestalling snatches up
A remnant of the desecrated hearth 350
And hurls into his face the glowing brand;
Flares up the grisly beard with burning stench,
And Chorinæus, following up the blow,
Grasps the bewilder'd soldier by the hair,
Pushes him with the knee and casts to earth;
A sword-thrust made his finish. Prominent
Was shepherd Alsus rushing to the fray,
And Podalirius hanging on his rear
With cutlass brandish'd; Alsus, ere the blade
Had yet alighted, swinging round an axe, 360
Unseam'd him from the forehead to the chin,
And splash'd his armour all with spatter'd brain;
He sank to his repose, his eyes opprest
With iron slumber and eternal night.

The pious chieftain stretches out his hand,
Unarm'd, bareheaded, shouting to his friends:
What means this rushing and this new alarm?
Stay, I implore ye, stay! the peace is made,
The terms are all complete, the quarrel mine;
Leave me to battle it, and all is well: 370
My single arm shall vindicate the league,
Redress the rites which Turnus hath profaned!
Yet was the parley breathing on his lips,
When lo, a barbed arrow on the wing
Came hissing to his hurt, uncertain whence;
What hand impell'd it and what fury sped,
Whether 'twas fortune or supernal power
Such triumph on Rutulian arms bestow'd,
Was ne'er by fame reveal'd, nor mortal man
Could boast the shot that smote Anchises' son. 380
When Turnus saw his rival in retire,
Among the chiefs confusion, fired with hope
For steeds and arms he call'd, with haughty bound
Into his chariot leapt and grasp'd the reins:
Rushing into the midst, he strikes, he slays,
Behind him leaves the wounded and the dead,
Over the ranks his crushing chariot drives,
Hurls on the flying crowd their ravish'd spears;
As when on shores of Hebrus cruel Mars
Clashing the din of battle on his shield 390
Lets loose his fiery steeds; they all abroad
Fly before wind and storm, remotest bounds
Of Thracia thundershaking with their tread,
Black-visaged Terror following in his train
With Wrath and Ambush, satellites of war;
So Turnus thro' the carnage urged his steeds
Foaming with sweat and trampling on the slain,
A dismal sight; their hoofs a bloody plash
Sprinkle around, the sand is drench'd with gore.
Sthenelus, Pholus, Thamyris he slew, 400

Those in hand-conflict, this with distant aim;
With distant aim the sons of Imbrasus,
Glaucus and Lades, whom their Lycian sire
With equal arms accouter'd, training both
To feats of horsemanship and standing fight.
Eumedes came in view, the son renown'd
Of ancient Dolon, who his grandsire's name,
His father's heart and hands inherited:
His father, sent the Grecian camp to spy,
Had ask'd Achilles' chariot for his prize, 410
Bold man; another recompense to him
Tydides gave, and he aspires no more
To Achillean steeds. His son from far
The Daunian viewing thro' the middle space
A dart precursor of his presence threw;
Stopping his fiery steeds beside the fallen,
And leaping down and stamping on his neck,
A rapier which the senseless feeble man
Was grasping yet he wrenches from his hand,
And dyes within his throat the brilliant steel. 420
Trojan, lie there—he cried—and with thy body
Measure Hesperia's ground, which thou would'st win
By rash invasion! such reward is theirs
Who strive in arms with me; such walls they build!
Asbutes next and Sybaris were doom'd
With Chloreus, Dares, and Thersilochus,
To taste the Daunian steel: Thymœtes, cast
From off his restive steed, at mercy lay.
As when the breath of Thracian Aquilo
Sounds o'er the deep Ægæan, and pursues 430
Her billows to the shore; which way the winds
Come sweeping down, the rack before them flies;
So Turnus cuts his way thro' yielding ranks,
Dashing into the battle's disarray;
His own impetuous fury drives him on,
While the light plume is tossing in the breeze.

Phegeus in indignation at the sight
Opposed him to the chariot's bold career,
And seized the rampant coursers, push'd aside
Their foaming mouths, but hanging on the yoke 440
His breast exposes to the adverse lance,
Which piercing thro' the corslet's double twine
The skin with superficial rasure tore;
As with objected shield and sabre drawn
He turns intending combat, him the rush
Of rolling wheel and axle from his feet
Casts prone, and in the instant of his fall
The Daunian glaive 'twixt helm and corslet's edge
Descending leaves him headless on the sand.
While Turnus o'er the field death-dealing rides, 450
Achates, Mnestheus, and Ascanius lead
The pious chieftain bleeding to his tent,
Alternate footsteps resting on his lance:
He tugs impatient at the broken barb,
And urges them to take the readiest means,
Cut the wound open with the falchion-blade,
Lay bare the steel, restore him to the fight:
Iapis, son of Iasus, was near,
The leech by Phœbus honour'd above all,
On whom Apollo out of tender love 460
His rarest gifts had offer'd to bestow,
His winged shafts and augury and song;
He, to prolong a dying father's days,
The power of herbs and medicinal craft
Preferr'd to learn and practise arts obscure:
There stood the hero leaning on his lance,
Exclaiming in his bitterness of soul,
Attended by a concourse of his friends
And sad Iulus, by their tears unmoved;
Iapis in Pæonian fashion tucks 470
His flowing robe behind him, all the power
Of skill chirurgic and Phœbean herbs

Busily he applies, with dextrous hand
And griping pincers every way the steel
Soliciting and probing, but in vain;
Nor fortune to his art direction gives,
Nor Phœbus lends him aid: and now th' alarm
Of battle and the horrors gather round,
The galloping of horse, the shower of darts,
Nearer and nearer to the tent they come, 480
The air stands thick with dust, to heaven ascend
The shouts of onset and the groans of death.
  Celestial Venus grieving for her son
To woods of Cretan Ida speeds her flight,
A branch of healing dittany to cull,
Luxuriant where it grows, with downy stem,
And gathering in tufts of purple bloom;
Whose virtues to the mountain goats are known,
When feather'd shafts have fasten'd in their back:
The plant envelop'd in a cloud she brings, 490
In dusky water of the silver bowl
With art infuses, mingles unperceiv'd
Ambrosia's juice and fragrant panacee;
Iapis with such mixture of its powers
Unconscious bathes the wound, and all at once
The smarting pang had ceas'd, the flow of blood
Was staunch'd within; then following his hand
The barb without compulsion drops away,
The hero's ancient vigour is restored:
Arms for your Chieftain, quick!—Iapis cried, 500
Reanimating first their martial fire:
This cometh not, my friends, of sovereign art
Or human ministry: no cure of mine
Hath saved Æneas; 'tis the act of Heaven,
Which thee, great Prince, for mightier work reserves.
  And now Æneas eager for the fight
Shone in his golden greaves and grasp'd a spear:
The shield adjusted and the cuirass laced

He clasping young Ascanius with his arms,
And gently kissing thro' the helmet, spake: 510
Courage and patience learn from me, my son,
From others fortune. Thee my arm to-day
Protects in battle and to victory leads;
This, when thine age hath ripen'd into strength,
Forget not; let thine eme's, thy father's name
Be watchwords of thy valour, and in thee
Both Hector and Æneas live again!
So saying, from the portal issues forth
The hero; quivers in his hand the lance;
Antheus with him and Mnestheus and a train 520
Of warriors pour along, whose feet uproll
The gathering dust and shake the sounding earth:
Turnus beheld them from the adverse height;
A panic at their sudden movement seiz'd
Th' Ausonian bands; Juturna was the first
To know the sound, to tremble and to flee:
Æneas to the combat hurries on
His dark battalion: as when bursts from heaven
A stormcloud, shoreward rolling over sea,
The swains that sign portentous from afar 530
With shuddering hearts behold; to trees and crops
Destruction menacing and ruin wide,
Heralded by the howling blast it comes:
So look'd the Dardan leader and his troop
Advancing on the foe, together all
Indissolubly wedged in close array
Of battle: smote Thymbræus with his glaive
The strong Osiris, down Archetius dropt
By steel of Mnestheus tamed, nor Epulo
Could shun Achates' might, nor Ufens ward 540
The deadly stroke of Gyas; falls the seer
Tolumnius, well deserving, who provoked
With treacherous dart renewal of the strife;
A shout of triumph peals, Rutulians change

Pursuit for flight, and show their dusty backs;
Æneas on that herd of fugitives
To spend his wrath disdaining, nor what yet
There stood of equal fight or onward came
Caring to scatter, Turnus was his mark,
Turnus alone for combat he demands, 550
And tracks him thro' the darkness of the field.
  Whereat the nymph Juturna bold in fear,
Mounting her brother's car, unseating throws
The charioteer Metiscus to the earth,
Him leaving far behind his post assumes,
And guides the flowing reins, in mien, voice, garb,
All to the likeness of Metiscus changed.
As when a dusky swallow on the wing
Around some lordly mansion traverses
High cloister'd courts, to her loquacious nest 560
Soft morsels bearing; now she twitters thro'
The empty porch, now skims the stagnant pool:
So flits about the sanguinary plain
The charioteering nymph, now here now there
Her brother conquering shows, avoiding still
The dreaded chief and flying from his view:
Nor less Æneas dogs their mazy course,
Calling aloud upon his rival's name
And dashing thro' the rout upon their track;
Oft as he casts his eyes upon the foe 570
And labours to o'ertake the winged steeds,
So oft her car averse Juturna wheels:
What can he do? While various thoughts distract
His wavering soul and in suspense he stands,
It chanced, Messapus at a rush came by,
Two javelins in his hand, and one he threw
With aim unerring, but the Trojan stoops
With bended knee, and gather'd in his shield
Awaits the blow, which on his helmet-cone
Descending carries off the waving plume: 580

Incens'd by the surprise, and when he saw
The distant flight of those Rutulian steeds,
To Jove and to the altar's broken faith
Indignant he appeals, and rushing down
With matchless force bent on his opposites,
Attacking, slaying, reckless where or whom,
To havoc and to vengeance gives the hour.
  What God will tell this tale calamitous
Of mutual carnage, chieftains overthrown
On either side, whom Turnus o'er the field 590
Or whom Æneas drove? O Jupiter,
Was it thy will in discord then to plunge
These nations destin'd to eternal peace?
  Rutulian Sucro (his resistance first
The Trojans checking brought them to a stand)
Encountering the swift Ænean blade,
All thro' the ribs and girdle of the breast
It smote him; brief, but mortal were his pangs.
Diores and his brother Amycus
Turnus alighting from his chariot met, 600
One with the spear, arresting his approach;
But Amycus unhors'd upon the turf
His falchion took at vantage; both their heads,
Blood-dropping trophies, from the car he hung.
Cethegus, Talus, Tanais, all at once
Rush'd at Æneas, all at once were slain;
Onytes after them, a youth of Thebes
From Peridia's lineage vainly sprung:
Two brothers whom Phœbean Lycia nurst
To Turnus yielded, and Arcadian-born 610
Menœtes, dragg'd reluctant to the war;
By Lerna's fishy lake a home was his
Maintain'd by thrift and unambitious toil;
He knew not thresholds of the rich and great,
His father hired the acres which he till'd.
Like neighbouring fires let loose on different sides

Over a wood and shrubs of crackling bay;
Like torrents sunder'd by a mountain-ridge,
Each his own passage delving down the steep
With roar of foaming waters; thus the field 620
Here Turnus, there Æneas, overran:
Now was their courage at the highest, now
With wrath and inextinguishable rage
Their hearts were bursting, and at every stroke
Heroic might they strain: the one a rock's
Enormous mass tempestuously whirls
At proud Murranus, charioting along,
Vaunting his ancient lineage and descent
From blood of Latin kings; whom headlong thrown
His axle pushes under reins and yoke 630
Entangling, and the coursers prancing on
Yerk at their master with remorseless heels;
The other meeting Hyllus mad for fight,
Aiming a javelin at his gilded brow,
Pierces him thro' the helmet to the brain;
Nor thee from Turnus could thy valour save,
Creteus, of Greeks the bravest; nor his Gods
Protect Cupencus from the Teucrian lance,
Which gored his obvious breast, nor aught avail'd
The brazen shield's delay: and Æolus, 640
Thee falling the Laurentian plains beheld
And stretching o'er the ground thy body's length,
Whom not the great Achilles, ravager
Of Priam's realm, nor all th' Achaian host
Could vanquish; but thy goal of life is here;
Erewhile two lofty mansions thou couldst boast,
One at Lyrnessus, one in Ida's vale,
On Latin soil thou find'st a sepulchre.
Now all the ranks of Latium and of Troy
Advance their gather'd powers for strenuous fight; 650
Here Mnestheus and Serestus in the van,
There brave Asylas and Messapus charge;

Firm stands th' Etrurian phalanx, firm the wings
Of Arcady; each man, as in himself
The victory lay, his fiery mettle shows,
Respite or intermission there is none.
  But Venus in her son the thought inspired,
With bold celerity and sudden stroke
The capital surprising to confound
The hosts of Latium: he, as round the plain 660
His eyes were roving in the Daunian's quest,
The ramparts mark'd, how naked of defence,
Secure of the external war they stood:
The image of a nobler enterprise
At once conceiving, beckoning to his side
Menestheus and the chiefs of high degree,
A hillock mounting, whither all the troop
Flock to his summons grasping shield and spear,
Thus from the centre he inflames their zeal:
Prepare to do my hest; great Jove is with me; 670
Nor let the suddenness of this design
Slacken your prompt obedience. Yonder city
And all the guilty kingdom of Latinus,
'Less they accept my yoke and bow their necks
Submissive, I will ravage, sack, destroy!
Must I be patient, till it pleases Turnus
The fight he ran away from to renew,
And render him a victim to my sword?
Behold, my countrymen, the source and end
Of this unholy quarrel! kindle quick 680
Your torches, and with flames demand the league!
He spake, and all with emulous dispatch
Wedging them in a column, toward the walls
The solid mass bears down; ladders and fire
Are instantly in hand; some to the gates
Are running, killing those that nearest stood,
Some darkening with their missilery the air;
Æneas to the rampart lifts his hand

Upbraiding with no gentle voice the king,
And heaven to witness calls; a second league 690
Was broken, twice had Italy provoked
The quarrel, twice compell'd him to the field!
All in the town was mutiny and strife,
Some to capitulate and ope their gates
Were clamouring, and Latinus they would drag
To parley at the walls; while others grasp
Courageous arms and gather for defence;
As bees, whom tracing to their rock-recess
A shepherd hath besieged with bitter smoke,
In trepidation for their commonweal 700
Run thro' the waxen camp, and rouse their wrath
With buzzings vehement; the cave is fill'd
With stifling scent; then a dull murmuring
Resounds within, and fumes come thick in air.
A new mischance upon the Latins fell,
And shook the city's deepest heart with grief:
The Queen, as from her chamber she descried
Th' advancing Teucrians and the walls beset
And flame ascending to the battlements,
No Turnus, no Rutulians to oppose, 710
Deems that her prince had perish'd in the fight;
Her reason all too weak to bear the shock,
Remorseful recollections of the past
To madness driving her—'twas she that wrought
Her country's woe; the guilt, the crime was hers!
Thus raving in her agony of soul,
She cuts the regal vest, and in despair
Her loathed life foredooming hangs the noose
Of death unseemly from a lofty beam.
Her women and her princess daughter soon 720
Had learn'd the deed of shame; Lavinia, tearing
Her rosy cheeks and auburn tresses, leads
The chorus of lament; their woful dirge
Resounded in the palace, thence the news

Ran thro' the city, and all hearts despond;
Latinus wandering forth with rended robe
Bewails his consort's fate, his empire's fall,
And in the dust defiles his hoary locks,
Himself reproaching, who had miss'd the hour
To knit Æneas to his house and throne. 730
  Turnus meanwhile was on the verge o' th' field
Chasing a wreck of battle, tardier now,
And less and less with such a triumph pleas'd;
When sounds of terror on the wind were borne,
He listen'd, and Laurentum's cry of woe,
The hurly and confusion, caught his ear:
What means that distant clamour? What distress
Is signall'd from the capital thus loud?
The startled warrior cried, and check'd the reins;
When thus the Nymph Juturna (for she still 740
In likeness of Metiscus ruled the car:)
Here, Turnus, in the path that victory opens,
Here let us hold the enemy in chase;
There lack not others to defend the town;
Æneas at the men of Latium strikes,
We'll pay the Teucrians in the dole of blows,
And thou shalt count as many lives as he,
And yield him not the honour of the day.
Answer'd the Daunian Chieftain: Ah, my sister,
I knew thee, when the covenant thou brokest 750
With wily craft intruding in the war,
And now in vain would'st thou deceive me, Goddess:
But who could send thee from Olympus hither
To bear these labours? Camest thou to witness
Thy brother's cruel death? What more remains
For Turnus to achieve, or what to hope?
Have I not seen Murranus, mighty man,
O'erthrown with mighty wound? My dearest friend,
Before mine eyes he fell and call'd my name.
Unhappy Ufens perish'd, to escape 760

The sight of my disgrace; his arms and body
Are both the victor's prize. Shall I permit
The houses to be sack'd, of all our shame
The consummation? And shall Drances boast
That Latium saw my back in coward flight?
Or rather shall my sword refute the slander?
It cannot be so terrible to die!
Be kind, ye nether Powers, since those above
Forsake me! Unto you a sacred spirit
Unsullied by dishonour I descend, 770
And worthy of my great ancestral name.
Scarce had he spoke, when Saces thro' the rout
Came spurring on a courser white with foam,
His face in bloody plight, gash'd with a shaft,
And Turnus with imploring voice he call'd:
Turnus, our only safety is in thee;
Pity thy friends! Æneas fulminates
Destruction to Laurentum's lofty towers;
The flame is on our roofs; to thee the Latins
Turn their impatient eyes; Latinus wavers, 780
Whom for ally to choose and whom for son;
The Queen, thy cause embracing to the last,
Hath laid upon herself a desperate hand:
Messapus and Atinas keep the field
Alone before the gates, but hemm'd by throngs
In dense battalia, with a crop of spears
Bristling on every side: thou all aloof
Art digging with thy wheels th' untrodden sward!
Turnus, by all these images appall'd,
Staring in mute amazement stood awhile; 790
Then rose the tide of passions, grief and shame,
Indignant pride, infuriated love;
The mist at length dispell'd, and light again
Breaking upon his sense, in sudden haste
He strain'd his fiery glance to view the town;
And lo, a tower was wrapt with conquering flames,

That roll'd their surging eddies to the sky,
A tower, his own construction and design,
Which timber'd firm in stories he had rais'd,
With bridges join'd, and underlaid with wheels: 800
Sister, the fates prevail, and I must hence
Where cruel fortune calls me: I am settled
To combat with Æneas, to endure
Whate'er in death is bitter. Stay me not,
Dear sister; thou must see my shame no longer;
Suffer me first this madness to indulge!
He said, and from the chariot leaping down,
Leaving his wretched sister, thro' the midst
Of battle, rout, confusion, push'd his way:
As when a cliff is from the mountain torn 810
By sweeping blasts, or by tempestuous rain
Wash'd down, or loosen'd by the lapse of years,
Ponderous, immense, it tumbles from the steep
Rolling and bounding, cattle, woods, and men
Dragging in boisterous ruin: headlong thus
The violence of Turnus was impell'd
Thro' cloven ranks, and where of blood the earth
Had drunk the deepest and conflicting darts
The air tormented, rushing to the walls;
His hand made signal while he call'd aloud: 820
Forbear, Rutulians; men of Latium, hold;
The stake is mine; I singly, I for all
Must expiate the league, decide the war!
Parted the ranks and left a space between.
  Æneas, when he heard his rival's name,
Forsakes the wall and rampart, quits the siege,
Spurning what else might hinder or delay,
Exulting, thundering in his arms he comes;
Like Eryx, or like Athos to behold,
Or father Apennine, when in the breeze 830
He shakes his murmuring oaks, and joyously
Uprears his snowy summit to the clouds.

Rutulians, Trojans, all th' Italian host,
All who the ramparts held, or who beneath
Plied battering engines, as with one consent
Dropping their weapons down, in dreadful pause
Expectant stood; Latinus in amaze
Sees the two champions born in distant climes
Rush to the fierce arbitrament of arms;
They thro' the middle of the open space 840
Running their lances hurl, then close with shock
Of brazen sounding shields; earth gives a groan;
Blow after blow their lifted falchions deal,
Valour and chance are mingled all in one.
As on Taburnus or on Sila's hill
When rush two rival bulls with adverse fronts
To combat; shepherds in alarm retire,
Mute stands the flock, and heifers in suspense
Which shall command the herd, possess the grove;
They on each other falling with their horns 850
Push, thrust with all their might, and interchange
Promiscuous wounds; their necks and shoulders o'er
Blood streams profuse, with groan the woods resound:
Thus met Æneas and the Daunian Prince
With clashing shields, that echo to the sky.
Th' Olympian Father put the fates of each
In his celestial scales, and holds them pois'd
In even balance, which the strife condemns
And which with death preponderates, to show;
Turnus a noble aim uplifting high, 860
Not deeming of misfortune, all his weight
Collected for the stroke, and lo, it falls;
Trojans and Latins gave a cry of fear,
And expectation leapt from every eye;
Just at the moment of the stricken blow
The faithless weapon breaks, its gallant lord
Forsaking; he must fly or he is lost;
And runs he like the wind, when he perceives

His hand defenceless and a hilt unknown:
'Twas said, when first he vaulted in his car, 870
In haste forgetting his paternal glaive,
He snatcht the charioteer's; and strong enough
Was this, while flying Trojans he pursued,
But 'gainst Vulcanian arms the mortal blade
Snapping, like brittle ice, asunder fell,
The shiver'd fragments glitter on the sand:
He scuds along the field in wild affright,
Doubling and darting off in mazy rounds,
For Trojan ranks empale him in a ring,
Here a vast pool and there the wall confines; 880
Nor less Æneas, tho' his wounded knee
Retards the speedier action of his will,
Urges the rear of flight, permitting not
A moment's breath or respite from the pain:
Thus, when some eager hound hath seen a stag
Fast by a river or the toils inclosed,
He with loud yelling rushes to the chase;
The stag, by lofty banks or waving plumes
Affrighted, shifts his course a thousand ways,
The deep-mouth'd Umbrian presses on his flank, 890
And all but clutches him, and seems to clutch,
Grinding his teeth and mock'd with empty bite;
Clamours of huntsmen pealing all around,
Stream, glade reply, all heaven with tumult rings.
My sword, my sword! the Daunian to his men
Reproachful cries, and calls them each by name;
Rut the relentless Trojan is behind
With threats and prohibition—who should dare
To meddle with his conquest, he would slay
That instant and exterminate the town! 900
So threats he, lagging not, despite his wound:
Five circuits they accomplish to and fro
Traversing and retraversing the plain,
No race of pleasure for a trivial prize,

But for the life of Turnus they contend.
An oleaster sacred once had stood
To Faunus, and by mariners revered,
Who saved from shipwreck to the Latin God
Hung gifts and votive garments on the tree;
The Trojans undistinguishing had hewn 910
The sacred olive down, to clear the lists;
Their Chieftain's lance was cleaving to the stump,
Which caught the missile's impact as it fell;
He stoops, essaying from the ground to wrench
The winged aid more potent to prevail
Against his light-heel'd foe; but Turnus cried
In agony of fear—Oh, save me, Faunus,
And thou benignant Earth, hold fast the steel,
If I your honours ever have observ'd,
Which these men outrage with insulting war! 920
So pray'd the chief, nor was his prayer not heard;
Æneas pulling, tugging at the root,
Can loosen not with all his might and main
The wood's retentive bite; who struggling yet,
Juturna running to her brother's side,
Her figure to Metiscus changed again,
Restores the falchion; Venus then, in wrath
At the permitted boldness of the Nymph,
The prison'd weapon for her son sets free;
And now the champions both with arms restored, 930
One with his lance and one with trusty glaive,
Come fierce to battle, panting from the toil.
  Meanwhile to Juno, from a yellow cloud
The combat viewing, thus her Consort spake:
What next, my Queen? and where shall be the end?
Thou know'st Æneas due by birth to heaven,
Thou ownest him predestin'd to the stars;
What planning then, what hoping lingerest thou
Under the chilly clouds? Became it thee
With mortal steel to violate a God, 940

Or to the Daunian (for Juturna's aid
What were it without thine?) the glaive to render
And reinforce him vanquish'd? Oh, desist
At my persuasion! let not gnarling sorrow
Corrode thy heart, nor harass me so oft
With dolorous complaint from that sweet tongue!
The final hour is come. Thy powers malign
To utmost have been task'd, the Teucrians driving
O'er land and ocean, kindling impious war,
The regal house polluting, hymencals 950
Turning to funeral wail. 'Tis my command,
Thou strive no more!—Thus Jupiter pronounced:
To whom Saturnia with submissive mien:
Because I knew thy will, omnipotent,
Turnus and Troy reluctantly I left;
Else had I not in airy solitude
Sat brooding o'er my foul indignities,
But flamegirt stood upon the battle's edge
And dragg'd the Teucrians to a bloody grave.
'Tis true, the Naiad Nymph to rescue Turnus, 960
To make bold efforts for a brother's life
I prompted, I advised; yet on these terms,
That neither bow she bent nor weapon threw;
I swear by the relentless head of Styx,
The sole religion of supernal Gods!
And henceforth I renounce the hateful strife,
Yielding to thy command. This only boon,
Forbidden by no ordinance of fate,
For Latium, for the majesty I pray
Of thine own people: when the peace confirm'd 970
With happy nuptials, (happy let them be,)
The nations in a league of friendship join,
Bid not Ausonia's old inhabitants
To lose their name, or Trojans to become
Or Teucrians, or their garb or speech to change:
Let Latium still endure, let Alban kings

For ages reign, the Roman progeny
To greatness with Italian virtues grow:
Perish the name, as fell the walls of Troy!
Smiling the Father of the world replies: 980
Great daughter of Saturnus, twin with Jove,
Can thus thy gentle bosom storm with anger?
Compose thee and restrain thine idle rage:
Thou hast prevail'd and won my willing grace;
Th' Ausonians (what thou askest) shall preserve
Their native tongue, their customs and their name;
The Teucrians intermarrying shall subside;
All shall be Latins with a common language,
Religious rites and laws ordain'd by me:
From whom a mighty people shall arise 990
Of mixt Ausonian blood, in piety
Transcending Gods and men; thy worship none
So duly, so devoutly shall observe.
Saturnia bows approval, quits the cloud
And airy region, reconciled to fate.
This done, the Sire another scheme revolves,
Juturna from the combat to remove:
Two demon Plagues there are, the Diræ call'd,
Who with Megæra from the womb of Nox
Sprang at a single birth, and were alike 1000
With serpent-wreaths and windy pinions bound;
They by his throne and threshold wait on Jove,
Sharpening the stings of chastisement prepared
For wretched mortals, when a guilty world
He smites with plague of war, disease and death:
The Father one of these despatcht from heaven,
Commanding her in ominous fearful shape
To throw herself across Juturna's view;
She to the earth precipitates her flight
Incumbent on the whirlwind: as a shaft 1010
Pernicious, in the gall of venom dipt,
Shot from a Cretan or a Parthian bow,

Flies hissing on its dark and dismal way;
So shoots the child of Nox to Latium's field,
But, when the hosts of battle she descries,
Shrinks to the figure of the little bird
Which oft on sepulchres and ruin'd towers
Sits nightly and repeats her doleful song;
To such appearance changed the demon flits
Before the face of Turnus to and fro 1020
With screeching noise and flapping of his shield;
He shuddering stands, benumb'd with chilly fear,
His hair erect, voice cleaving to his jaws:
Juturna, when she knew that demon cry
And fluttering pennon, tears her flowing hair,
Deforms her cheek with scratches, beats her breast:
What, Turnus, can thy wretched sister do?
How hope to save thee or prolong thy days?
This hellish monster how can I withstand?
I go, I quit the field: ye birds obscene, 1030
Fright me no more! I know your pinion-strokes
And scream funereal; nor the cruel hest
Of Jove escapes me. This for maidenhood
Is his requital! Wherefore was I made
A Goddess and incapable to die?
Brother, my woes I would have ended here,
And gone to shades of Erebus with thee:
What profits life or privilege divine
Without thee? Oh, would earth gape wide enough,
And sink me to the nethermost abyss! 1040
Such words she spake, then folding round her head
A veil of azure, with a piteous moan
Into her watery bed the Goddess plunged.
The Dardan Chief approach'd; the weighty shaft
Shook in his hand, and taunts were on his tongue:
What shifts hath Turnus now? what more delay?
Not feet, but arms our quarrel should decide.
Change to all figures, muster what thou canst

Of strength or cunning, wish to reach on wings
The starry sphere or bury thee in earth! 1050
The Daunian shook his head, and answer'd thus:
'Tis not thy menace daunts me, ruthless man;
It is the Gods I fear and partial Jove.
Then looks he round, and on the field espies
An ancient bulky stone, a landmark once
Which peaceful bounds of property defined;
Twelve chosen men could scarce uphold the weight,
Such mortals as the earth produces now;
He snatcht it up and raising at a lift
Essay'd to hurl it running at the foe, 1060
Yet so bewilder'd, how he ran or whither,
How swung the mass or lifted, scarce he knew;
His knees are tottering, and his blood congeals,
The stone, ere it can hit or reach the mark,
For very weakness drops upon its way.
As oft when sickly sleep hath closed the eyes,
Longing we seem and labouring in vain
To move and to advance, at each attempt
The palsied action baffles the desire,
The tongue, the limbs refuse their wonted aid, 1070
And power of speech and utterance is lost:
So to each effort of the Daunian prince
Success the Fiend denies: then stirr'd his breast
Emotions various; to the camp and town
Irresolute he looks, and trembling stands
In expectation of the coming steel,
No way, no means of flight or of attack,
No chariot sees, nor sister charioteer.
At him delaying yet Æneas aims
The quivering weapon, choosing with his eye 1080
A vulnerable spot, and all his force
Impelling in the throw: less furiously
The mural engine shoots the sounding rock,
Less dreadful bursts th' artillery of Jove:

Whizzing in air and like a whirlwind comes
The black destruction, tears the corslet's edge
And lowest ambit of the sevenfold shield,
The middle thigh transfixes; down to earth
With doubled knee the might of Turnus falls;
Rose from the length of the Rutulian files 1090
A universal groan, by wood and hill
Reverberated wide; the fallen chief
In abject posture and with suppliant look
His arm outstretches: I deserve not mercy,
I dare not ask it; use the right of fortune:
Yet if a wretched father's grief can touch thee,
(And thou hadst such a sire Anchises once,)
Pity the aged Daunus, and restore
Me or my lifeless body to my friends!
Th' Ausonians have beheld me at thy feet, 1100
Thine is the conquest, thine Lavinia's hand;
Here let thy vengeance rest!—In doubt awhile
Th' impetuous Dardan stood, and roll'd his eyes,
And held his arm suspended; more and more
The prayer had soften'd him, when (hapless chance)
There glittering on the shoulder were display'd
The ample baldric and the studs of gold,
Which Turnus in his hour of conquest snatcht
From bleeding Pallas and in triumph wore:
Æneas the familiar relic knew, 1110
Drank with his eye the cruel spectacle,
And kindling into fury—Thinkest thou
To 'scape me, clad in trophies of my friend?
'Tis Pallas smites his victim, Pallas wreaks
His vengeance thus, and spills thy guilty blood!
He said, and in the Daunian's bosom sheath'd
His greedy sword: a chillness overcreeps
The sinking warrior's limbs, and with a groan
The spirit flies indignant to the shades.

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